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THE

WORKS

Of the late Ingenious

Mr. *George Farquhar:*

Containing all his

LETTERS, POEMS, ESSAYS and COMEDIES,

Publiſh'd in his Life-time.

The *Comedies* are Illuſtrated with CUTS repreſenting the principal Scenes in each Play.

The Third Edition.

LONDON:

Printed for *Bernard Lintott*, at the *Croſs-Keys* between the two *Temple-Gates* in *Fleet-ſtreet*.

TO

Edmund Chaloner, Esq;

SIR,

AS it is the Business of Writing to transmit Vertue to Posterity, so 'tis the Policy of the Pen to make a Party for its Productions, by engaging in their Cause some worthy Person universally Honour'd and Belov'd, whose admir'd and establish'd Character may add a Value to the Work, and take off all Imputation of Flattery from the Author.

These Advantages I had design'd my self before, in a Piece of another Nature, had not Your Modesty caution'd me the contrary; but I think it Injustice that one Part of Your Character shou'd obscure the rest; and tho' I must despair of Your Consent for what they call a Dedication, yet I must beg Your Excuse, if at present I consult what shall turn most to my own Honour, and the Interest of my Book, before Your Approbation and Allowance. But I hope You will come to Pardon the Presumption, when I assure You, that my Intention is not so much a *Penegyrick* upon You, as to compliment my self; and my own Modesty, not Yours, shou'd take the Offence.

The great and vertuous Actions of Progenitors look with a twofold Aspect upon their Posterity; for when the Vices of the latter appear in the same Degree of Opposition with the Merits of the first, the Praise of the Father becomes a Satyr upon the Son; and that *Coat of Arms* which was the Glory of one, turns to a severe Libel upon t'other. But when the Blood runs in the same Channel of Virtue, as of Consanguinity; when the Course of the Stream is as pure and lucid as the Fountain-head; then may the Memory of the past, and the Practice of the present Age come boldly Face to Face, where, by a just Resemblance of Features, the Forefather may joyfully own his legitimate Posterity.

This Advantage, Sir, is Yours in Perfection, being ſprung from an Ancient and Honourable Family, of which Merit laid the Foundation, and Vertue has cemented the Structure.

The known Bravery of your famous Anceſtor Sir *Thomas Chaloner* added more Value to the *Order*, than he receiv'd by the *Knighthood*, not meanly dubb'd by a Court-Favourite, but on the Field of Battle, where the Voice of War declar'd him Noble, before the General made him a *Banneret*. Add to this, the Politick and Prudent Diſcharge of his Honourable Embaſſy from *Queen Elizabeth* to the *King of Spain*, and it will evidently appear how *Minerva* had an equal Share with *Mars* in his Education; and that his Character left us by a great Stateſman, and his intimate Friend the illuſtrious *Cecil*, was juſt to his Merit.

-------Pietas, Prudentia, Virtus,
Quæ diviſa aliis, Chalonero *juncta fuere.*

This Encomium, Sir, is lineally deſcended to his Poſterity, but with all its Circumſtances appears moſt viſibly intail'd upon You. In Vindication of which I ſhall only appeal to the Judgment of Mankind, and the Actions of Your Life; and tho' Your Modeſty may quarrel with the World for doing You Juſtice, yet You cannot give your own Behaviour the Lye----Sir, there is not a Day of Your Life but will riſe up againſt You, and produce in legible Characters the conſtant Actions of Your Piety, Your Generoſity, Your Loyalty, Honour and Integrity, to convince You of Your Merit whether You will or not.

So that You muſt give me leave to apply the Great *Burleigh*'s Verſification to the preſent Opportunity, with the Alteration only of a Word:

-----Pietas, Prudentia, Virtus,
Quæ diviſa aliis, Chalonero *juncta* ſuperſunt.

Another part of Your great Anceſtor's Character I remember is thus deſcrib'd by Mr. *Malim----Nam quamvis πολυίσῳ ac variæ Lectionis fuerat* Chaloner*us, utilitatem tamen potius veræ, quam oſtentationem variæ Eruditionis mihi quæſiviſſe videtur.* Theſe Colours, Sir, preſent You with Your own Picture drawn to the Life: Your Application to Books is qualify'd by an univerſal Knowledge in Mankind; and your Acquiſitions by Study are as far remov'd from Pedantry, as Your Experience in the World from the Foppery of a Traveller. The Qualifications

cations of Foreign Countries are ſo naturaliz'd in You, that they ſeem rather a genuine Tranſinigration from Your Anceſtors, than the Effects of Your own Induſtry ; and the Temperance of Your Life, with the Modeſty of Your Converſation, makes not to inform us that You have ſeen ſo much, but may convince the World that You have choſen the beſt.

But we need not have Recourſe to *France* or *Italy* for Your Improvements ; Your Alliance and daily Converſation with ſo many of the moſt noble Families in *England* is ſufficient to authorize Your Merit, and finiſh Your Character, being equally related to their Blood and their Vertues.

And now, Sir, I come about to my firſt Poſition, inferring from this a Compliment upon my ſelf; I have the Honour ſometimes of ſharing ſome few Hours of that Converſation, which is ſo much courted by my Superiors, and conſequentially do plume my Vanity in this Occaſion of acquainting the World with my Happineſs.

From the mentioning of the Honourable Sir *Thomas Chaloner*, I deduce this Advantage, That I make the moſt Courtly Addreſs imaginable to Poetry, by informing the World, in Defence of that Art ſo much vilify'd by ſome, that this great Stateſman and Soldier, the truſtieſt Miniſter to the greateſt of Queens, and the intimate Friend to the wiſeſt of Politicians, was at the ſame time one of the greateſt Poets that ever *England* produc'd. His Ten Books *de Republica Anglorum inſtauranda* are ſufficient Proofs that the Qualifications of *Virgil* are conſiſtent with thoſe of *Cato*, and that a Poetical Genius has accompany'd the greateſt Abilities both in Court and Camp.

Thus, Sir, You ſee that I have avoided the current Form of Pieces in this Nature, not loading the Modeſty of my Patron, but heightening the Vanity of the Author; and by commending You, I have flatter'd my ſelf.

As the Form is new, pray Sir, let me entreat You to believe the Deſign of it Novel, it being only ſent in the Capacity and Character of a familiar Letter, and therefore refuſes to be receiv'd with the uſual Formalities of a Mercenary Dedication, I am,

SIR,

Your moſt Faithful, and
moſt Humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

TO THE

READER.

SIR,

IN this Collection of Letters, 'tis but reasonable that you shou'd have one among the rest; and tho' I may want the Honour of your Acquaintance, yet be assur'd, there is no Person in the World more willing to oblige you than your Humble Servant. I have heard such a Character of your Honour, your Wit, your Judgment, your Learning, and your Candour, that I'm in a perfect Rapture to think how happy I shall be in your Hands.

It was a good ancient Custom with our Forefathers, to begin their Prefaces with Kind Reader *: I wou'd have reviv'd that Fashion with all my Heart, and call'd you* Courteous *or* Gentle Reader, *as you very well deserve; but I thought the Stile a little too obsolete for a Book that I design shou'd be a* Beau. *For you must understand, Sir, that this Gentleman is Span new from Top to Toe, talks of every thing but Religion, admires himself very much, and his greatest Ambition is to please the Ladies. But to finish his Character, he's perfectly civil to every Body he meets, and with a more particular and profound Respect do's he run to kiss your Hands.*

He's none of those Bully-books that come bluff into the World, with Damme, Reader, you're a Blockhead if you don't commend me. *No, no, Sir---- If you like him, why you have all the Sense that he thought you had---- If you dislike him, you have more Sense than he was aware of, that's all.*

Besides all this, he has more Manners than to come among Gentlemen with his Talor's Bill in his Hand, and to entertain the Company with a long Preface or Inventory of his Equipments; as, such a thing cost so much, and such a thing is worth so much, the Work of such a part is excellent, the Fashion from Paris, *and the Taylor a* Frenchman; *you must pardon him for that; Sir, if you like the Suit, taking it altogether, approve his Fancy, and allow it becomes him, he's your very humble Servant.*

More

Moreover, Sir, I wou'd have you to know, that this Gentleman is of some Circumstance and Condition, and has not been engag'd in the Shifts that some late Sparks are put to for their Habiliments, who ferret all the Wit-brokers in Town, taking up from several Places, and strut in a Second-hand Finery, patch'd up of the Scraps and Remnants of the eminent Men of the Age. *For I must tell you, Sir, tho' his Cloaths be but plain, yet they are his own, taken up handsomly at one Place, where he may have Credit for as much more, when these are worn out.*

And now, Dear Sir, let me intreat you to receive him with the usual Forms of Civility; if you be a Courtier, you will shew your Breeding; receive him with a sincere Smile, Swear to do him all the Service you can, and you will certainly keep your Word---as you us'd to do. From the City he expects more than an ordinary Reception, because he is become one of their Honourable Society; he is bound to Mr. Lintott, *and ten to one may serve seven Years in his Shop, if the Town don't Club to purchase his Freedom; he expects good Quarter from the Wits and Criticks, because he sets up for neither; besides, he has scatter'd some little Nonsense here and there, that they might not be disappointed of their Prey. But his greatest Concern is for his Entertainment with the Ladies, resolv'd however not to complain, thinking it a greater Honour to fall a Sacrifice to the Resentment of the Fair, than to live by the Approbation of Men. Tho' he has some Grounds for a more moderate Fate at their Hands, because a great Part of the Work was first design'd for one of that Sex, without any farther Consideration of pleasing the World; and the Beauties of the Book, if there be any, was brought from a Lady's Cabinet to the Press; and if it can but from the Press get back again into the Ladies Closets, there may it rest, and Peace be with it.*

Now, Sir, as we met good Friends, pray let us part so; I hate quarrelling mortally, and especially with a Person of your present Character and Condition; and as you like my Epistolary Stile we shall settle a farther Correspondence.

Advertisement.

*** In the Discourse upon Comedy, I must beg the Reader's Excuse for omitting to mention a certain Fragment of Poetry written by *Aristotle*. I thank *Scaliger* for his timely Discovery, but shou'd be much more obliged to any Body that cou'd shew me the Piece.

On the Death of General Schomberg *kill'd at the* Boyn.

A Pindarick.

I.

HAT Diſmal Damp has overſpread the War?
The Victor grieves more than the Conquer'd fears;
The Streams of Blood are loſt in Floods of Tears,
And *Victory* with drooping Wings comes flagging from afar.

II.

The *Britiſh* Lyon roars
Along the fatal Shores;
Th' *Iberniaη* Harp in mournful Strains,
Mixt with the *Echo* of the Flood, complains:
Round whoſe reflecting Banks the grieving Voice,
Shakes with a trembling Noiſe,
As if afraid to tell
How the Great, Martial, Godlike *Schomberg* fell.

III.

Gods! How he ſtood,
All terrible in Blood,
Stopping the Torrent of his Foes, and Current of the Flood.
He, *Moſes* like, with Sword, inſtead of Wand,
This Redder Sea of Gore cou'd ſtrait command;
But not like *Moſes*, to ſecure his Flight,
But ſpight of Waves and Tides, to meet and fight.

IV. The

IV.

The labouring Guns oppos'd his Paſſage o'er
With Throws tormented on the Shore,
Of which delivered, they ſtart back, and roar,
As frighted at the Monſter which they bore.
The furious Offspring ſwath'd in curling Smoak,
And wrapt in Bands of Fire,
Hot with its Parent's ſulphurous Ire,
And wing'd with Death, flies hiſſing to the Stroke.

V.

Like ſome great rugged *Tow'r*,
The Ancient Seat of Pow'r,
Bending with Age its venerable Halls,
With old and craggy Wrinkles on its Walls,
The Neighbour's Terror whilſt it ſtands, and Ruin when it falls.
Thus mighty *Schomberg* fell-----
Spreading wide Ruins o'r the Ground,
With Deſolation all around,
Cruſhing with deſtructive Weight
The Foes that undermin'd his Seat;
Whilſt *Victory*, that always ſped,
With towring Pinions o'er his Army's Head,
Making his Banner ſtill her Lure,
Like *Marius*'s Vultures, to make Conqueſt ſure;
Seeing the ſpacious Downfal ſo bemoan'd,
Perch'd on the Ruins; clapt her Wings, and groan'd.

VI.

Thus * *Iſrael*'s Heroe 'twixt the Pillars ſat,
The *Ne plus ultra* of his Fate;
Theſe *Columns* which upheld his Name,
Much longer by their Fall,
Than thoſe erected ſtrong and tall,
The ſtanding Limits of *Alcides*'s Fame.
He ſat depriv'd of Sight,
Like a black rowling Cloud involv'd in Night,
Conceiving *Thunder* in its ſwelling Womb,
Big with ſurprizing Fate, and ruſhing Doom:
No Flaſh the ſudden Bolt muſt here diſcloſe;
The Lightning of his Eyes extinguiſh'd by his Foes.

* *Sampſon.*

His

His Foes induſtrious in their juggling Fate,
Him ſlaviſhly enchain'd we ſee,
To what muſt ſet him free,
And them his cheated Keepers captivate.
He ſhook his Chains with ſuch a Noiſe,
The trembling Rout,
Amidſt their Joys,
Gaz'd all about,
And heard the real *Sampſon* in the Voice:
They ſaw him too, 'twas *Sampſon* all,
Who by his thundring Fall
Gave the loud dread Alarm,
Dragging a Train of Vengeance by each *Gyant* Arm.
Their chilling Fears did ſuch amazement frame,
They ſeem'd all ſtiff and dead before the Ruin came:
The Ruin! only ſuch unto his Foes;
From thence his glorious Monument aroſe;
But *Time*'s corroding Teeth in ſpight of Stone
Has eat thro' all, and even the very Ruin's gone:
But *Schomberg*'s Monument ſhall ne'er decay,
The gliding *Boyn*
Time never can disjoyn,
Nor on its Floods impoſe his Laws;
They ſlide, untoucht, from his devouring Jaws,
And always running, yet muſt ever ſtay.

VII.

Hark! how the *Trumpets* hollow Clangors ſound,
The Army has receiv'd an univerſal Wound;
The Death of *Schomberg* hung
On every fault'ring Tongue,
Whilſt pallid Grief did place
A ſymphathizing Death in every Soldier's Face:
But hold, ye mighty Chiefs,
Suſpend your needleſs Griefs,
And let victorious Joy your Arms adorn;
The Mighty Warriour's *Ghoſt*
Upon the Stygian Coaſt,
Your Sorrows, more than his own Fate, do's mourn.
He ſcorns to be lamented ſo,
Moving in ſtately *Triumph* to the Shades below.
Behold the Sprites that lately felt the Blow
Of his commanding warlike Arm,
They ſhivering all ſtart wide, and even more fleeting grow,

As

As if their powerful Hand,
That cou'd their grosser Shapes alive command,
Had Power to dissolve their airy Form.

VIII.

Then let not funeral Plaints his Trophies wrong,
Let Spoils and Pageants march his Hearse along,
And shout his *Conclamatum* in Triumphal Song.
All baleful *Cypress* must be here deny'd,
But Lawrel Wreaths fix in their blooming Pride;
For as he conquer'd living, so he conqu'ring dy'd.

Written on Orinda's *Poems lent to a* Lady, *in Imitation of* Ovid.

ME *Damon* sends his amorous Cause to plead,
Orinda must for *Damon* intercede:
Me has he chose to move your angry Mind,
Me the soft Fav'rite of the softer Kind.
Me has he chose your rigorous Breast to move,
He knows my Force in Poetry and Love.
Me has he chose to tell his anxious Pain;
Read me, and read the Passion of the Swain.
Whatever Power of Love my Lines can show,
It falls far short of what he feels for you:
Where'er *Orinda* melts in moving Strains,
Think, *Cælia* think, that *Damon* thus complains;
Whene'er I grieve, think *Damon* grieves for you,
Pity the Swain that does so humbly sue:
This *Damon* begs, *Orinda* begs it too.

To the ingenious Lady, Author of the Fatal Friendship, *design'd for a Recommendatory Copy to her Play.*

LEt others call the sacred Nine to Aid,
Their moving Thoughts, in moving Numbers laid;
Invoke the fiery *God*, with all the Throng,
That ancient Bards implor'd to guide their Song;

Whilst

Whilst I for nobler Inspiration sue,
Scorning their weaker Helps, invoking you.
You, who alone have Power our Thoughts to raise,
And wing our Fancy to attempt your Praise,
Nought but your charming Beauty can dispense
A Flame sufficient to describe your Sense.
Whilst so much Beauty in your Form is shown,
No Pen on Earth can reach it, but your own.
Go on then *Daphne*, *Phœbus* will pursue,
His chaster Fires are all enjoy'd by you;
You are his fairer Nymph, you bear his Lawrel too.
Go on, thou Champion for thy Sex design'd,
And prove, the Muses are of Female kind;
Let distant Nations *English* Beauties prize,
As much for Charms of Wit, as Pow'r of Eyes:
Your moving Scenes the ravish'd Audience drew,
Raptures we felt, as when your Eyes we view;
Such Arts were us'd to mix our Hopes and Fears,
You made Grief pleasing, and we smil'd in tears.
Thus Lovers view a Mistress's Disdain,
And love to look, tho' sure to look in Pain.
Th' Effects of labour'd Art your Work reveals,
Yet a superior Art that Art conceals.
Here Nature gains, tho' naked, thus display'd;
Like Beauty, most adorn'd, when least array'd.
Go on then, doubly arm'd, to conquer Men;
Phœbus his Harp and Bow, you boast your Eyes and Pen.
All to the first without Reluctance yield,
But your victorious Pen has forc'd the Field.

An Epigram on the Riding-House in Dublin, *made into a Chapel.*

A *Chapel* of the Riding House is made;
We thus once more see *Christ* in Manger laid;
Where still we find the Jocky Trade supply'd,
The *Laymen* bridled, and the *Clergy* ride.

To

To a Lady, being detain'd from visiting her by a Storm.

SO poor *Leander* view'd the *Sestian* Shore,
Whilst Winds and Waves oppos'd his Passage o'er;
More moist with Tears, because by Flouds restrain'd,
Than in these Flouds had he his Wish obtain'd;
So drown'd, yet burnt within, upon the Banks he lean'd;
Lean'd, begging Calms, and as he begging lay,
Implor'd with Sighs the Winds, with Tears the Sea.
One would have thought by all these Mixtures sent,
To raise a second greater Storm he meant.
Just so whilst kept from you by Storms I weep;
The Winds my Sighs, my Tears augment the Deep;
With flowing Eyes I view the distant Side,
The Space that parts us doth my self divide.
Here's only left the poor external Part,
Whilst you, where'er you move, possess my Heart.
Depriv'd of Love, and your blest Sight, I die,
Whilst you the first, and Storms the last deny.

The Lover's Night.

THe Night's black Curtain o'er the World was spread,
And all Mankind lay Emblems of the Dead;
A deep and awful Silence void of Light,
With dusky Wings sat brooding o'er the Night;
The rowling Orbs mov'd slow from East to West,
With Harmony that lull'd the World to rest;
The Moon withdrawn, the Oozy Flouds lay dead,
The very Influence of the Moon was fled;
Some twinkling Stars, that through the Clouds did peep,
Seeming to wink as if they wanted Sleep;
All Nature hush'd, as when dissolv'd and laid
In silent Chaos ere the World was made;
Only the beating of the Lover's Breast
Made Noise enough to keep his Eyes from Rest;
His little World, not like the greater, lay
In loudest Tumults of disorder'd Day;
His Sun of Beauty shone to light his Breast,
With all its various Toils and Labours prest;

The Sea of Paſſions in his working Soul,
Rais'd by the Tempeſts of his Sighs, did roul
In tow'ring Flouds, to overwhelm the whole;
Thoſe Tyrants of the Mind, vain Hope and Fear,
That ſtill by turns uſurp an Empire there,
Now raiſing Man on high, then plunging in Deſpair.
Thus *Damon* lies, his Grief no Reſt affords,
Till ſwelling full, it thus burſt out in Words.
Oh! I cou'd curſe all Womankind but one,
And yet my Griefs proceed from her alone;
Was not our Paradiſe by Woman loſt?
But in this Woman ſtill we find it moſt.
Hell's greateſt Curſe a Woman if unkind,
Yet Heav'n's great Bleſſing, if ſhe loves, we find.
Oh! if ſhe lov'd, no God the Bliſs could tell,
She wou'd be Heav'n it ſelf, were ſhe not ſo much Hell.
Thus our chief Joys with moſt Allays are curſt,
And our beſt things, when once corrupted, worſt.
But Heav'n is juſt; our ſelves the Idols fram'd,
And are for ſuch vain Worſhip juſtly damn'd.
Thus the poor Lover argu'd with his Fate;
Emilia's Charms now did his Love create,
That Love repuls'd now prompted him to hate.
Sometimes his Arms wou'd croſs his Boſom reſt,
Hugging her lovely Image printed on his Breaſt;
Where flattering Painter Fancy ſhew'd his Art,
In charming Draughts, his Pencil *Cupid*'s Dart;
The Shadow drawn ſo lively did appear,
As made him think the real Subſtance there:
Then was he bleſt, all Rapture, ſtunn'd with Joy,
Exceſs of Pleaſure did his Bliſs deſtroy;
He thought her naked, ſoft and yielding Waſte,
Within his preſſing Arms lay folded faſt;
Nay, by the Gods, ſhe really there was plac'd:
Elſe how cou'd Pleaſure to ſuch Raptures flow?
Th' Effect was real---Then the Cauſe was ſo.
What more can moſt ſubſtantial Pleaſure boaſt,
Than Joy when preſent, Memory when paſt?
Then Bliſs is real which the Fancy frames,
Or theſe call'd real Joys are only Dreams.

The Brill, August the 10*th*, 1700. *New Stile*

Dear SAM,

TO give you a short Journal of my short Voyage, on *Wednesday* I got to *Harwich* about four in the Afternoon, and alighted at one of the cleanest, best-furnish'd *Inns* in the Kingdom; my Warrant for the Packet-Boat cost me *Half a Piece*, and to the Officers for not executing their Duty *Half a Crown*. This Place, like most Sea-Ports, we found extravagantly dear; but to ease that Inconvenience, we were advis'd to get aboard by Eleven at Night. Here I met a Gentleman, whose Company I was very happy in, tho' extremely concern'd for the Occasion of his Voyage, which was an Express to the King of the Duke of *Glocester*'s Death. This was the first News I had of this publick Loss, which I had not much time to reflect upon, being so nearly touch'd on the Score of my private Concern by a violent Storm that immediately came upon us: You may guess at our Circumstances, when I assure you, that our greatest Comfort was the Lightning, that shew'd the Seamen their Business, which otherwise they must have grop'd for; all Intercourse of Speech being broken off by the Loudness of the Thunder: We had such warm Work, that I sometimes allow'd it a just Thought, that Satan shou'd be entitled *Prince of the Air*; and again, why the Devil shou'd command the Artillery of Heaven, I cou'd not so well comprehend. I supported my self with the Thought, that Providence had no Design upon me, but that this Tumult of the Elements was their manner of expressing their Grief for the Loss of his *Highness*; or that they were angry at Mr. *L----r* for bringing such unwelcome News into their Dominions, and for making a Property of them to spread it abroad. By this kind of Poetical Philosophy I bore up pretty well under my Apprehensions, tho' never worse prepar'd for Death, I must confess; for I think I never had so much Money about me at a time. We had some Ladies aboard that were so extremely sick, that they often wished for Death, but were damnably afraid of being drown'd: but as the Scripture says, *Sorrow may last for a Night, but Joy cometh in the Morning*; the Weather clear'd up with the Day, the Wind turn'd Westerly, and in a few Hours I was going to say, we saw *England* out of Sight. All *Thursday* we had a fresh Gale and cold Chickens; our Wine went about at a strange Rate; for our Stomachs ebb'd and flow'd like the Element. On *Friday* Morning we made the Coast of *Holland*, a stiff Gale, and the Sea runs high. I

was

was mightily pleas'd to view the Continent, you may be sure; but as I stood upon the *Poop* perusing its first Appearance with my *Perspective*, I had such a Rebuke for my Curiosity by a great Sea, that took us *Fore and Aft*, that I was season'd for a *Dutchman* immediately. Whether this be a Compliment of Salutation usually paid to Strangers, or that the *Batavian* Out-Guards took me for a Spy upon their Frontiers, I shall leave the Skipper to determiue. In short, by working of a staunch Ship, and the Influence of a staunch *Proverb* in favour of the *Old Baily Bar*, we got over the *Bar* at the *Maese*; and the *Dutch* Wave has clear'd my Eye-sight of an Error that we *Britains* are very fond of, that the *Thames* is the finest River in the Universe; for I can assure you, *Sam*, that the *Rhine* is as much beyond it, as a *Pair of Oars* before a *Sculler*, let all the *Tritons* between *Chelsea* and *Richmond* argue never so loud to the contrary; tho' in one sort of *Traffick* upon that part of the *Thames* we exceed the whole World, both for the Quantity and Cheapness of the Commodity; and I believe the Store-house for this kind of *Staple*, including the *Play-house* and the *Rose*, may contend with most *Marts* in *Europe*.

This Day at Eleven we landed at the *Brill*, and here I have a small Taste of this *Republick*, that makes such a Noise in the World---- My Fancy, in respect of Expectation, has generally been so fruitful, that the dearest part of my Hopes have frequently ended in Disappointments; and I have seldom found things come up to answer the *Idea* that I have usually fram'd of their Excellence; but here I must confess the Reality exceeds the Shadow, and I am pleas'd once in my Life to find a thing that can afford me substantial Pleasure in the Enjoyment. I have read much of this Place, fancy'd more, yet all falls short of what I see.

At my first Entrance into this Town, I made one Discovery, which I believe has hitherto 'scap'd most Travellers, *viz.* That the *Dutch* are the greast *Beaux* in the World, only with this Difference from the Gentlemen at *White*'s, that their Finery is much more noble and substantial; I never knew the fairest, finest, full-bottom Wig, most nicely fixt on the most beautiful Block in the Side-box, look half so genteel as a *Dutch* Canal with a stately Row of flourishing Trees on each side, and some twenty beautiful Bridges laid a-cross it, within sixty or seventy Paces one of another. I never knew a Valet, and a Barber with Razors, Tweezers, Perfumes, and Washes, work half so hard upon a Gentleman's Face, that design'd a Conquest on a Birth-Night, as I have seen a lusty *Dutch* Woman with a Mop and warm Water scrub the Marbles

bles and Tyles before the Door, till she has scour'd them brighter than any Fop's Complexion in the Universe. No first Rate Beau with us, drawn by his six before and six behind, lolling luxuriously in his Coach, appears half so gallant, as a jolly *Skipper* at the Stern of his Barge, with a fur'd Cap like Rays about his Head, the Helm in his Hand, and his Pipe in his Mouth, with Liberty seated in one *Whisker*, and Property in t'other; and in this Splendor making the *Tour* of half a Dozen fine Cities in a Day, without either Qualm of the Spleen, or Twinge of the Gout. Such a Person I take for a Beau of the first Magnitude, who scorning to be lugg'd by Beasts as Fellows are to *Tyburn*, can harness the Winds and Waves for his Equipage; and improving on the Works of Providence, make the universal Elements (Air and Water) submit to his private Composition of Advantage and Diversion. To see the Wind work in his Sails, and play with his Pendants, must certainly afford more substantial and pure Satisfaction, than the Whinee of a Horse, or the Crack of a Coach-whip.

In short, dear *Sam*, I am not so bigotted to Domestick Customs, as not to approve what is admirable here; and you must pardon me, that I have thrown up the Prejudices of Nativity with my Beef and Pudding as I came over; and 'tis no small part of my present Wonder, why we should call the *Dutch* a slovenly sort of People, since to the Eye, which must determine that Circumstance, they are much more gaudy than that Nation we so mimick and admire, and with this Advantage, that they are gay without Levity, and fine beyond Foppery. Why we should mention the *Dutch* with Contempt, and the *French* with Admiration, is a severe Satyr upon the *English* Judgment, when the Bravery of the former attract the Admiration of Men, and the Pageantry of the latter draw only the Eyes of Women: But our *English* Ladies are so very fine, that we are very willing to please them, and thus are drawn into this unreasonable Prejudice; but we ought to take Care, that by being thus particular Slaves to our respective *Mistresses*, we ben't drawn at last into universal Bondage to a *Master*. The *French* have taken no small Pains of late Years to render themselves agreeable; they treat us like a Mistress, do every thing that they fancy will please us, till they bring us at last to act whatsoever shall please them. But this is no News; and I think it a little improper to tell you an *English* Story from a Place where you may expect some foreign Entertainment. I have no more to say at present, but that I am just going for *Roterdam*, and departing from

a *Scotch* House here, where nothing of that Country is to be found but the Landlord; for the Rooms are a Paradise for Cleanliness, but the Host is a Rogue for his Reckoning. I have got such a Heap of Silver out of a *Pistol*, as upon a handsome Counter might give Credit to a Banker; and I can assure you, that while I have a Brother to that Pistol left, you shall not see

Your Friend and Servant.

Leyden, October 15, 1700.

Dear S A M,

THE usual Excuse of Gentlemen abroad for neglecting their Friends at home is, that new Sets of different Objects continually entertaining us with Changes of Admiration, the Ideas of our old Acquaintance are by degrees worn out by the Accession of the new: But this kind of Forgetfulness were too severe a Charge upon the Merit of my Friends and my own Gratitude, both which I will choose to maintain; and leave it to your Charity to make me an Excuse for my Silence. The Truth is, I have had a very tedious Fit of Sickness, which had almost sent your Friend a longer Journey than he was willing to undertake at present; but now being pretty well recover'd, I can only inform you in general, that every Day surprizes me with some agreeable Object or other; and I find very much to my wonder, that the Accounts I have had of this Country are very different from the Observations that may be made upon the Place. Some general Remarks there are undisputably certain, as that nothing can parallel the *Dutch* Industry, but the Luxury of *England*; and that the Money laid out in the Taverns in *London*, in purchasing Diseases, would victual the whole *United Provinces* very plentifully at their wholsom Course of Diet; that the Standing-Army maintain'd by the *Dutch* for their Security against a Foreign Force, are not half so expensive, as the fifty thousand Lawyers kept up by our Civil Factions in *England*, for no other use, but to set us continually by the Ears; People, like the *Jews*, that are tolerated in all Governments for the Interest of the Publick, while their main Drift is to enrich themselves, and who by their Gettings and Cunning have brought their Riches and Practice into a Proverb. The Lawyers here put the Question only, Whether the thing be lawful? And upon Application to the Statutes, the Controversy

is

is immediately determin'd. But our Casuists at *Westminster* dispute not so much upon the Legality of the Cause, as upon the Letter of the Law, and make more Cavils on the Meaning of the Words that shou'd determine Justice, than upon the Equity of the Allegations contended for by the Parties; and the Bulk of our Laws have loaded Justice so heavily, that 'tis become a Burthen to the People, who in regard of their Sufferings in this kind shou'd borrow an Appellation from Physick, and be call'd *Patients* rather than *Clients*.

Another thing worth Consideration in respect of the Laws in *Holland*, is this; None but honest Men make Estates by their Practice; for the siding with the wrong Party brings the Lawyer into Contempt, and lays him under a severe Reprehension, either of Ignorance in his Business, or Knavery to the People: Hence it comes to pass, that Injustice, not finding a Patron to support its Cause, is forc'd to remove to a neighbouring Country, where the wrong Side was never known to make its Assertor blush; where the Eloquence of *S-----re*, and the Impudence of *S------n* are plausible Pretences for patronising Injustice, and abusing the Client: But there are Bravo's in all parts of the World, that will take Money for cutting of Throats, whether there be Grounds or not for the Resentment.

So much for the Law, now for the Gospel, *Sam.* I think *Holland* may contend for the Catholick Church with any part in *Europe*, because 'tis more universal in its Religion, than any Country in the Universe. 'Tis a pleasant thing to see *Christians*, *Mahometans*, *Jews*, *Protestants*, *Papists*, *Armenians* and *Greeks*, swarming together like a Hive of Bees, without one Sting of Devotion to hurt one another; they all agree about the business of this Life, because a Community in Trade is the Interest they drive at; and they never Jostle in the Way to the Life to come, because every one takes a different Road. One great Cause of this so amicable a Correspondence and Agreement, is, that only the Layety of these Professions compose the Mixture; here are no Ingredients of Priestcraft to sowr the Composition; Pulpits indeed they have, but not like *Hudibras*'s Ecclesiastick Drums, that are continually beating up for Volunteers to the alarming of the whole Nation. Here is no Interest of Sects to be manag'd under the Cloak of gaining Proselytes to the Truth; nor strengthning of Parties by Pretence of reclaiming of Souls; every Shepherd is content with his own Flock, and Mufti, Levite, Pope and Presbyter, are all Christians in this, that they live in Unity and Concord.

'Tis a strange thing, *Sam*, that among us People can't agree the whole Week, because they go different ways upon *Sundays:* This is to make the Lord's Day a Sower of Dissention, and Religion, (which is call'd the Bond of Peace) to be the Brand of Discord and Combustion: But we have some Preachers that think themselves inspir'd with the Spirit, when they are really possess'd by the Devil; the Fervency of whose Zeal dismisses Congregations with Heats and Heart-burnings of Spirit, and blows up the Coals on the Altar to set their Neighbours Houses on Fire; the Efficacy of the Pulpit is sufficiently shewn in the Practice of the Congregations. No People in the World are so full of Notional Principles of Faith; and to what Purpose the following Instance shall shew you. Two Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, one a Devout Hearer at *Covent-Garden-Church*, and the t'other a violent Zealot for Doctor *Burgess*'s Meeting, met one Evening at *Tom*'s *Coffee-house*, and wou'd adjourn to the *Fleece-Tavern*, to discourse upon some Point of Doctrine manag'd that *Sunday* by their respective Ministers. The Drawer brought in a Bottle of new French, and the Dissenter introduc'd Predestination; After two or three hearty Glasses, the Dispute grew pretty warm, and the Quotations of the Fathers and the Texts of Scripture made such a Noise, that two Wenches that usually ply upon those Stairs, over-hearing the Bustle, took them for a couple of Levites, and so made account to bolt in, and sell their Mackerel. The Fervency of the Argument was presently abated upon the appearance of the Ladies, and a Topick of a more familiar Nature assum'd; till both being pretty well convinc'd of their Opponent's Fire and Fancy, the Whores were dismiss'd, and Predestination re-assum'd; the Argument grew warmer, as the Disputants grew fuddled: In short, they disputed themselves stark drunk, drew their Swords to decide the Controversy; and had not Mr. *Fern* come in, 'twas great odds that Predestination had not sent one to the Devil, and t'other to the Gallows. But they parted Friends at last, and said one to t'other, *I am sorry at my Heart, dear Friend, that you won't go to Heaven my Way.* And so away he reel'd to a Bawdy-house. Now the Moral of the Fable is this: If the Divines, instead of their Speculative Theology, had preach'd that Day a thundring Sermon against Drunkenness and Fornication, 'tis probable that the *Faith* of these Gentlemen had been ne'er the less fortify'd, and their *Good Works* much more improv'd.

But I beg your Pardon for this Digression; I was going to say that, excepting a few general Remarks, some of which I have

I have mention'd, the Accounts we have of this People are very lame, and sometimes exactly opposite to the Truth. I shall mention one or two Particulars that I found very obvious.

We have a Notion in *England* that the *Dutch* are very great Drunkards; whether this Aspersion arises from some People's confounding the *High-Dutch* with the *Low*, or that there is a Sottishness in their Miens and Complexions, I can't determine; but this I can assure you, that the Report is as false, as shou'd I aver, that the People in *London* are the most chaste and sober Gentlemen in the World. 'Tis true indeed they will take off a toping Glass of Brandy, but that is only what is absolutely necessary to moderate the Moisture and Coldness of their Constitution, and us'd in such quantity by the meaner sort only, who living continually in the Water, must require an Allowance to fortify themselves against the Chilness of their Habitations; for you must know that whole Families, Men, Women and Children, live continually in Boats, and have no more Tenement on Dry-land than a *Thames* Salmon; but notwithstanding this incumbent necessity of their taking a Cup of the Creature, I never have seen since I came into this Country but one *Dutch-man* drunk; and altho' his Impertinence was no more than is naturally incident to any Body in his Condition, yet the whole Boatful of People, to the number of sixty Persons, shew'd the greatest Aversion imaginable to his Circumstances, except two or three jolly *English* Men that made very good Sport with his Humour; and had not we, with some *French* Gentlemen, protected his Carcass, his Countrymen wou'd have sous'd him in the Canal very heartily for his Debauch.

As the laborious Life of the inferior Sort requires an exhilarating Glass, so the same Necessity both as to Time and Charge secures them from Excess: And for their Gentry, they are indeed sociable in their own Houses; but were it not for Strangers, all Places of Publick Entertainment must consequently fall; which is the greatest Argument imaginable for the Sobriety and Temperance of a People; whereas 'tis very well known, that if the very Taverns in *London*, with seven or eight handsom Churches, and one or two of our Inns of Court, (all which we could well enough spare) were but handsomly seated on the Banks of a River, they would make a Figure with some of the most remarkable Cities in *Europe*. This indeed is a noble Argument of the Riches of *England*; but whether our Luxury sprang from Plenty, or the

Temperance of *Holland*, the Effect of Necessity, be the happier State, is a Question that I want leisure now to determine.

Another Account we have very current among us, that there are no Beggars in *Holland*; that they are very careful in employing the Poor. That their Manufactures require a great many Hands is most certain, but Ocular Demonstration is too strong a Proof against all their Industry; and I'm apt to believe, that the Order of Mendicants is of a very late Institution, else so visible a Falsity cou'd never have put this Trick upon Travellers. Whether their late expensive Wars have ruin'd more People than their Manufactures can employ, or that the Poverty of the *Spaniards* in the Neighbour *Netherlands*, have by degrees infected the meaner sort, I shan't be positive; But nothing is more certain, than that a well-dispos'd Christian may find as many Objects of Charity here as in any part of *England*, if we may judge of their Wants by the Fervency of their Cries.

I do believe that the Charity of the *Dutch* is no great Incouragement to Beggars; which is the Reason (I conceive) why the Poor flock all to the High-ways and *Track-skouts*, where the Opportunity is good for Application to Strangers.

From these, and some other such like Particulars, I found it matter of Speculation, how the generality of the *English* Nation being so near Neighbours to this State, shou'd be so very short in their Knowledge of the Manners and Constitution of this People, but this I may presume to proceed upon the following Accounts.

Most of our English that visit this Place, are either young Gentlemen that come abroad to travel, or Merchants that make a short Trip upon their own private Concerns.

Tis the usual Way with the first of these to take *Holland en passant*, either going or coming; and being youthful Sparks are so fond of the Finery at *Paris*, and Delicacy of *Rome*, that they han't Leisure, forsooth, to dwell upon the Solidity of this Place. *France* and *Italy* are their Provinces, and *Holland* their Inn upon the Road; they lye for a Night, and away the next Morning.

They can tell you, perhaps, that the *Dutch* manner of Travelling is very commodious; that the *Hague* is a pretty Village, *Amsterdam* a fine City, and that the People are a parcel of heavy, dull, unconversable Creatures, and so they leave them. Nothing can relish more of old *England* than this Peremptory Declaration. I wou'd willingly understand how Gentlemen can make a true Estimate of the Wit and Ingenuity

Ingenuity of a People, when they don't stay to make one Acquaintance in the Country, nor can speak one Syllable of their Language.

Most of our young Nobility and Gentry travel under the Tuition of *French* Governors, who however honest in their Intentions of serving their Pupils, are nevertheless full of their *Moy Meme*; and from the Prejudice of Birth and Education, like all other People, are most inclinable to the Manners, Language, Dress and Behaviour of their own Nation; and tho' perfectly skill'd, perhaps, in the Accomplishments that compose what we call a fine Gentleman, yet 'tis probable they may fall short in those Qualifications that are absolutely necessary to an *Englishman*, in respect of the Interest of his Country, and of these I take the *Dutch* Language to be none of the most trivial. For at the present Juncture, which renders it not only ours, but the Interest of *Europe*, that we shou'd be well with these People, it were not unnecessary that our Amity should be linkt with private Friendships and Correspondence, as by publick Leagues and Alliances. An Instance of which is very visible to our Prejudice in the Habitudes and Familiarity contracted by our young Gentlemen at *Paris*, which, without all Dispute, is one great Reason for the Influence retain'd by that Court, not only over our Fashions and Behaviour, but which is extensive also to Matters of more weighty Consequence, including even our Councils, Laws and Government.

The second sort of People that make a turn into this Country, are our Merchants, whose Speculation is limited by a few Particulars; their Affairs not extending to the Policies of State, nor the Humours of the People, they are satisfy'd to mind their Business only, and to understand the Encouragement of Trade, the Prizes and Customs upon Goods, the Value of Stock, and the Rates of Exchange: Their Conversation lies chiefly between the Store-house and the Broad-side, and that in one or two Cities at most, where their Correspondents are resident. So that all the Account we must expect from these Persons, must only relate to their Trade in general, or to some particular Branch of it, which is universally understood already through the Intercourse of our Dealing, and neither so improving to our Polity, nor satisfactory to the Curious. But even among their Encouragements of Trade so universally known and admir'd, as the advantageous Situation of their Country, their natural Propensity to Navigation, the Lowness of their Imposts, *&c.* yet by an odd Accident I came to understand one Policy in their Trading Constitution,

which I have never hitherto met with in any verbal or written Account whatsoever. The Matter was thus in all its Circumstances.

One Day upon the *Exchange* at *Roterdam*, I casually met a Gentleman, who some time ago liv'd one of the most considerable Merchants in *Ireland*, and about some four Years since, by great Losses at Sea, was forc'd to fly his Country in a very mean Condition. I put him in mind of his Misfortunes by a Favour he once conferr'd upon me of a Bottle of Claret and a Neat's Tongue, at Launching of a new Ship that he had built in *Dublin*; which Vessel (Bottom and Goods all his own) was unfortunately lost the very first Voyage. The Gentleman seem'd very sensible of his Misfortunes, but withal told me, That he still had a Glass of Wine and a Tongue at my Service, if I wou'd come and see him at his House that Evening. I made him a Visit, and found, to my no small Surprize, a handsome House, neatly furnish'd, excellent Meat, and as good *Burgundy* as ever joy'd the Heart of Man. I took the Freedom to ask my Merchant how a Bankrupt shou'd come by all this; in answer to which he gave me the following Account of his Affairs.

The *Dutch*, Sir, (said he) have a Law, that whatever Merchant in any part of *Europe*, who has had any considerable Traffick with this Country, whose Honesty is apparent by his former Accounts, and can prove by sufficient Testimony, that his Losses and Misfortunes are not chargeable upon his Ignorance nor Extravagance, but purely those of unfortunate Chance, above the Reach of human Prevention; that then such a Merchant may repair to them, have the Freedom of any Sea-port in the State, have a Supply of whatever Money he's willing to take up, out of the Publick Revenue, upon the bare Security of his Industry and Integrity; and all this upon the Current Interest, which is seldom above Four *per Cent.*

Pursuant to this (continu'd the Gentleman) my Qualifications for this Credit being sufficiently testify'd, I took up here two thousand Pound Sterling, and in two Years have gain'd fifty *per Cent.* So that by God's Assistance, and my own diligent Endeavours, I question not but in a few Years I shall be able to shew my Face to my Creditors, return to my Country, and there live in *Statu quo.*

Here are two Points remarkable enough: A charitable Action to relieve distress'd Strangers, and a Policy of State for the Interest of the Republick, which you may soon discover by repeating the Conditions. His Honesty must be manifest from

from his former Accounts, his Sufficiency in Business apparent from his precedent manner of Dealing, his Misfortunes such as were above human Prevention, as by Storms, Pyrates, or the like; but above all, he must have some considerable Traffick with this Country, there's the Clincher, the *Utile*, the greatest Encouragement imaginable for all Foreigners to traffick with this Nation, and for the most ingenious Traders, who are not always the most fortunate, to seek a Residence among them: And what a Life and Vigour these two Circumstances may add to the Trade of a Nation, the flourishing Condition of this People is the most sufficient Witness.

Now, *Sam*, I have tir'd you most certainly, for I am weary my self, and we are seldom the sooneſt tir'd with our own: the Gravity of my Style you must impute to the Air of the Country, and the Length of my Letter to a very Rainy Day that has kept me within; and to excuse the Matter, it shall cost you nothing, for I send it by a Gentleman, who can assure you that what I have said is true. I shall at least conclude with a Truth, that I am,

Dear SIR, Yours, &c.

An Epilogue *spoken by Mr.* Wilks, *at his first Appearance upon the* English *Stage.*

AS a poor Stranger wreck'd upon the Coast
With Fear and Wonder views the Dangers past;
So I with dreadful Apprehensions stand,
And thank those Pow'rs that brought me safe to Land.
With Joy I view the smiling Country o'er,
And find, kind Heav'ns! an hospitable Shore.
'Tis *England.*----This your Charities declare,
But more the Charms of *British* Beauties there;
Beauties that celebrate this Isle afar,
They by their Smiles, as much as you by War.
True Love, true Honour, here I can't fail to play,
Such lively Patterns you before me lay.
Void of Offence, tho' not from Censure free,
I left a distant Isle too kind to me.
Loaded with Favours I was forc'd away,
'Cause I wou'd not accept what I cou'd never pay.

There

There I cou'd please, but there my Fame must end,
For hither none must come to boast, but mend.
Improvement must be great, since here I find
Precepts, Examples, and my Masters kind.

A Prologue *on the propos'd Union of the Two Houses.*

NOW all the World's ta'n up with State-Affairs,
Some wishing Peace, some calling out for Wars.
'Tis likewise fit we shou'd inform the Age,
What are the present Politicks of the Stage:
Two different States, ambitious both, and bold,
All Free-born Souls, the New House and the Old,
Have long contended, and made stout Essays,
Which shou'd be Monarch, absolute in Plays:
Long has the Battle held with bloody Strife,
Where many ranting Heroes lost their Life;
Yet such their Enmity, that e'en the Slain
Do conquer Death, rise up, and fight again.
Whilst from the Gallery, Box, the Pit and all,
The Audience look'd, and shook its awful Head,
Wond'ring to see so many Thousands fall,
And then look'd Pale to see us look so Red.
By Force of Numbers, and Poetick Spell,
We've rais'd the ancient Heroes too from Hell,
To lead our Troops; and on this bloody Field,
You've seen great *Cæsar* fight, great *Pompey* yield.
Vast Sums of Treasure too we did advance,
To draw some mercenary Troops from *France*;
Light-footed Rogues, who when they got their Pay,
Took to their Heels----*Alons*----and run away.
Here have you seen great *Philip*'s Conqu'ring Son,
Who in twelve Years did the whole World o'er-run;
Here has he fought, and found a harder Job,
To beat one Play-house, than subdue the Globe:
All this from Emulation for the Bays,
You lik'd the Contest, and bestow'd your Praise:
But now (as busy Heads love something new)
They would propose an *Union*---- Oh, *Mort-dieu.*
If it be so, let *Cæsar* hide his Head,
And fight no more for Glory, but for Bread.

Let

Let *Alexander* mourn, as once before,
Becauſe no Worlds are left to conquer more.
But if we may judge ſmall from greater things,
The preſent Times may ſhew what *Union* brings,
You feel the Danger of *United Kings.*
If we grow one, then Slavery muſt enſue
To Poets, Players, and, my Friends, to you.
For to one Houſe confin'd, you then muſt praiſe
Both curſed Actors, and confounded Plays.
Then leave us as we are, and next advance
Bravely to break the Tye 'twixt *Spain* and *France.*

On the Death of a Lady's Sparrow, in Imitation of Catullus *for his* Lesbia's.

MOurn all ye Muſes, mourn ye Nymphs and Loves,
Mourn all ye Woods, mourn all ye Trees and Groves.
Weep all ye Streams, ye Foreſts fade and mourn,
Your well-lov'd Bird muſt ne'er again return.
Let the dull Air ne'er be ſerene again,
Let all the Winds with loudeſt Sighs complain.
The once bleſt Winds, whilſt they cou'd bear away
His charming Notes, and with his Feathers play:
How ſhall I grieve, or how bewail his Death?
None fit to ſing, that wants his tuneful Breath:
Like the melodious Swan prepar'd to die,
He ſhou'd himſelf have ſung his Elegy.
Ye winged Choriſters, come here and ſing,
Lament his Death; ſweet Flow'rs and Bloſſoms bring,
To ſtrew his Grave with Beauties of the Spring.
Sweet was his Voice, well were his Notes belov'd,
His careful Miſtreſs with his Tunes he mov'd,
Oft has he ſung upon the Flowry Plain,
But ne'er, alas! like wretched me, in vain.
Round her alone the pretty Bird wou'd fly,
Chirp to the Fair, and in her Boſom lie;
Her Boſom, fairer than the Silver Sky:
There did the Wanton play, and there was bleſt,
And there alone he made his downy Neſt;
All her Diſcourſe to him he underſtood,
And kindly anſwer'd with what Voice he cou'd.

Upon

Upon her Head oft wou'd he flutt'ring move,
And ſpread a living Canopy above;
Ten thouſand pretty things ſhew'd his officious Love.
Oft as ſhe walk'd, when ſhe began to ſing,
With her own Breath he fann'd her from his Wing;
Then would he pluck the Daiſies here and there,
And to her Hands the bluſhing Preſents bear.
The Woods he ſcorn'd, and choſe with her to dwell,
Her Fingers did all Boughs by far excel.
Ye winged Choriſters, come here and ſing,
Lament his Death; ſweet Flow'rs and Bloſſoms bring,
To ſtrew his Grave with Beauties of the Spring.
For ah! he's gone, his pleaſing Sports muſt ceaſe,
He's gone, alas! and now no more can pleaſe;
Still is his Voice, and ſtill his ſtift'ning Wing,
He ne'er again muſt to his Miſtreſs ſing.
See his deep Grave by moanful *Cupid* made,
Himſelf cloſe by in a ſad Poſture laid,
Breaking his Golden Arrow, late his Spade.
Around his Grave let circling *Fairies* play,
Dance the whole Night, and ſcarce depart by Day:
Let all things grieve, *Selinda*'s Sparrow's gone;
Selinda's Sparrow, ſo belov'd alone.
For him the tender Virgin mourns and cries,
For her dear Sparrow ſhe laments and ſighs,
Sworn to be bury'd there, whene'er ſhe dies.
Then ſhall the winged Choir flock here and ſing,
Lament her Death, ſweet Flow'rs and Bloſſoms bring,
To ſtrew her Grave with Beauties of the Spring.

On the Death of the late Queen.

WHilſt Heav'n with Envy on the Earth look'd down,
Saw us unworthy of the Royal Pair,
And juſtly claim'd *Maria* as its own,
Yet kindly left the Glorious *William* here:
The Heav'n and Earth alike do in the Bleſſing ſhare.
He makes the Earth, She Heav'n our great Allies,
And tho' we mourn, ſhe for our Comfort dies;
Nor need we fear the raſh preſumptuous Foe,
Whilſt She's our Saint above, and He our King below.

A SONG

A SONG.

I.

TEll me, *Aurelia*, tell me pray,
How long muſt *Damon* ſue;
Prefix the Time, and I'll obey,
With Patience wait the happy Day
That Makes me ſure of you.

II.

The Sails of Time my Sighs ſhall blow,
And make the Minutes glide;
My Tears ſhall make the Current flow,
And ſwell the haſtning Tide.

III.

The Wings of Love ſhall fly ſo faſt,
My Hopes mount ſo ſublime,
The Wings of Love ſhall make more haſte
Than the ſwift Wings of Time.

The Aſſignation, a SONG.

I.

THE Minute's paſt apppointed by my Fair,
The Minute's fled
And leaves me dead
With Anguiſh and Deſpair.

II.

My flatter'd Hopes their Flight did make
With the appointed Hour;
None can the Minutes paſt o'ertake,
And nought my Hopes reſtore.

III.

Ceaſe your Plaints, and make no Moan;
Thou ſad repining Swain;
Although the fleeting Hour be gone,
The Place does ſtill remain.

IV.

The Place remains, and ſhe may make
  Amends for all your Pain;
Her Preſence can paſt Time o'ertake,
  Her Love your Hopes regain.

An Epigram.

DANS vitam panis, nobis dans gaudia vinum,
Omnia dans aurum, ſunt pretioſa nimis:
Nil commune bonum eſt, at res eſt flebilis altera
Dans, eſt communis fœmina ubique nihil.

In Engliſh *thus:*

NAture's chief Gifts unequally are carv'd;
  It ſurfeits ſome, while many more are ſtarv'd:
Her Bread, her Wine, her Gold, and what before
Was Common Good, is now made Private Store,
Nothing that's Good we have among us Common,
But all enjoy the Common Ill----A Woman.

To a Gentleman that had his Pocket pickt of a Watch and ſome Gold by a Miſtreſs.

A Burleſque Letter.

I'M ſorry, *Sam*, thou'rt ſuch a Ninny
  To let a Wench rob thee of a Guinea.
And thus to ſpend and loſe your Cobbs,
By laviſh op'ning both your Fobbs:
You're fairly fobb'd to let her get all,
Both one and alſo t'other Mettal.
Your Work was on a pretty Score,
You dug the Mine, ſhe found the Ore,
The Devil take the cunning Whore.
You ſlily laid her down to reſt her,
And on the Bed ſhe found a Teſter.

Your

Your Watch too, *Sam*, (these Men of Power
Must lye with Doxies by the Hour)
A Minute's time did that command;
Then hers, it seems was Minute-Hand.
She wound you up to her own liking,
Then stole the Watch while you were striking:
Then think not, Sir, that you're undone;
What's wound so high, must next run down:
In revelling time, you thought no Sin
To play a Game at *In and In.*
I wonder tho' you did not win for't,
Since that you were so fairly in for't:
But what destroy'd you in a Trice,
She held the *Box*, you shook the *Dice:*
The Devil was in the Dice then surely,
To lose when you plaid so securely,
And *Three* to *One* was lay'd so purely,
But what's the worst of all Mishaps,
You dread, they say, some after-claps:
If that be so, my dearest *Sammy*,
You'll curse, and bid the Devil dam ye:
The Fruits of *Wild Oats* which you scatter,
Is nothing else but *Barley-water:*
The Seed-time's good, you know my Meaning,
But faith, the Harvest's only gleaning.
Take Heart howe'er, 'tis my Desire,
You will revive, the P-----x expire;
Then rise like Phœnix from the Fire.
The Metal's stronger that's well souder'd,
And Beef keeps sweeter once 'tis powder'd:
So farewel, *Sam*, and may you ne'er want
Such a true faithful humble Servant.

May *the Fourth, from* Temple Inner,
The Post's going out, I in to Dinner.

Grays-Inn, Wednesday.

'TIS a Presumption to imagine, that you have thought my Letters worth the keeping, and yet a greater Presumption to expect you shou'd now return them if you have kept them so long; but I hope the Design will partly excuse my Request: I have promis'd to equip a Friend with a few Letters to help out a Collection for the Press, and there are none I dare sooner expose to the World than those to you, because your Merit

may

may warrant their Sincerity, and becauſe your Ladyſhip was pleas'd to commend them: This makes me imagine, Madam, that they have ſtill ſecur'd a Place in your Cabinet, tho' the unworthy Author cou'd merit no room in your Heart; whence I may infer, that they may be as acceptable to you in Print as in my Manuſcript; but if you have a mind to ſecure Trophies of ſo poor a Conqueſt, I ſhall be proud to return them as ſoon as ever they are tranſcrib'd; for which I now pawn my Word and Honour, as ſincerely as I once did the Heart of,

MADAM,

Your moſt humble Servant.

Tueſday Morning, one Stocking on, and t'other off.

I Have had your Letter, Madam, and all that I underſtand by it, is that your Hand is as great a Riddle as your Face; and 'tis as difficult to find out your Senſe in your Characters, as to know your Beauty in your Mask; but I have at laſt conquer'd the Maidenhead of your Writing, as I hope one Day I ſhall that of your Perſon; and I'm ſure you han't loſt your Virginity, if the Lines in your Complexion be half ſo crooked as thoſe in your Letter. I return your Compliment of Advice in the ſame Number of Particulars that you were pleas'd to ſend me. Firſt, If you are not handſom, never ſhew a Face that may frighten away that Admirer which your Wit has engaged. Secondly, Never believe what a Gentleman ſpeaks to you in a Mask: for while the Ladies wear double Faces, 'tis but Juſtice that our Words ſhou'd bear a double Meaning---- Laſtly, You muſt never adviſe a Man againſt wandring, if you deſign to be his Guide. You tell me of ſwearing to a known Lye: I don't remember, Madam, that I ever ſwore I lov'd you; tho' I muſt confeſs that a little Lady in a half Mourning Mantua and a deep Mourning Complexion, has run in my Head ſo much ſince *Monday* Night, that I'm afraid, ſhe will ſoon get in my Heart: But now Madam, hear my Misfortune.

The angry Fates and dire Stage-Coach,
Upon my Liberty incroach,
To bear me hence with many a Jog.
From thee my charming dear Incog.
Unhappy Wretch! at once who feels
O'erturns of Hack and Fortune's Wheels.

This

This is my Epitaph, Madam, for now I'm a dead Man; and the Stage-Coach may most properly be call'd my Herse, bearing the Corps only of deceas'd *F-----r*; for his Soul is left with you, whom he loves above all Womankind; by which you may judge of the Height of his Passion; for he cares not one Farthing for your whole Sex, as I hope to be saved.

Thursday 11 *a Clock.*

Bopeep is Child's Play, and 'tis time for a man to be tir'd of it; I went yesterday to *Bedlam* upon your mad Assignation, stay'd till Seven like a Fool, to expect one, who, unless she were mad, wou'd never come. I begin to believe that they are only wise that are there, and we possess'd that put them in; they at least have this Advantage over us Lunaticks at Liberty, that they find Pleasure in their Frenzy, and we a Torment in our Reason. I was so tir'd with walking there so long, that I could not bear the Fatigue of putting off my Cloaths, but sat up all Night at the Tavern; so that your Letter is but just come to my Hands, when, like *Prince Pretty-man*, I have one Boot on and t'other off, Love and Honour have a strong Battle, but here comes my Friend to claim my Engagement, so Love is put to the Rout, and away for *Essex* immediately; but a Word of Advice before we part. Pray consider, Madam, whether your Good or Ill Stars have usually the most ascendant over your Inclinations, and accordingly prosecute your Intentions of corresponding with me or not; wou'd you be advis'd by me, you wou'd let it alone; for by the Uneasiness that my small Converse has already rais'd in me, I guess at the greater Disturbance of being farther expos'd to your Charms, unless I may hope for something which my Vanity is too weak to ensure. Fortune has always been my Adversary; and I may conclude that Woman, who is much of her Nature, may use me the same way; but if you prove as blind as she, you may, perhaps, love me as much as she hates me. My humble Service to your two Sister Fairies, and so the Devil take you all.

If you will answer this-----you may.

Essex, Friday Morning.

I Have been a Horseback, Madam, all this Morning, which has so discompos'd my Hand and Head, that I can hardly think or write Sense; the Posture of my Affairs is a little extraordinary in some other Parts about me; for my Saddle was very uneasy: The Hare we hunted put me in mind of a Mistress, which we must gallop after with Hazard of breaking our Necks, and after all our Pains the Puss may prove a Witch at the long run. I have had no Female in my Company since I left the Town, or any thing of your Sex to entertain me: For your *Essex* Women, like your *Essex* Calves, are only Butchers Meat; and if I must cater for my self, commend me to a Pit Partridge, which comes pretty cheap, and where I have my Choice of a whole Covy; how well I love this kind of Meat you may guess, when I assure you, that I have purely fed upon your Idea ever since, which has stuck as close to me as my Shirt; which by the way I han't shifted since I came into the Conntry; for clean Linnen is not so modish here as a Lover might require. I receiv'd just now an impertinent Piece of Banter from an angry Fair; she says, I pawn'd my Soul to the Devil for the great Success of my Play. But her Ladyship is thus angry because I wou'd not pawn my Body to the Devil for another sort of Play, of which I presume the Lady to be a very competent Judge; I shall disappoint her now, as formerly; for I will set her raging mad with the Calmness of my Answer: Besides, Madam, there is nothing can put me out of Humour, that comes by that Post which brings me a Line from you; tho' I must tell you in plain Terms, that I begin to have but a mean Opinion of your Beauty; for were it in the least parallel to your Wit, the Number of your other Conquests wou'd raise your Vanity above any Correspondence with a Person whose chief Merit is his Indifference.

Grays-Inn, Wednesday Morning.

THE Arguments you made use of last Night for still keeping on your Mask I endeavour'd to refute with Reason; but that proving ineffectual, I'll try the Force of Rhime, and send you the Heads of our Chat in a Poetical Dialogue between You and I.

You

You.

Thus Images are veil'd which you adore;
Your Ignorance does raise your Zeal the more.

I.

All Image-Worship for false Zeal is held;
False Idols ought indeed to be conceal'd.

You.

Thus Oracles of old were still receiv'd,
The more ambiguous, still the more believ'd.

I.

But Oracles of old were seldom true;
The Devil was in 'um----sure he's not in you.

You.

Thus masqu'd in Mysteries does the Godhead stand,
The more obscure, the greater his Command.

I.

The Godhead's hidden Power wou'd soon be past,
Did we not hope to see his Face at last.

You.

You are my Slave already, Sir, you know.
To shew more Charms wou'd but increase your Woe;
I scorn to insult a Conquer'd Foe.

I.

I am your Slave, 'tis true; but still you see
All Slaves by Nature struggle to be free:
But if you wou'd secure the stubborn Prize,
Add to your Wit the Fetters of your Eyes:
Then pleas'd with Thraldom would I kiss my Chain,
And ne'er think more of Liberty again.

Sunday, after Sermon.

I Came, I saw, and was conquer'd; never had Man more to say, yet can I say nothing; where others go to save their Souls, there have I lost mine; but I hope that Divinity which has the justest Title to its Service has receiv'd it; but I will endeavour to suspend these Raptures for a Moment, and talk calmly.

Nothing upon Earth, Madam, can charm beyond your Wit, but your Beauty; after this not to love you, would proclaim me a Fool; and to say I did when I thought otherwise, would pronounce me a Knave: If any Body call'd me either, I should resent it; and if you but think me either, I shall break my Heart. You have already, Madam, seen enough

of me to create a Liking or an Aversion; your Sense is above your Sex, then let your Proceeding be so likewise, and tell me plainly what I have to hope for. Were I to consult my Merit, my Humility would chide any Shadow of Hope; but after a Sight of such a Face, whose whole Composition is a Smile of good Nature, why should I be so unjust as to suspect you of Cruelty: Let me either live in *London* and be happy, or retire again to my Desart to check my Vanity that drew me thence; but let me beg to receive my Sentence from your own Mouth, that I may hear you speak, and see you look at the same Time, then let me be unfortunate if I can.

If you are not the Lady in Mourning that sat upon my Right Hand at Church, you may go to the Devil, for I'm sure you're a Witch.

Madam,

IF I han't begun thrice to write, and as often thrown away my Pen, may I never take it up again; my Head and my Heart have been at Cuffs about you these two long Hours. ----Says my Head, You're a Coxcomb for troubling your Noddle with a Lady whose Beauty is as much above your Pretensions, as your Merit is below her Love. Then answers my Heart, Good Mr. Head, youre a Blockhead; I know Mr. *F----r*'s Merit better than you; as for your Part, I know you to be as whimsical as the Devil, and changing with every new Notion that offers; but for my Share, I am fixt, and can stick to my Opinion of a Lady's Merit for ever; and if the Fair She can secure an Interest in me, Monsieur Head, you may go whistle. Come, come, (answer'd my Head) you Mr. Heart, are always leading this Gentleman into some Inconvenience or other; was it not you that first entic'd him to talk to this Lady? Your damn'd confounded Warmth made him like this Lady, and your busie Impertinence has made him write to her, your leaping and skipping disturbs his Sleep by Night, and his good Humour by Day: In short, Sir, I will hear no more on't; I am Head, and I will be obey'd----You lie, Sir, reply'd my Heart, (being very angry) I am Head in Matters of Love, and if you don't give your Consent, you shall be forc'd; for I am sure that in this Case all the Members will be on my Side. What say you, Gentlemen Hands? Oh (say the Hands) we would not forego the tickling Plea-

ſure of touching a delicious white, ſoft Skin for the World. ----Well, what ſay you, Mr. Tongue ? Zounds, ſays the Linguiſt, there is more Extaſie in ſpeaking three ſoft Words of Mr. Heart's ſuggeſting than whole Orations of Seigniour Head's; ſo I am for the Lady, and here's my honeſt Neighbour Lips will ſtick to't. By the ſweet Power of Kiſſes that we will, (reply'd the Lips.) And preſently ſome other worthy Members ſtanding up for the Heart, they laid violent Hands (*nemine contradicente*) upon poor Head, and knock'd out his Brains. So now, Madam, behold me as perfect a Lover as any in *Chriſtendom*, my Heart purely dictating every Word I ſay; the little Rebel throws it ſelf into your Power, and if you don't ſupport it in the Cauſe it has taken up for your ſake, think what will be the Condition of the Headleſs and Heartleſs

Farquhar.

Monday, twelve a Clock at Night.

GIve me leave to call you, dear Madam, and to tell you that I am now ſtepping into Bed, and that I ſpeak with as much Sincerity as if I were ſtepping into my Grave; Sleep is ſo great an Emblem of Death, that my Words ought to be as real, as if I were ſure never to waken; then may I never again be bleſt with the Light of the Sun, and the Joys of *Wedneſday*, if you are not as dear to me as my Hopes of waking in Health to morrow Morning; your Charms lead me, my Inclinations prompt me, and my Reaſon confirms me,

MADAM,

Your Faithful, and
Humble Servant.

My humble Service to the Lady, who muſt be chief Mediator for my Happineſs.

Madam,

IN order to your Ladyship's Commands, I have sent you my Thoughts upon your two weighty Maxims of Amorous Policy---- *If we fly they pursue*, and *Enjoyment quenches Love:* But I shall run a greater Hazard of your Displeasure by my Obedience, than I should by the Neglect of your Commands, these Subjects leading me into more Gravity than is well consistent with my own Inclinations, or the Perusal of a fair Lady. But to the Business.

To examine rightly how far these Female Maxims are in Force, we must dispose Mankind into a Division, which I think hitherto has 'scap'd the *Logicians*; to wit, the Men of Idleness, and Men of Business. Under the first Branch of which Distinction is reducible a great Share of the World, and especially that which composes the Character of what we call the *Beau Monde*; for to make them all of a Piece, we must give them a *French* Name too.

The Practice of these Gentlemen, I must confess, has gone a great way to pass these Maxims for authentick, and have sufficiently authoriz'd the Ladies to stick so firmly to their Principles; but would they consider a little upon what a scurvy Foundation these Topicks are grounded, they would damn the Doctrine for sake of the Adorers.

These idle Gentlemen (begging their Pardon for so familiar an Epithet) shou'd shew the Ladies what a difference there is between modish Intriguing and true Love; for these Sparks make Intriguing their Business, and Love only their Diversion. They visit their Mistress as they go to the Park, because it is the Mode; and continue to solicit her Favour, not thro' the Impulse of Passion, but because they have nothing else to do. Some other Motives there are to engage these Sparks in the Pursuit of a fair Lady; as for Instance; upon the Survey of his Rent-Roll the Lover finds two or three Thousand a Year still unmortgag'd, sends down immediately to his Steward to screw up his Tenants to due Payments, and concludes with *Money conquers all things:* A Potent Proverb, I must confess, to back his Resolution. But here consider, Madam, what it is that pursues you; not the Gentleman, but Fidlers, Masquerades, Jewellers, Glovers, Milleners, hir'd Poets, with the confus'd Equipage of all their respective Trades, the Devil a Dart of Love is in the whole Bundle, no more than there is in the Straw and Oats that keeps a Horse for *New-Market*; here are only two Beasts

to

to be back'd, one for Pleasure, and t'other for Profit; I will feed one for the Plate, and pamper the t'other for my own Riding.

A second Life to his Pursuit is his Vanity; the Beau having receiv'd a Repulse over Night, steps to his Glass in the Morning, and surveying his charming Shape, *'Sdeath* (says he) *why should I despair of Success? Blood, I'm as pretty a Fellow as another, but I think my Calves are a little of the largest. Ay, that's it, she did not like my Dress Yesterday----- Here, Boy, reach my blew Coat, I'll tye my Cravat with a double Knot to day, and wear the Buckles of my Garters behind.* Thus while his foppish Fancy can invent any particular Change or Whimsey in his Dress, his Hopes are nourish'd by an abusive Presumption, that the Ladies are smitten by such *Bagatel* Impertinence. Here indeed, Madam, the first Maxim, *If we fly they pursue*, is in Force, but upon scurvy Terms; for the Continuation of such a Coxcomb's Address is the greatest Satyr upon the Sex; and a Woman of true Sense, rather than be plagu'd with such a Follower, if there were no other way, should give him her Person to be quit of his Company; for here I dare be sworn your second Maxim will hold, that *Enjoyment quenches Love:* For these Gentlemen love as they hunt, for Diversion, as I said before; and no sooner is one Hair snapt up, but they beat about for another. Besides, Madam, 'tis but a modest Presumption, that these Men of Pleasure and Idleness must have an Ingredient of the Fool in their Composition, which cannot relish the true and lasting Beauties of a fine Woman; they cannot make a true Estimate of her Sense, her Constancy, her several little kind and endearing Offices, which can only engage the Affections of a Man that truly understands their Value.

This brings into my Consideration how far these Maxims may be applicable to your corresponding with the latter part of the Distinction, which I call'd the Men of Business; by which I understand Men of Sense, Learning, and Experience, and call them Men of Business, because I wou'd exclude a parcel of flashy, noisy, rhiming, atheistical Gentlemen, who arrogate to themselves the Title of Wit and Sense, for no other Cause but the Abuse of it: Such must be rank'd with the first sort of Lovers, for they are the idlest of Mankind: neither do I confine the Character of a Man of Business to the Law, the Church, the Court, Trade, or any particular Employment; I intend it a farther Latitude, and inclusive of all those, who deriding the Fop, and detesting the Debauchee, have laid down to themselves some certain Scheme of Study,

in any lawful Art or Science, for the Benefit of the Publick, or their own privat Improvement.

Upon this Foundation we may rationally conclude the Actions of such Men to flow directly from the Operations of their Reason. But here, Madam, without doubt the Ladies will interrupt me-----*Hold, Sir,* (say they) *we absolutely deny that Love and Reason are consistent*; from which it follows, that your Men of Business have no Business here.

I am very sorry, Madam, in the first Place, that the Qualification which must recommend a Man to a fair Lady, must debase him so near the Level of a Brute, and deprive him of that divine Stamp by which he is distinguish'd from the Beasts of the Field. What an Affront is this to your Sex, that one must no sooner begin to admire a Woman, but he must cease to be a Man; and that the Glory which a Lady receives by the Plurality of her Adorers, should depend only upon the Esteem of so many irrational Creatures! No, no, Madam, I am too much a Courtier to let this vulgar Calumny and severe Reflection upon your Sex pass unexamin'd.

I shall therefore make bold to say, that this very Opinion touching the Inconsistency of Love with Reason, has cost the fair Sex more Tears, and have subjected Men to more Curses, than the worst Circumstances of Falshood and Perjury; for depending upon this Principle of the Ladies, the greatest Rascals have appear'd the most passionate Lovers, because the greatest Knaves make the best Fools, and the most usual Cloak for natural Villany is an artificial Simplicity.

But granting such Follies and Absurdities to be the Results of a real Passion, such Love ought not to gain one Grain the more Weight in the Balance of true Sense; for if the Lover be a Fool, this Extravagance is but what's natural to his Temper, and exposes it self as wildly in the Effects of his other ordinary Passions, as in Anger, Fear, Joy, Grief, and the like, and must not properly be call'd the Strength of his Love, but the Weakness of his Reason; and the same Pitch of Passion that may make a *Witall* appear Lunatick, wou'd scarcely be discernable in a *Dorimant*. But if the Force of Love raise a Man of true Sense to the Pitch of playing the Fool, 'tis then, if not more ridiculous, at least much more dangerous in the Consequence; for be assur'd, Madam, that the Bent of his Desire must be too violent to last long, and when once it begins to decline, 'twill prove as violent in the Fall as in the Rise; and the constant Result of a sober Reflection, is the Hatred and Detestation of any thing that had made him guilty of Extravagance, and debas'd him below the Dignity of his Rea-

son;

son; and there is no Medium in this Case between the extravagant Lover and the inveterate Enemy.

But begging your Ladyship's Pardon for this Digression, I shall return to my Man of Business, and see how far your Principle, *If we fly they pursue*, is applicable to a Person of this Character.

To the Examination of this Point, 'twill not be amiss to consider the several Paces and Proceedings of such a Lover in his Amour. A Man of Business and Study has his Thoughts too round and compact within himself, to have his Fancy sallying out upon the Appearance of every Beauty that his daily Conversation may throw in his way; but if once it lights upon that Fair, which can rouse him from his Indifference, raising a Pleasure in his Eyes when she's present, and an Uneasiness in his Heart in her Absence, 'tis no Imprudence to indulge the Thought: Love (he considers) is a Blessing; and since it depends so much upon a Sympathy of Natures, why mayn't I expect that the fair Creature, who has rais'd such Emotions in me, may in time, perhaps, be brought to have a mutual Concern upon her? The Happiness that I may expect from her Love, if her other Qualities be proportionable to her Beauty, will infinitely reward the Pains of my enquiring into her Life and Conversation. Here is the Foundation of Love fairly laid; and now my Gentleman goes to work upon the Structure: He first enquires into the Lady's Character, but that as a Man of Sense ought to do, without trusting the Malice of some that may be her Enemies, nor yet consulting the Partiality of her Friends; his Reason may make a tolerable good Balance between both; and if perhaps some Slip in her Conduct has made the Scale of her Accusation the heaviest, he has some Grains of Love to throw into the other to counterpoise it. His next Business is to gain Admittance to her Company; here he may find a thousand Beauties to augment, or as many Failings perhaps to destroy his Passion; and to his Examination he must refer his Judgment upon the different Characters he might have heard of her before; for no reasonable Man will peremptorily conclude from the Mouth of Common Fame, 'tis a notorious Liar, and generally in Extremes. If he believes it to the Lady's Prejudice, he may wrong her Innocence past Redress; and if he trusts flying Report in her Favour, he may be impos'd upon himself: For the Vulgar (by which I mean the Lac'd Coat as well as the Hobnail) cannot enter into the nice Secrets of Female Behaviour; they sometimes mistake Levity for Freedom, ill Humour for Gravity, Noise and Tattle for Wit and Sense:

Some-

Sometimes they change Hands, and call an Air of good Breeding Coquetry; they brand Affability and good Nature with the Name of Looseness; and, in short, there can be no such thing as a Woman in their Estimate, all must be Angels, or all Devils. Now my Lover shall find out all these Distinctions; he shall, in spight of Female Dissimulation, search to the very Bottom, and discover the least Paint upon the Mind, as he does that upon the Face. Having found the Lady's Temper conformable to his own, or being at least assur'd, that he can frame his own Humour to square with hers; having known her Sense and Understanding sufficient for a prudent Conduct, at least pliable to good Advice, he stands fixt in his Resolution, and resolv'd upon his Affection.

Thus the beautiful Edifice of Love is gradually and firmly rais'd, whereof Reason is still the Corner-stone; nor like the trifling Pomp of a Fop's Preparation, which, like a Lord-Mayor's Pageant, is built in a Night, glitters, and is gaz'd at for a Day, and the next dwindles into nothing. The Building thus finish'd, the next Business is to invite the fair Guest; 'tis impossible to confine the Rules of his Address to any particular Observation, because they may be so diversify'd by the Circumstances of the Lover, the Accidents of Time, Place, or according to some Humours and Inclinations in the Lady's Temper, which last have always prov'd the most effectual means of gaining a Heart. If the Lady's Disposition be inclinable to Gayety, he makes the Muses speak a good Word for him; he can dispense in an Evening with a very dull Play, to have the Pleasure of acting the Lover himself; nay, he can comply so far, as to commend a very dull thing, if his Mistress is pleas'd to approve it; he can take a turn in the Mall with his Hat off, tho' the Weather be very cold, and join with her in railing at my Lord Such-a-one, or Mistress Such-a-one, tho' perhaps he understands the Quarrel to be no more than a Pique, or a piece of Malice. If the Lady's Temper be more grave and sedate, he can sit an Hour or two condemning the Vices of the Town, and extolling the Pleasures of a Country Life; nay, sometimes perhaps he may have a Fling at the Government, and be a little Jocobitish to please her; he can wait on her to Church, and hear a Levite thump Dust and Nonsense out of a Pulpit Cushion for an Hour, and call it an excellent Sermon, to humour her Approbation; with a thousand other little foolish Fancies, which because they are not very hurtful in themselves, and that Custom has brought them into Play, must be born with upon

upon this Occaſion; and when all is done, Ceremony looks as decently in Love, as in Religion; and a Clown in an Intreague makes as awkard a Figure as a Quaker in Church. Our Lover therefore writes, viſits, ſighs, declares his Paſſion with all Demonſtrations of Submiſſion and Sincerity, all which is often repeated to ſave the Lady's Modeſty, and to ſooth a little pleaſing Vanity incident to the Female Sex of ſeeing themſelves admir'd. He is ſatisfy'd alſo that the World ſhou'd know it, and ſubmits to the Cenſure of a whining Coxcomb, to favour the Lady's yielding by the plauſible Excuſe of a hard Siege; but if after all this he finds his Pretenſions to no purpoſe, your Maxim, Madam, *If we fly*, &c. will not be of Force to detain him longer; he has the ſame Thread of Reaſon to guide him out of the Labyrinth that led him in; he has not perhaps the ſame Supports to his Hope, that every glittering Spark, with a Coach and Six can pretend; but were his Fortune ever ſo conſiderable, he wou'd not affront the Lady's Honour, nor his own Judgment ſo far, as to ſuppoſe her of a mercenary Temper; neither can he imagine that the charming Fair, whoſe Senſe he has ſo much admir'd, ſhou'd be captivated with the tying of his Cravat, or the Fancy of his Snuſh-box. No, no, he is rather convinc'd, that there is ſomething diſagreeable to the Lady in his Perſon, Behaviour, or Converſation, which being a Defect of Nature, or Education, he muſt patiently ſubmit to, without cutting his Throat; and he's the more willing to take up with his Failings, becauſe Time may perhaps produce ſome other Lady that may value him upon theſe very Circumſtances that made the firſt diſdain him; ſo that in ſpight of your celebrated Maxim, he betakes himſelf to his Buſineſs, has the good Manners to free the Lady from his Impertinence, and the Prudence to diſingage himſelf of the Trouble: Neither is he much diſtreſs'd to withdraw his Affections; for as the Proſpect of Happineſs was the firſt Foundation of his Love, ſo the Progreſs of his Paſſion muſt have been nouriſh'd with Favours to keep it alive, and as naturally without this Fuel will the Fire go out of it ſelf.

I have already, Madam, ſo far tranſgreſſed the Bounds of a *Billet-doux*, that I'm afraid to meddle with your ſecond Maxim: But give me a Moment's Patience, Madam, and I'll make quick Work with *Enjoyment quenches Love:* One Simile, Madam, and I take my Leave. What a ſtrange and unaccountable Madneſs wou'd it appear in a Subject of *England*, a Gentleman that enjoys Peace and Plenty, Eaſe and Luxury, if he, diſcontented with his happy State, ſhou'd raiſe a Combuſtion in his Country, turn ambitious Rebel, make a Party

a Party againſt his Prince, and by Force and Treachery lay hold upon the Government, and all this for the bare Pleaſure of being call'd King. I can aſſure you, Madam, did the Pleaſures of a Monarch conſiſt in nothing more than being plac'd in a Throne, with a Crown upon his Head, and the Scepter in his Hand, we ſhould have the upſtart Prince uſe his Government as a Fool does a fair Lady after Enjoyment, he wou'd ſoon be cloy'd with his Deſire, and uneaſie till he got quit of it. But if our *Noll* underſtood the Policy of Government, the many Glories that attend a Crown, the Pomp of Dependencies, the Sweets of abſolute Power, with the many Delights and Joys that attend his Royalty, he would maintain his Station to the laſt Drop of Blood. This is eaſily applicable to a Man of Senſe gaining the Crown of Beauty, he can judge the Charms of his Poſſeſſion, and values Enjoyment only as the Title to his greater Pleaſures; there are a thouſand Cupids attending the Throne of Love, all which have their ſeveral pretty Offices and ſerviceable Duties to exhilerate their Maſter's Joy, and contribute to his conſtant Diverſion, if he but underſtands how to employ them.

How far, Madam, I have recommended to you the Addreſſes of an ingenious Man I dare not determine; but I'm afraid I have ſaid ſo much againſt the Paſſion of Fools, that I have ruin'd my own Intereſt; tho' you can't reckon me among the idle Part of Men, being ſo happily imployed this Morning by the Commands of ſo fair a Lady.

Your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant.

Friday Night, 11 *a Clock.*

IF you find no more Reſt from your Thoughts in Bed than I do, I cou'd wiſh you, Madam, to be always there, for there I am moſt in Love. I went to the Play this Evening, and the Muſick rais'd my Soul to ſuch a Pitch of Paſſion that I was almoſt mad with Melancholy. I flew thence to *Spring Garden*, where with envious Eyes I ſaw every Man pick up his Mate, whilſt I alone walked like ſolitary *Adam* before the Creation of his *Eve*; but the Place was no Paradiſe to me; nothing I found entertaining but the Nightingale, which methought in ſweet Notes, like your own, pronounc'd the Name of my Dear *Penelope*----*As the Fool thinketh, the Bell chinketh.* From hence I retir'd to the Tavern, where methought the ſhining Glaſs repreſented your fair Perſon, and the ſparkling Wine

Wine within it, look'd like your lively Wit and Spirit : I met my dear Miſtreſs in every thing, and I propoſe preſently to ſee her in a lively Dream, ſince the laſt thing I do, is to kiſs her dear Letter, claſp her charming Idea in my Arms, and ſo fall faſt aſleep.

My Morning Songs, my Evening Pray'rs,
My Daily Muſings, Nightly Cares.

Adieu.

HEre am I drinking, Madam, at the Sign of the Globe ; and it ſhall go hard but I make the Voyage of old Sir *Drake* by to morrow Morning : We have a freſh Gale and a round Sea; for here is very good Company and excellent Wine ; from the Orb in the Sign, I will ſtep to the Globe of the Moon, thence make the Tour of all the Planets, and fix in the Conſtellation of *Venus*. You ſee, Madam, I am elevated already. Here's a Gentleman tho', who ſwears he loves his Miſtreſs better than I do mine, but if I don't make him ſo drunk that he ſhall diſgorge his Opinion, may I never drink your Health again ; the generous Wine ſcorns to lye upon a Traytor's Stomach, 'tis Poyſon to him that profanes Society by being a Rogue in his Cups. I wiſh, dear Madam, with all my Heart that you ſaw me in my preſent Circumſtances, you wou'd certainly fall in Love with me, for I am not my ſelf; I am now the pleaſanteſt fooliſh Fellow that ever gain'd a Lady's Heart, and a Glaſs or two more will fill me with ſuch Variety of Impertinence, that I cannot fail to paſs for agreeable. You, Drawer, bring me a Plate of Ice------Ha! How the Wine whizzes upon my Heart, *Cupid* is forging his Love-Darts in my Belly-----Ice, you Dog, Ice-----The Son of a Whore has brought me Anchoves. Well! This is a vexatious World, I wiſh I were fairly out of it, and happy in Heaven, I mean your dear Arms ; which is the conſtant Prayer of your Humble Servant, Drunk or Sober.

I deſign to Morrow in the Afternoon to beg your Pardon for all the ill Manners of my Debauch, and make my ſelf as great as an Emperor by inviting your Ladyſhip to the Entertainment of Diocleſian.

In

IN pursuance to your Order, Madam, I have sent you here inclos'd my Picture; and I challenge *Vankike* or *Kneller* to draw more to the Life. You are the first Person that ever had it, and if I had not some Thoughts that the Substance would fall to your share, I wou'd not part with my Likeness. I hope the Colours will never fade, tho' you may give me some Hints where to mend the Features, having so much Power to correct the Life.

The Picture.

MY Outside is neither better nor worse than my Creator made it, and the Piece being drawn by so great an Artist, 'twere Presumption to say there were many Stroaks amiss. I have a Body qualify'd to answer all the Ends of its Creation, and that's sufficient.

As to the Mind, which in most Men wears as many Changes as their Body, so in me 'tis generally dress like my Person, in Black. Melancholy is its every Day Apparel; and it has hitherto found few Holidays to make it change its Cloaths. In short, my Constitution is very Splenatick, and yet very amorous, both which I endeavour to hide, lest the former shou'd offend others, and the latter might incommode my self; and my Reason is so vigilant in restraining these two Failings, that I am taken for an easy-natur'd Man with my own Sex, and an ill-natur'd Clown by yours.

'Tis true, I am very sparing in my Praises and Complements to a Lady, out of a Fear that they may affect my self more than her; for the Idols that we worship are generally of our own making; and though at first Men may not speak what they think, yet Truth may catch them on t'other Hand, and make them think what they speak. But most of all am I cautious of promising, especially upon that weighty Article of Constancy, because in the first Place, I have never try'd the Strength of it in my own Experience; and, secondly, I suppose a Man can no more engage for his Constancy than for his Health, since I believe they both equally depend upon a certain Constitution of Body, and how far, and how frequently that may be liable to Alteration, especially in Affairs of Love, let the more judicious determine.

But so far a Man may promise, that if he find not his Passion grounded on a false Foundation, and that he have a continuance of the same Sincerity, Truth and Love to engage him,

him ; that then his Reason, his Honour, and his Gratitude may prove too strong for all changes of Temper and Inclination.

I am a very great Epicure, for which Reason I hate all Pleasure that's purchas'd by excess of Pain ; I am quite different from the Opinion of Men that value what's dearly bought ; long Expectation makes the blessing always less to me, for by often thinking of the future Joy, I make the Idea of it familiar to me, and so I lose the great Transport of Surprize ; 'tis keeping the Springs of Desire so long upon the Rack, till at last they grow loose and enervate : Besides, any one of a Creative Fancy, by a Duration of Thought, will be apt to frame too great an Idea of the Object, and so make the greater part of his Hopes end in a Disappointment.

I am seldom troubled with what the World calls Airs and Capriches ; and I think it an Ideot's Excuse for a foolish Action, to say 'twas my Humour. I hate all little malicious Tricks of vexing People for Trifles, or teizing them with frightful Stories, malicious Lies, stealing Lap-dogs, tearing Fans, breaking China, or the like ; I can't relish the Jest that vexes another in earnest ; in short, if ever I do a wilful Injury, it must be a very great one.

I am often Melancholy, but seldom angry ; for which Reason I can be severe in my Resentment, without injuring my self: I think it the worst Office to my Nature, to make my self uneasie for what another shou'd be punish'd.

I am easily deceiv'd, but then I never fail at last to find out the Cheat ; my Love of Pleasure and Sedateness makes me very secure, and the same Reason makes me very diligent when I am alarm'd.

I have so natural a Propensity to Ease, that I cannot chearfully fix to any Study, which bears not a Pleasure in the Application, which makes me Inclinable to Poetry above any thing else.

I have very little Estate, but what lies under the Circumference of my Hat ; and should I by any Mischance come to lose my Head, I should not be worth a Groat ; but I ought to thank Providence that I can by three Hours Study live one and twenty with Satisfaction to my self, and contribute to the Maintenance of more Families than some who have thousands a Year.

I have something in my outward Behaviour, which gives Strangers a worse Opinion of me than I deserve ; but I am more recompenc'd by the Opinion of my Acquaintance, which is as much above my Desert.

I have many Acquaintance, very few Intimates, but no Friend, I mean in the old Romantick way; I have no Secrets so weighty, but what I can bear in my own Breast; nor any Duels to fight, but what I may engage in without a Second; nor can I love after the old Romantick Discipline; I would have my Passion, if not led, yet at least waited on by my Reason; and the greatest Proof of my Affection that a Lady must expect is this: I wou'd run any Hazard to make us both happy, but would not for any transitory Pleasure make either of us miserable.

If ever, Madam, you come to know the Life of this Piece as well as he that drew it, you will conclude that I need not subscribe the Name to the Picture.

WELL! Mrs. *V*------ and my charming *Penelope* are to lie together to Night; what wou'd I give now to be a Mouse (God bless us) behind the Hangings to hear the Chat; you don't know, Madam, but my Genius which always attends you, may over-hear your Discourse; therefore not one Word of *George*. I'm resolv'd to have a Friend to lie with me to Night, that I may quit Scores with you; and it shall go hard but I prove as kind to my Companion as you are to yours; though I must confess, that I had rather be in Mrs. *V*-----'s Place, with all the little Pillows about me, or in that of Monsieur *Adonis* upon the Chair.

My Rival is a Dog of Parts,
That captivates the Ladies Hearts;
And yet by Jove (*I scorn to forge*)
Adonis *self must yield to* George.
I am a Dog as well as he,
Can fawn upon a Lady's Knee;
My Ears as long, and I can bark,
To guard my Mistress in the dark:
I ha'n't four Legs, that's no hard Sentence,
For I can paw, and scrape Acquaintance.
I am a Dog that admires you,
And I'm a Dog if this ben't true;
And if Adonis *does out-rival me,*
Then I'm a greater Son of a Bitch than he.
Reach my Waistcoat----but ne'er trouble it,
I am already a Dog in a Doublet.

Was

Was ever such a poetical Puppy seen? But when my Mistress is sick, 'tis then *Dog-Days* with me, tho' 'tis but a Cur's Trick, I must confess; but I would be content to bark at this Rate all my Life, so I might hunt away all Rats and Mice from my fair Angel, whose fearful Temper is the only Mark of Mortality about her. The Remembrance of the Water-Rat last Night has inspir'd me with the following Lines.

Fair Rosamond *did little think,*
Her Crystal Pond should turn a Sink,
To harbour Vermin that might swim,
And frighten Beauties from the Brim.
Henceforth, detested Pond, no more
Shall Beauties crown your verdant Shore;
Your Waves so fam'd for am'rous League,
Are now turn'd Ratsbane to Intrigue.

Now good morrow my fair Creature, and let me know how you are recover'd from your Fright.

WHY should I write to my dearest *Penelope*, when I only trouble her with reading what she won't believe: I have told my Passion, my Eyes have spoke it, my Tongue pronounc'd it and my Pen declar'd it; I have sigh'd it, swore it, and subscrib'd it; now my Heart is full of you, my Head raves of you, and my Hand writes to you, but all in vain. If you think me a Dissembler, use me generously like a Villain, and discard me for ever; but if you will be so just to my Passion, as to believe it sincere, tell me so, and make me happy; 'tis but Justice, Madam, to do one or t'other.

Your Indisposition last Night, when I left you, put me into such Disorder, that not finding a Coach, I miss'd my way, and never minded whither I wander'd, till I found my self close by *Tyburn*. When blind Love guides, who can forbear going astray? Instead of laughing at my self, I fell to pitying poor Mr. *F---r*, who, whilst he rov'd abroad among your whole Sex, was never out of his Way; and now by a single She was led to the Gallows. From the Thoughts of Hanging, I naturally enter'd upon those of Matrimony: I consider'd how many Gentlemen have taken a handsome Swing, to avoid some inward Disquiets; then why shou'd not I hazard the Noose, to ease me of my Torment? Then I con-

sider'd, whether I shou'd send for the Ordinary of *Newgate*, or the Parson of St. *Ann*'s; but considering my self better prepar'd for dying in a fair Lady's Arms, than on the three-leg'd Tree, I was the most inclinable to the Parish-Priest: Besides, if I dy'd in a fair Lady's Arms, I shou'd be sure of Christian Burial at least, and should have the most beautiful Tomb in the Universe. You may imagine, Madam, that these Thoughts of Mortality were very melancholy; but who cou'd avoid the Thoughts of Death when you were sick? And if your Health be not dearer to me than my own, may the next News I hear be your Death, which wou'd be as great a Hell, as your Life and Welfare is a Heaven to the most amorous of his Sex.

Pray let me know in a Line, whether you are better or worse, whether I am Honest or a Knave, and whether I shall live or die.

I Can no more let a Day pass without seeing or writing to my dear *Penelope*, than I can slip a Minute without thinking of her. I know no Body can lay a juster Claim to the Account of my Hours than she who has so indisputable a Title to my Service; and I can no more keep the Discovery of my Faults from you, than from my own Conscience, because you compose so great a part of my Devotion. Let me therefore confess to my dearest Angel, how last Night I saunter'd to the *Fountain*, where some Friends waited for me; one of 'em was a Parson, who preaches over any thing but his Glass: Had not his Company and *Sunday* Night sanctify'd the Debauch, I shou'd be very fit for Repentance this Morning; the searching Wine has sprung the Rheumatism in my Right Hand, my Head akes, my Stomach pukes, I dream'd all this Morning of Fire, and wak'd in a Flame: To compleat my Misery, I must let you know all this, and make you angry with me. I design tho' this Afternoon to repair to St. *Ann*'s Prayers, to beg Absolution of my Creator and my Mistress; if both prove merciful, I'll put on the Resolution of amending my Life, to fit me for the Joys of Heaven and you.

Dear

Dear Madam,

NOW I write with my aking Hand the Dictates of my aking Heart; my Body and my Soul are of a Piece; both uneasy for want of my dear *Penelope*. Excuse me, Madam, for troubling you with my Distemper; but my Hand is so ill, that it can write nothing else, because it can go no farther.

MIsfortunes always lay hold on me, when I forsake my Love, or fall short of my Duty; your Coach was full, and Mr. *C-------r* was vanish'd, so I had no Pretence left to avoid some sober Friends, that wou'd haul me into Cellar to drink Syder; a dark, chilly, confounded Hole, fit only for Treason and Tobacco. Being warm with the Throng of the Play-house, I unadvisedly threw off my Wig; the Rawness of this curs'd Place, with the Coldness of our Tipple, has seiz'd upon me so violently, that I'm afraid I sha'n't recover it in a trice; I have got such a Pain in my Jaws, that I sha'n't be able to eat a bit; so now, Madam, I must either live upon Love or starve; for Heav'n's sake then, dear Madam, send me a little Subsistence, let not a hungry Wretch perish for want of an Alms: Your Charity, for the Lord's sake. Kind Words is all I crave; and the most uncharitable Prelate will afford a Beggar his Blessing----- Pity my Condition, fair Charmer, I have got a Cold without, and a Fire within; Love and Syder do not agree, so I'll have no more Cellars. If you don't send me some Comfort in my Afflictions, expect to have a Note to this Purpose----- Be pleas'd to accompany the Corps of an unfortunate Lover, who dy'd of an aking Chops, and a broken Heart.

YOUR Verses, Madam, I have read, scan'd, and consider'd over and over; I must still complain of the Difficulty of your Characters: but your Sense is like a rich Mine, hard to come at, but when found an infinite Treasure. I wou'd answer you in Verse, but for the Reason that follows.

Of all the specious Wiles and formal Arts,
Us'd by our young intriguing Men of Parts,
None can their Ignorance in Love express
So much, as whining Words in fawning Verse.

The Nymph, whose softer Breast soft Numbers gain
Must have a Soul celestially serene,
Seraphically bright, and sparkling as her Mien.
But Women now that Character disown,
They are all Mortal, very Mortal grown.
By Verse was Beauty's Empire first ordain'd,
And stubborn Man to Love by Verse was chain'd.
Verse gave to Love his Quiver and his Bow,
Nay, e'en from Verse he had his Godhead too.
And now ungrateful Beauty scorns that Aid,
By which its greatest Triumphs first were made.
A sordid Blockhead, with an empty Scull,
Shall have Access, because his Pockets full.
Curse on thee, Gold------why Charmer, tell me why
Shou'd that which buys a Horse, bright Beauty buy?
O cou'd I find (grant Heav'n that once I may)
A Nymph fair, kind, poetical and gay;
Whose Love shou'd blaze, unsully'd, and divine,
Lighted at first by the bright Lamp of mine;
Free as a Mistress, faithful as a Wife,
And one that lov'd a Fiddle as her Life;
Free from all sordid Ends, from Int'rest free,
For my own sake affecting only me.
What a blest Union shou'd our Souls combine!
I hers alone, and she be only mine.
Free generous Favours shou'd our Flames express,
I'd write for Love, and she shou'd love for Verse.
In deathless Numbers shou'd my fair one shine,
Her Love, her Charms shou'd blazon every Line,
And the whole Page be like her self Divine.
Not Sachariſſa's *self, great* Waller's *Fair,*
Shou'd for an endless Name with mine compare;
My Lines shou'd run so high, the World shou'd see
I sung of her, and she inspired me.
Vain are thy Wishes, wretched Damon, *vain,*
Thy Verse can only serve thee to complain:
Wealth makes the Bargain, Love's become a Trade,
Blind Love is now by blinder Fortune led.
Who then wou'd sing, or sacred Numbers boast,
Since Love, the just Reward of Verse, is lost?
Of the soft Sex why were the Muses made,
If in soft Love they can't afford us Aid?
No, Cupid, *no, you have deceiv'd too long,*
My Muse and Love have ever done me wrong;
Farewel, ungrateful Love, farewel ungrateful Song.

You see, Madam, that my Rhime has argu'd me out of Love; but I'm violently suspicious that my Reason will convince me, that I am still as much your Captive, as ever; for I have the greatest Inclination in the World to intreat the Favour of meeting your Ladyship in the Park to morrow by six; if you tarry till Seven, you may find me at the end of the Lovers Walk, hanging upon one of the Trees, which will be the readiest way for ought I see, to bring our Amour to a Conclusion. I am an impudent Fellow; that's to prevent your Reflection upon my presuming to appoint you a Place of Assignation.

IF any thing should come to your Hands, Madam, that I writ last Night, I humbly beg that you wou'd pardon it's Impertinence; for I was so fuddled, that I hardly remember whether I writ or not; you'll think perhaps that my Excuse needs as much an Apology as my Fault; but you ought to forgive me, when I assure you, that I shall never forgive my self; I have vow'd this Morning never to taste Wine till I can recover that Opportunity of seeing you, that Wine made me lose; I went to the *Royal Exchange* at two, and stay'd in the City till Twelve at Night; I din'd with Mr. *B----x* who (by the way) is a pretty Gentleman, but has a confounded Wife; such Stories have I heard of her Persecution, and his long-suffering, that he deserves to go to Heaven, and she to Hell for sending him; and so much for a Citizen's Wife. I come now from Mr. *Dryden*'s Funeral, where we had an Ode in *Horace* sung, instead of *David*'s Psalms; whence you may find, that we don't think a Poet worth Christian Burial: The Pomp of the Ceremony was a kind of Rhapsody, and fitter, I think, for *Hudibras* than him, because the Cavalcade was mostly Burlesque; but he was an extraordinary Man, and bury'd after an extraordinary Fashion; for I do believe there was never such another Burial seen; the Oration indeed was great and ingenious, worthy the Subject, and like the Author, whose Prescriptions can restore the Living, and his Pen embalm the Dead. And so much for Mr. *Dryden*, whose Burial was the same with his Life: Variety and not of a Piece. The Quality and Mob, Farce and Heroicks; the Sublime and Ridicule mixt in a Piece, great *Cleopatra* in a Hackney Coach.

And now, Madam, for the Application; let us consider, that we are all mortal, that neither Wit can protect a Man, nor Beauty a Woman from the Impertinence of a Burial:

There is but one Way, let us joyn our Forces to disappoint it, as thus: Beauty causes Love, Love inspires Poetry, and Poetry makes Wit immortal: So in return, Wit is fir'd with Gratitude, that extols your Charms, and so makes Beauty immortal. Now, Madam, if your Beauty can make as mad Work in my Head as it has in my Heart, I will shew the World such a Copy of your Countenance, that you shall be as fair a hundred Years hence, as you are at this Instant; all the Worms in the Church-yard shall not have Power to touch one Feature in your Face; and, for my part, if I am not more a Poet a hundred Years hence than I am now, I'll be damn'd. And I can assure you, that Mr. *Dryden* had never dy'd, had he not grown too old to please the Ladies; and if that be my Case already, the Lord have Mercy upon me.

YOur strange and unexpected Declaration of your unkind Thoughts of me, has cast a Damp upon my Spirits that will break out either in Melancholy or Rage: I wish it prove the latter, for then I shall destroy my self the shorter Way; in the Fervency of my Passion, and Diligence of Courtship, which has alarm'd part of the World. To be accus'd of Coldness and Neglect is------but I'll say no more upon that Subject, 'tis too warm; and if I touch it, will set me in a Blaze. I remember the Cause of my Uneasiness t'other Day, and I remember that Cause was repeated last Night; and in short, I remember a thousand things that make me mad; and since you have taken so opportune a Time of telling me of the Coldness of my Love; give me leave to tell you, that my Passion is so violent, that 'twill give me Cause to curse your whole Sex; nay, even you, tho' at the same Time I cou'd stab my self for the Expression; now, Madam, I'll endeavour to sleep, for I ha'n't clos'd my Eyes since I saw you.

Hague, October 23. *New Style.*

THis is the second Post, dear Madam, since I have heard from you, which makes me apprehensive that you are not well, or that you have forgot the Person whose Health and Welfare so intirely depends upon yours: I am proud to say, that all my Words, my Letters, and Endeavours, have unfeignedly run upon the strain of the most real Passion that ever

possest

possest the Breast of Man; and if, after all this, they should all prove vain, I leave you to judge how poor an Opinion I shou'd have of my Understanding; which must be a very mortifying Thought for a Person who is very unwilling to pass for a Fool. 'Tis true, I have laid out all the little Sense I had in your Service, and if it should be cast away, I should turn Bankrupt in my Understanding, and run stark mad upon the Loss. For God's sake, Madam, let me know what I have to trust to, that I may once more set up for a Man of some Parts, or else run away from my Senses as fast as I can; my Thoughts begin to be very severe Creditors, and I am perfectly tir'd of their Company. The King came hither last Night about Eleven from *Loo*; and if the Weather prove fair, designs for *England* next *Wednesday*. Providence has design'd my staying so long, out of its great Mercy to secure me from the Violence of a terrible Storm, which has lasted here this Fortnight past, to that Degree, that *Holland* is no more at present than a great leaky Man of War, tossing on the Ocean, and Mariners are forc'd to pump Night and Day to keep the Vessel above Water. I can assure you, without a Jest, that the Cellars and Canals have frequent Communication, and happy is he that can lodge in a Garret: There are Fellows planted on all the Steeples, with a considerable Reward to him that can make the first Land, tho' they had more need to look out for a Rainbow; for without that I shall believe that God Almighty, in his Articles with *Noah* after the Flood, has excluded the *Dutch* out of the Treaty: I have transcrib'd your Letter to my Lord *A----le*, and will consult with Captain *L-------oe* about your Affairs, whether it be proper to mention Matters now, or defer it till we come over: My Lord *West----nd* treated us yesterday with a Pot of *English* Venison sent him by his Mother. But never was poor Buck so devour'd by hungry Hounds; we hunted him down with excellent *Burgundy*-----. Cou'd this Place afford us good Toasts as it does Wine, 'twere a Paradise. But we made shift to call you all over, every Beauty in *London*, from the D-----s of *G-----n* to Mr. *B----le*; and when we got drunk we toasted the *Dutch* Ladies; and by the Time we got thro' the whole Assembly, we were grown as dull and sottish as if we had lain with them. You must pardon my Breeding, Madam, and consider where I am; but I do blush a little, and can't say a Word more, but that I am,

MADAM,

Your faithful and most humble Servant.

I Receiv'd your Letter, Madam, with the strange Relation of your being robb'd: I can't tell whether my Grief or Amazement was greatest; it suspended the Pain of the Rheumatism for some Hours, tho' I gain'd little by that, for it only gave place to a greater. All the Consolation I can afford in your Sorrow, is, that you have a Companion in your Afflictions that sympathizes in every Particular of your Grief. I consider my self a Lady robb'd of my fine Things, strip'd of my best Cloaths, and what is worse, of all my pretty Trinkets, that have cost me some Years in purchasing: Tho' this be the greatest Misfortune a fine Lady can sustain, yet am I still more troubled at the Manner of the Action, than at the Greatness of my Loss, that in a House so well peopled as mine, in an Hour so early, when all the World was awake, that all my good Stars should then be asleep, is very provoking.

By this, Madam, you may judge, whether my Heart be not tun'd to the very same Notes of Sorrow with yours; and as I have the same Reasons of my Grief, so perhaps I shall agree with your Ladyship as to the Thoughts which may afford you most Consolation.

Religion teaches me, that nothing in this World is properly our own, but borrow'd; and since I am oblig'd to resign even my very Life without murmuring, when he that lent is pleas'd to recal it, why should I repine at parting with Things of so much less Importance? But to comfort my self after a more worldly Manner: I consider that my Cloaths had been worn out in a Year or two, that my fine Things had been out of Fashion in a Year or two more, so that I have only lost the Use of those Things which four or five Years wou'd have robb'd me of, without breaking a Lock, or opening a Window. Besides, another thing which gives me no small Comfort is, a Reflection on the Mercies of Providence in Matters of greater Moment, as in relation to my Life, my Honour, *&c.* one Instance of which is pretty fresh in my Memory. I recollect that some few Months ago I was in a foreign Country, far from my Relations to comfort me, or Friends to assist me; a Stranger to the Place, more to the Language; like a Child among Savage Beasts, I had no Companion but a Brute more savage than they, who betray'd me into the Hands of a Villain, that won'd have ruin'd me past Redemption, had not Providence sent a Gentleman to my Rescue, who is now at *Richmond* dying for Love of me. This Deliverance, I think may make sufficient Amends for the present Loss.

Now,

Now, Madam, that I have guess'd at your Thoughts upon the Matter, give me leave to present you with my own Sentiments upon this Affair; and in the first place, I think that if the Rogues had strip'd you of all that you enjoy in the World, even the white Covering to your fair Nakedness, I would catch you in my Arms before any Dutchess in *Christendom* set out in Brocade and Jewels.

I think, Secondly, that a Lady without a Husband lies very much expos'd to all Abuses from the rude World; that the Weakness of their Constitution is a sufficient Proof, that their Maker design'd Man for their Guard. Now if a Lady will neglect the Protection which Providence has design'd her, when there is one that begs so very earnestly, and has so long solliciated for the Honour of the Place, 'tis but just, I think, that she meet with some small Rubs to mind her of her Insufficiency. I know, Madam, that your Ladyship has a very good and worthy Gentleman very near you, one who is both a Friend and a Father to you; but yet a Husband is still the best *Guard-du-Corps*, and there are some Privileges annex'd to his Place, which would make Rogues more cautious how they invaded your Bed-Chamber. In the third Place, Madam, give me leave to ask you one Question: Don't you think this Thief that robb'd you to be a very barbarous Fellow? And would you not be very severe upon him, if he were taken? Most certainly you would. Then what must I think of a Person that has robb'd me of a Jewel much more precious than any they have taken from you, I mean, my Ease and Quiet? A little Thief has stole my Heart out of my very Breast; the Loss of which has cost me more Sighs and Uneasinesses than all the Wealth in the World could have done. I have pursu'd this charming *Bandit* from Place to Place, from Town to Country, from Kingdom to Kingdom, yet all in vain------ I beg you now, Madam, to consider this, and be not too severe upon the poor Rogues, tho' they should be taken.

This is the first Service my Hand has done me since I left *London*; and were not the Air too piercing for me to venture abroad after so much Bleeding, I would have told you all this personally; but happen what will, three or four Days shall be the utmost Confinement I can lay upon my Desire of waiting on you; and that you have been so long releas'd from my Company, you are more beholden to the Force of my Illness, than the strength of my Resolution, which is always too weak to encounter the Passion of,

MADAM,

Your most sincere and humble Servant.

Madam

Madam,

'TIS a ſad Misfortune to begin a Letter with an *Adieu*; but when my Love is croſs'd, 'tis no Wonder that my Writing ſhould be revers'd. I would beg your Pardon for the other Offences of this Nature which I have committed, but that I have ſo little Reaſon to judge favourably of your Mercy; tho' I can aſſure you, Madam, that I ſhall never excuſe my ſelf my own Share of the Trouble, no more than I can pardon my ſelf the Vanity of attempting your Charms, ſo much above the Reach of my Pretenſions, and which are reſerv'd for ſome more worthy Admirers. If there be that Man upon Earth that can merit your Eſteem, I pity him; for an Obligation too great for a Return, muſt to any generous Soul be very uneaſy; tho' ſtill I envy his Miſery.

May you be as happy, Madam, in the Enjoyment of your Deſires, as I am miſerable in the Diſappointment of mine; and as the greateſt Bleſſing of your Life, may the Perſon you admire, love you as ſincerely and as paſſionately, as he whom you ſcorn.

A DI-

A

DISCOURSE

UPON

COMEDY,

In Reference to the

English STAGE.

In a LETTER to a Friend.

WITH Submission, Sir, my Performance in the Practical Part of Poetry, is no sufficient Warrant for your pressing me in the Speculative: I have no Foundation for a *Legislator*; and the two or three little *Plays* I have written, are cast carelessly into the World, without any Bulk of *Preface*, because I was not so learn'd in the Laws, as to move in Defence of a bad Cause; why then should a Compliment go farther with me, than my own Interest? Don't mistake me, Sir, here is nothing that could make for my Advantage in either *Preface* or *Dedication*; no *Speculative Curiosities*, nor *Critical Remarks*, only some present Sentiments which Hazard, not Study, brings into my Head, without any preliminary *Method* or *Cogitation*.

Among

Among the many Disadvantages attending Poetry, none seems to bear a greater Weight, than that so many set up for Judges, when so very few understand a tittle of the Matter. Most of our other Arts and Sciences bear an awful Distance in their Prospect, or with a bold and glittering Varnish dazle the Eyes of the weak-sighted Vulgar: The *Divine* stands wrapt up in his Cloud of Mysteries, and the amus'd *Laity* must pay Tythes and Veneration to be kept in Obscurity, grounding their Hopes of future Knowledge, on a competent Stock of present Ignorance; (in the greater part of the Christian World this is plain.) With what Deference and Resignation does the bubbled *Client* commit his Fees and Cause into the Clutches of the *Law*, where Assurance beards Justice by *Prescription*, and the wrong Side is never known to make its *Patron* blush. *Physick* and *Logick* are so strongly fortify'd by their impregnable Terms of Art, and the *Mathematician* lies so cunningly intrench'd within his *Lines* and *Circles*, that none but those of their Party dare peep into their puzling Designs.

Thus the Generality of Mankind is held at a gazing Distance, whose Ignorance not presuming perhaps to an open Applause, is yet satisfy'd to pay a blind Veneration to the very Faults of what they don't understand.

Poetry alone, and chiefly the *Drama*, lies open to the Insults of all Pretenders; she was one of Nature's eldest Offsprings, whence by her Birthright, and plain Simplicity, she pleads a genuine Likeness to her Mother; born in the Innocence of Time, she provided not against the Assaults of succeeding Ages; and, depending altogether on the generous End of her Invention, neglected those secret Supports and serpentine Devices us'd by other Arts, that wind themselves into Practice for more subtle and politick Designs: Naked she came into the World, and 'tis to be fear'd, like its Professors, will go naked out.

'Tis a wonderful thing, that most Men seem to have a great Veneration for *Poetry*, yet will hardly allow a favourable Word to any Piece of it that they meet; like your Virtuoso's in Friendship, that are so ravish'd with the notional Nicety of the Vertue, that they can find no Person worth their intimate Acquaintance. The Favour of being whipt at School for *Martial*'s *Epigrams*, or *Ovid*'s *Epistles*, is sufficient Privilege for turning Pedagogue, and lashing all their Successors; and it would seem by the Fury of their Correction, that the ends of the Rod were still in their Buttocks. The Scholar calls upon us for *Decorums* and *Oeconomy*; the Courtier cries out

out for *Wit*, and *Purity of Stile*; the Citizen for *Humour* and *Ridicule*; the Divines threaten us for Immodesty, and the Ladies will have an Intrigue. Now here are a Multitude of Criticks, whereof the twentieth Person only has read *Quæ Genus*, and yet every one is a Critick after his own way; that is, such a Play is best, because I like it. A very familiar Argument, methinks, to prove the Excellence of a Play, and to which an Author wou'd be very unwilling to appeal for his Success! Yet such is the unfortunate State of Dramatick Poetry, that it must submit to such Judgments; and by the Censure or Approbation of such Variety, it must either stand or fall. But what *Salvo*, what Redress for this Inconvenience? Why, without all Dispute, an Author must endeavour to pleasure that part of the Audience, who can lay the best Claim to a judicious and impartial Reflection. But before he begins, let him well consider to what Division that Claim does most properly belong. The Scholar will be very angry at me for making that the Subject of a Question, which is self-evident without any Dispute; for, says he, who can pretend to understand Poetry better than we, who have read *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid*, &c. at the University? What Knowledge can out-strip ours that is founded upon the Criticisms of *Aristotle*, *Scaliger*, *Vossius*, and the like? We are the better sort, and therefore may claim this as a due Complement to our Learning; and if a Poet can please us, who are the nice and severe Criticks, he cannot fail to bring in the rest of an inferior Rank.

I should be very proud to own my Veneration for Learning, and to acknowledge any Complement due to the better sort upon that Foundation; but I'm afraid the Learning of the better sort is not confin'd to College Studies; for there is such a thing as Reason without Syllogism, Knowledge without *Aristotle*, and Languages besides *Greek* and *Latin*: We shall likewise find in the Court and City several Degrees, superior to those at Commencements. From all which I must beg the Scholar's Pardon, for not paying him the Complement of the better sort, (as he calls it;) and in the next Place enquire into the Validity of his Title from his Knowledge of *Criticism*, and the Course of his Studies.

I must first beg one Favour of the Graduate------ Sir, here is a Pit full of *Covent-Garden* Gentlemen, a Gallery full of Cits, a hundred Ladies of Court-Education, and about two hundred Footmen of nice Morality, who having been unmercifully teaz'd with a Parcel of foolish, impertinent, irregular Plays all this last Winter, make it their humble Request, that

you wou'd oblige them with a Comedy of your own making, which they don't question will give them Entertainment. O, Sir, replies the *Square-Cap*, I have long commiserated the Condition of the *English* Audience, that has been forc'd to take up with such wretched Stuff, as lately has crowded the Stage; your *Jubilees* and your *Foppingtons*, and such irregular Impertinence, that no Man of Sense cou'd bear the Perusal of 'em. I have long intended, out of pure Pity to the Stage, to write a perfect Piece of this Nature; and now, since I am honour'd by the Commands of so many, my Intentions shall immediately be put in Practice.

So to work he goes; old *Aristotle*, *Scaliger*, with their Commentators, are lugg'd down from the high Shelf, and the Moths are dislodg'd from their Tenement of Years; *Horace*, *Vossius*, *Heinsius*, *Hedelin*, *Rapin*, with some half a Dozen more, are thumb'd and toss'd about, to teach the Gentleman, forsooth, to write a Comedy; and here is he furnish'd with *Unity of Action*, *Continuity of Action*, *Extent of Time*, *Preparation of Incidents*, *Episodes*, *Narrations*, *Deliberations*, *Didacticks*, *Patheticks*, *Monologues*, *Figures*, *Intervals*, *Catastrophes*, *Chorus's*, *Scenes*, *Machines*, *Decorations*, &c. a Stock sufficient to set up any Mountebank in *Christendom*: And if our new Author would take an Opportunity of reading a Lecture upon his Play in these Terms, by the Help of a *Zany* and a Joint-stool, his Scenes might go off as well as the Doctor's Packets; but the Misfortune of it is, he scorns all Application to the Vulgar, and will please the better Sort, as he calls his own. Pursuant therefore to his Philosophical Dictates, he first chooses a single Plot, because most agreeable to the Regularity of Criticism; no matter whether it affords Business enough for Diversion or Surprize. He wou'd not for the World introduce a Song or Dance, because his Play must be one entire Action. We must expect no Variety of Incidents, because the Exactness of his three Hours won't give him Time for their Preparation. The Unity of Place admits no Variety of Painting and Prospect, by which Mischance perhaps we shall lose the only good Scenes in the Play: But no matter for that; this Play is a regular Play: this Play has been examin'd and approv'd by such and such Gentlemen, who are stanch Criticks, and Masters of Art; and this Play I will have acted. Look'e, Mr. *Rich*, you may venture to lay out a hundred and fifty Pound for dressing this Play, for it was written by a great Scholar, and Fellow of a College.

Then a grave dogmatical Prologue is spoken, to instruct the Audience what should please them; that this Play has a

new and different Cut from the Farce they see every Day; that this Author writes after the Manner of the *Ancients*, and here is a Piece according to the Model of the *Athenian Drama*. Very well! This goes off *Hum drum*, *So*, *so*. Then the Players go to work on a piece of hard knotty Stuff, where they can no more shew their Art, than a Carpenter can upon a piece of Steel. Here is the Lamp and the Scholar in every Line, but not a Syllable of the Poet; here is elaborate Language, sounding Epithets, Flights of Words that strike the Clouds, whilst the poor Sense lags after, like the Lanthorn in the Tail of the Kite, which appears only like a Star, while the Breath of the Player's Lungs has Strength to bear it up in the Air.

But the Audience willing perhaps to discover his ancient Model, and the *Athenian Drama*, are attentive to the first Act or two; but not finding a true Genius of Poetry, nor the natural Air of free Conversation, without any Regard to his Regularity, they betake themselves to other Work; not meeting the Diversion they expected on the Stage, they shift for themselves in the Pit; every one turns about to his Neighbour in a Mask, and for default of Entertainment now, they strike up for more diverting Scenes when the Play is done: And tho' the Play be regular as *Aristotle*, and modest as Mr. *Collier* cou'd wish, yet it promotes more Lewdness in the Consequence, and procures more effectually for Intrigue, than any *Rover*, *Libertine*, or *Old Batchelor* whatsoever. At last comes the *Epilogue*, which pleases the Audience very well, because it sends them away, and terminates the Fate of the Poet; the *Patentees* rail at him, the Players curse him, the Town damns him, and he may bury his Copy in *Paul*'s, for not a Bookseller about it will put it in Print.

This familiar Account, Sir, I would not have you charge to my Invention, for there are Precedents sufficient in the World to warrant it in every Particular: The Town has been often disappointed in those Critical Plays, and some Gentlemen that have been admir'd in their speculative Remarks have been ridicul'd in the Practick. All the Authorities, all the Rules of Antiquity have prov'd too weak to support the Theatre, whilst others, who have dispens'd with the Criticks, and taken a Latitude in the *Oeconomy* of their Plays, have been the chief Supporters of the Stage, and the Ornament of the *Drama*. This is so visibly true, that I need bring in no Instances to enforce it; but you say, Sir, 'tis a Paradox that has often puzled your Understanding, and you lay your Commands upon me to solve it, if I can.

Look'e,

Look'e, Sir, to add a Value to my Complaisance to you, I must tell you in the first Place, that I run as great a Hazard in nibling at this *Paradox* of *Poetry*, as *Luther* did by touching *Transubstantiation*; 'tis a Mystery that the World has sweetly slept in so long, that they take it very ill to be waken'd, especially being disturb'd of their Rest, when there is no Business to be done. But I think that *Bellarmine* was once as *Orthodox* as *Aristotle*,; and since the *German Doctor* has made a shift to hew down the *Cardinal*, I will have a tug with *ipse dixit*, tho' I die fort't.

But in the first Place I must beg you, Sir, to lay aside your superstitious Veneration for Antiquity, and the usual Expressions on that Score; that the present Age is illiterate, or their Taste is vitiated; that we live in the Decay of Time, and the Dotage of the World is fall'n to our Share-------'Tis a Mistake, Sir; the World was never more active or youthful, and true downright Sense was never more universal than at this very Day; 'tis neither confin'd to one Nation in the World, nor to one part of a City; 'tis remarkable in *England* as well as *France*, and good genuine Reason is nourish'd by the Cold of *Swedeland*, as by the Warmth of *Italy*; 'tis neither abdicated the Court with the late Reigns, nor expell'd the City with the Play-house Bills; you may find it in the *Grand Jury* at *Hicks's Hall*, and upon the Bench sometimes among the Justices; then why should we be hamper'd so in our Opinions, as if all the Ruins of Antiquity lay so heavily on the Bones of us, that we cou'd not stir Hand nor Foot: No, no, Sir, *ipse dixit* is remov'd long ago, and all the Rubbish of old Philosophy, that in a manner bury'd the Judgment of Mankind for many Centuries, is now carry'd off; the vast Tomes of *Aristotle* and his Commentators are all taken to pieces, and their Infallibility is lost with all Persons of a free and unprejudic'd Reason.

Then above all Men living, why should the Poets be hoodwink'd at this rate, and by what Authority should *Aristotle*'s Rules of Poetry stand so fixt and immutable? Why, by the Authority of two thousand Years standing, because thro' this long Revolution of time the World has still continu'd the same---- By the Authority of their being receiv'd at *Athens*, a City the very same with *London* in every Particular, their Habits the same, their Humours alike, their publick Transactions and private Societies *Alamode France*; in short, so very much the same in every Circumstance, that *Aristotle*'s Criticisms may give Rules to *Drury-Lane*, the *Areopagus* give Judgment upon a Case in the *King's Bench*, and old *Solon* shall give Laws to the *House of Commons*. But

But to examine this Matter a little farther: All Arts and Professions are compounded of these two Parts, a speculative Knowledge, and a practical Use; and from an Excellency in both these any Person is rais'd to Eminence and Authority in his Calling. The Lawyer has his Years of Student in the speculative Part of his Business; and, when promoted to the Bar he falls upon the Practick, which is the Tryal of his Ability. Without all Dispute the great *Cook* had many a tug at the Bar, before he could raise himself to the Bench; and had made sufficiently evident his Knowledge of the Laws in his Pleadings, before he was admitted to the Authority of giving Judgment upon the Case.

The Physician, to gain Credit to his Prescriptions, must labour for a Reputation in the Cure of such and such Distempers; and before he sets up for a *Galen* or *Hippocrates*, must make many Experiments upon his Patients. Philosophy it self, which is a Science the most abstract from Practice, has its publick Acts and Disputations; it is rais'd gradually, and its Professor commences Doctor by degrees; he has the Labour of maintaining Theses, methodizing his Arguments, and clearing Objections; his Memory and Understanding is often puzled by Oppositions couch'd in Fallacies and Sophisms, in solving all which he must make himself remarkable, before he pretends to impose his own Systems upon the World. Now if the Case be thus in Philosoyhy, or in any Branch thereof, as in Ethicks, Physicks, which are call'd Sciences, what must be done in Poetry, that is denominated an Art, and consequently implies a Practice in its Perfection?

Is it reasonable, that any Person that has never writ a Distich of Verses in his Life, should set up for a Dictator in Poetry; and without the least Practice in his own Performance, must give Laws and Rules to that of others? Upon what Foundation is Poetry made so very cheap and so easy a Task by these Gentlemen? An excellent Poet is the single Production of an Age, when we have Crowds of Philosophers, Physicians, Lawyers, Divines, every Day, and all of them competently famous in their Callings. In the two learned Commonwealths of *Rome* and *Athens*, there was but one *Virgil* and one *Homer*, yet have we above a hundred *Philosophers* in each, and most part of 'em, forsooth, must have a touch at Poetry, drawing it into *Divisions*, *Subdivisions*, &c. when the Wit of 'em all set together would not amount to one of *Martial*'s *Epigrams*.

Of all these I shall mention only *Aristotle*, the first and great Law-giver in this Respect, and upon whom all that fol-

low'd him are only Commentators. Among all the vast Tracts of this voluminous Author, we don't find any Fragment of an Epick Poem, or the least Scene of a Play, to authorize his Skill and Excellence in that Art. Let it not be alledg'd, that for ought we know he was an excellent Poet, but his more serious Studies would not let him enter upon Affairs of this Nature; for every body knows that *Aristotle* was no *Cinick*, but liv'd in the Splendor and Air of the Court, that he lov'd Riches as much as others of that Station, and being sufficiently acquainted with his Pupil's Affection to Poetry, and his Complaint that he wanted an *Homer* to aggrandize his Actions, he would never have slipt such an Opportunity of farther ingratiating himself in the King's Favour, had he been conscious of any Abilities in himself for such an Undertaking; and having a more noble and copious Theme in the Exploits of *Alexander*, than what inspir'd the blind Bard in his Hero *Achilles*. If his Epistles to *Alexander* were always answer'd with a considerable Present, what might we have expected from a Work like *Homer*'s upon so great a Subject, dedicated to so mighty a Prince, whose greatest Fault was his vain Glory, and that took such Pains to be deify'd among Men.

It may be objected, that all the Works of *Aristotle* are not recover'd; and among those that are lost, some Essays of this kind might have perish'd. This Supposition is too weakly founded; for altho' the Works themselves might have 'scap'd us, 'tis more than probable that some Hint or other, either in the Life of the Conqueror or Philosopher, might appear, to convince us of such a Production: Besides, as 'tis believ'd he writ *Philosophy*, because we have his Books; so I dare swear he writ no *Poetry*, because none is extant, nor any Mention made thereof that ever I could hear of.

But stay----- Without any farther Enquiry into the Poetry of *Aristotle*, his Ability that way is sufficiently apparent by that excellent Piece he has left behind him upon that Subject -----By your Favour, Sir, this is *Petitio Principii*, or, in plain *English*, give me the Sword in my own Hand, and I'll fight with you----- Have but a little Patience till I make a Flourish or two, and then, if you are pleas'd to demand it, I'll grant you that and every thing else.

How easy were it for me to take one of Doctor *Tillotson*'s Sermons, and out of the *Oeconomy* of one of these Discourses, trump you up a Pamphlet, and call it, *The Art of Preaching*. In the first Place I must take a *Text*, and here I must be very learn'd upon the Etymology of this Word *Text*; then this

Text

Text must be divided into such and such *Partitions*, which Partitions must have their hard Names and *Derivations*; then these must be spun into *Subdivisions*, and these back'd by Proofs of Scripture, *Ratiocinatio Oratoris*, *Ornamenta Figurarum Rhetoricarum*, and *Authoritas Patrum Ecclesiæ*, with some Rules and Directions how these ought to be manag'd and apply'd: And closing up this difficult Pedantry with the *Dimensions of Time* for such an Occasion, you will pay me the Complement of an excellent Preacher, and affirm, that any Sermon whatsoever, either by a *Presbyter* at *Geneva*, or *Jesuit* in *Spain*, that deviates from these Rules, deserves to be hist, and the Priest kick'd out of his Pulpit. I must doubt your Complaisance in this Point, Sir; for you know the Forms of Eloquence are divers, and ought to be suited to the different Humour and Capacities of an Audience. You are sensible, Sir, that the fiery cholerick Humour of one Nation must be entertain'd and mov'd by other Means, than the heavy flegmatick Complexion of another; and I have observ'd in my little Travels, that a Sermon of three Quarters of an Hour, that might please the Congregation at St. *James*'s, would never satisfy the Meeting-house in the *City*, where People expect more for their Money; and having more Temptations of Roguery, must have a larger Portion of Instruction.

Be pleas'd to hear another Instance of a different Kind, tho' to the same Purpose: I go down to *Woolwich*, and there upon a piece of Paper I take the Dimensions of the *Royal Sovereign*, and from hence I frame a Model of a *Man of War:* I divide the Ship into three principal Parts, the *Keel*, the *Hull*, and the *Rigging*; I subdivide these into their proper Denominations, and by the Help of a Sailor, give you all the Terms belonging to every Rope, and every Office in the whole Ship; will you from hence infer, that I am an excellent Shipwright, and that this Model is proper for a *Trading Junk* upon the *Volga*, or a *Venetian Gally* in the *Adriatick* Sea?

But you'll object, perhaps, that this is no parallel Case, because that *Aristotle*'s *Ars Poetica* was never drawn from such slight Observations, but was the pure Effect of his immense Reason, through a nice Inspection into the very Bottom and Foundation of Nature.

To this I answer, That Verity is eternal, as that the Truth of two and two making four was as certain in the Days of *Adam* as it is now; and that, according to his own Position, Nature is the same *apud omnes Gentes*. Now if his Rules of Poetry were drawn from certain and immutable Principles, and fix'd on the Basis of Nature, why should not his *Ars*

Poetica be as efficacious now as it was two thousand Years ago? And why should not a single Plot, with perfect Unity of Time and Place, do as well at *Lincoln*'s-*Inn-Fields*, as at the Play-house in *Athens*? No no, Sir, I am apt to believe that the Philosopher took no such Pains in Poetry as you imagine; the *Greek* was his Mother Tongue, and *Homer* was read with as much Veneration among the School-boys, as we learn our *Catechism:* Then where was the great Business for a Person, so expert in Mood and Figure as *Aristotle* was, to range into some Order a parcel of Terms of Art, drawn from his Observation upon the *Iliads*, and these to call the Model of an *Epick Poem*. Here, Sir, you may imagine that I am caught, and have all this while been spinning a Thread to strangle my self: One of my main Objections against *Aristotle*'s *Criticisms*, is drawn from his Non-performance in Poetry; and now I affirm, that his Rules are extracted from the greatest Poet that ever liv'd, which gives the utmost Validity to the Precept, and that is all we contend for.

Look'e, Sir, I lay it down only for a Supposition, that *Aristotle*'s Rules for an *Epick Poem* were extracted from *Homer*'s *Iliads*; and if a Supposition has weigh'd me down, I have two or three more of an equal Balance to turn the Scale.

The great Esteem of *Alexander the Great* for the Works of old *Homer*, is sufficiently testify'd by Antiquity, insomuch that he always slept with the *Iliads* under his Pillow: Of this the *Stagyrite* to be sure was not ignorant; and what more proper way of making his Court could a Man of Letters devise, than by saying something in Commendation of the King's Favourite? A Copy of Commendatory Verses was too mean, and perhaps out of the Element; then something he would do in his own Way, a Book must be made of the Art of Poetry, wherein *Homer* is prov'd a Poet by Mood and Figure, and his Perfection transmitted to Posterity: And if Prince *Arthur* had been in the Place of the *Iliads*, we should have had other Rules for *Epick Poetry*, and Doctor *B-----re* had carry'd the *Bays* from *Homer*, in spight of all the Criticks in *Christendom*. But whether *Aristotle* writ those Rules to compliment his Pupil, or whether he would make a Stoop at Poetry, to shew that there was no Knowledge beyond the Flight of his Genius, there is no Reason to allow, that *Homer* compil'd his Heroick Poem by those very Rules which *Aristotle* has laid down: For, granting that *Aristotle* might pick such and such Observations from this Piece, they might be mere Accidents resulting casually from the Composition of the

Work, and not any of the essential Principles of the Poem. How usual is it for Criticks to find out Faults, and create Beauties, which the Authors never intended for such; and how frequently do we find Authors run down in those very Parts, which they design'd for the greatest Ornament. How natural is it for aspiring ambitious School-men to attempt Matters of the highest Reach; the wonderful Creation of the World (which nothing but the Almighty Power that order'd it can describe) is brought into Mood and Figure by the Arrogance of *Philosophy*. But till I can believe that the Vertigo's of *Cartesius*, or the Atoms of *Epicurus* can determine the Almighty *Fiat*, they must give me leave to question the Infallibility of their Rules in respect of Poetry.

Had *Homer* himself, by the same Inspiration that he writ his Poem, left us any Rules for such a Performance, all the World must have own'd it for authentick. But he was too much a Poet to give Rules to that, whose Excellence he knew consisted in a free and unlimited Flight of Imagination; and to describe the Spirit of Poetry, which alone is the *True Art of Poetry*, he knew to be as impossible, as for Human Reason to teach the Gift of Prophecy by a Definition.

Neither is *Aristotle* to be allow'd any farther Knowledge in *Dramatick*, than in *Epick Poetry: Euripedes*, whom he seems to compliment by Rules adapted to the Model of his Plays, was either his Contemporary, or liv'd but a little before him; he was not insensible how much this Author was the Darling of the City, as appear'd by the prodigious Expence disburs'd by the Publick for the Ornament of his Plays; and 'tis probable, he might take this Opportunity of improving his Interest with the People, indulging their Inclination by refining upon the Beauty of what they admir'd. And besides all this, the Severity of *Dramatick* Rage was so fresh in his Memory in the hard Usage that his Brother *Soph* not long before met with upon the Stage, that it was convenient to humour the reigning Wit, lest a second *Aristophanes* should take him to task with as little Mercy, as poor *Socrates* found at the Hands of the first.

I have talk'd so long to lay a Foundation for these following Conclusions; *Aristotle* was no Poet, and consequently not capable of giving Instructions in the Art of Poetry; his *Ars Poetica* are only some Observations drawn from the Works of *Homer* and *Euripedes*, which may be meer Accidents resulting casually from the Composition of the Works, and not any of the essential Principles on which they are compil'd. That without giving himself the Trouble for searching

into the Nature of Poetry, he has only complemented the Heroes of Wit and Valour of his Age, by joining with them in their Approbation; with this Difference, that their Applause was plain, and his more Scholastick.

But to leave these only as Suppositions to be reliſh'd by every Man at his Pleasure, I shall without complementing any Author, either Ancient or Modern, inquire into the first Invention of Comedy; what were the true Designs and honest Intentions of that Art; and from a Knowledge of the *End*, seek out the *Means*, without one Quotation of *Aristotle*, or Authority of *Euripides*.

In all Productions either Divine or Human, the final Cause is the first Mover, because the End or Intention of any rational Action must first be consider'd, before the material or efficient Causes are put in Execution. Now to determine the final Cause of Comedy we must run back beyond the material and formal Agents, and take it in its very Infancy, or rather in the very first Act of its Generation, when its primary Parent, by proposing such or such an End of his Labour, laid down the first Scetches or Shadows of the Piece. Now as all Arts and Sciences have their first Rise from a final Cause, so 'tis certain that they have grown from very small Beginnings, and that the current of Time has swell'd 'em to such a Bulk, that no Body can find the Fountain, by any Proportion between the Head and the Body; this, with the Corruption of Time, which has debauch'd things from their primitive Innocence, to selfish Designs and Purposes, renders it difficult to find the Origin of any Offspring so very unlike its Parent.

This is not only the Case of Comedy, as it stands at present, but the Condition also of the ancient Theatres, when great Men made Shows of this Nature a rising Step to their Ambition, mixing many lewd and lascivious Representations to gain the Favour of the Populace, to whose Taste and Entertainment the Plays were chiefly adapted. We must therefore go higher than either *Aristophanes* or *Menander* to discover Comedy in its primitive Institution, if we wou'd draw any moral Design of its Invention to warrant and authorize its Continuance.

I have already mention'd the Difficulty of discovering the Invention of any Art, in the different Figure it makes by Succession of Improvements; but there is something in the Nature of Comedy, even in its present Circumstances, that bears so great a Resemblance to the Philosophical *Mythology* of the Ancients, that old *Æsop* must wear the Bays as the first and original Author; and whatever Alterations or Improvements farther

farther Application may have subjoin'd, his *Fables* gave the first Rise and Occasion.

Comedy is no more at present than a *well-fram'd Tale handsomly told, as an agreeable Vehicle for Counsel or Reproof.* This is all we can say for the Credit of its Institution, and is the Stress of its Charter for Liberty and Toleration. Then where shou'd we seek for a Foundation, but in *Æsop*'s symbolical way of moralizing upon Tales and Fables, with this Difference, That his Stories were shorter than ours: He had his Tyrant *Lyon*, his Statesman *Fox*, his Beau *Magpy*, his coward *Hare*, his Bravo *Ass*, and his Buffoon *Ape*, with all the Characters that crowd our Stages every Day, with this Distinction nevertheless, That *Æsop* made his Beast speak good *Greek*, and our Heroes sometimes can't talk *English*.

But whatever Difference Time has produc'd in the Form, we must in our own Defence stick to the *End*, and Intention of his *Fables*. *Utile Dulci* was his Motto, and must be our Business; we have no other Defence against the Presentment of the *Grand Jury*, and for ought I know it might prove a good Means to mollify the Rigour of that Persecution, to inform the Inquisitors, that the great *Æsop* was the first Inventor of these poor Comedies that they are prosecuting with so much Eagerness and Fury, that the first *Laureat* was as just, as prudent, as pious, as reforming, and as ugly as any of themselves. And that the Beasts which are lug'd upon the Stage by the Horns are not caught in the City, as they suppose, but brought out of *Æsop*'s own Forest. We shou'd inform them besides, that those very Tales and Fables which they apprehend as Obstacles to Reformation, were the main Instruments and Machines us'd by the wise *Æsop* for its Propagation; and as he would improve Men by the Policy of Beasts, so we endeavour to reform Brutes with the Examples of Men. *Fondlewife* and his young Spouse are no more than the *Eagle* and *Cockle*; he wanted Teeth to break the Shell himself, so somebody else run away with the Meat.---- The Fox in the Play, is the same with the Fox in the Fable, who stuft his Guts so full, that he cou'd not get out at the same Hole he came in; so both *Reynards* being Dilinquents alike, come to be truss'd up together. Here are Precepts, Admonitions, and Salutary *Innuendo's* for the ordering of our Lives and Conversations couch'd in these *Allegories* and *Allusions*. The Wisdom of the Ancients was wrapt up in Veils and Figures; the *Ægyptian Hieroglyphicks*, and the History of the Heathen Gods are nothing else; but if these Pagan Authorities give Offence to their scrupulous Consciences, let them but consult the Tales

and Parables of our *Saviour* in holy Writ, and they may find this Way of Instruction to be much more Christian than they imagine; *Nathan*'s Fable of the poor Man's Lamb had more Influence on the Conscience of *David*, than any Force of downright Admonition. So that by ancient Practice and modern Example, by the Authority of Pagans, Jews, and Christians, the World is furnish'd with this so sure, so pleasant, and expedient an Art, of schooling Mankind into better Manners. Now here is the primary Design of Comedy illustrated from its first Institution; and the same End is equally alledg'd for its daily Practice and Continuance-------- Then without all Dispute, whatever Means are most proper and expedient for compassing this End and Intention, they must be the *just Rules of Comedy*, and the *true Art of the Stage.*

We must consider then, in the first place, that our Business lies not with a *French* or a *Spanish* Audience; that our Design is not to hold forth to ancient *Greece*, nor to moralize upon the Vices and Defaults of the *Roman* Common-wealth; No, no-----An *English* Play is intended for the Use and Instruction of an *English* Audience, a People not only separated from the rest of the World by Situation, but different also from other Nations as well in the Complexion and Temperament of the Natural Body, as in the Constitution of our Body-Politick: As we are a Mixture of many Nations, so we have the most unaccountable Medley of Humours among us of any People upon Earth; these Humours produce Variety of Follies, some of 'em unknown to former Ages; these new Distempers must have new Remedies, which are nothing but new Counsels and Instructions.

Now, Sir, if our *Utile*, which is the End, be different from the Ancients, pray let our *Dulce*, which is the Means, be so too; for you know that to different Towns there are different Ways; or if you would have it more Scholastically, *ad diversos fines non idem conducit medium*; or, Mathematically, One and the same Line cannot terminate in two Centers. But waving this Manner of concluding by Induction, I shall gain my Point a nearer Way, and draw it immediately from the first Principle I set down: *That we have the most unaccountable Medley of Humours among us of any Nation upon Earth*; and this is demonstrable from common Experience: We shall find a *Wildair* in one Corner, and a *Morose* in another; nay, the space of an Hour or two shall create such Vicissitudes of Temper in the same Person that he can hardly be taken for the same Man. We shall have a Fellow bestir his Stumps from *Chocolate* to *Coffee-House* with all the Joy and Gayety imaginable, tho'

tho' he want a Shilling to pay for a Hack; whilst another, drawn about in a Coach and Six, is eaten up with the Spleen, and shall loll in State, with as much Melancholy, Vexation, and Discontent, as if he were making the *Tour* of *Tyburn*. Then what sort of a *Dulce*, (which I take for the Pleasantry of the Tale, or the Plot of the Play) must a Man make use of to engage the Attention of so many different Humours and Inclinations; Will a single Plot satisfy every Body? Will the Turns and Surprizes that may result naturally from the ancient Limits of Time, be sufficient to rip open the Spleen of some, and Physick the Melancholy of others, screw up the Attention of a Rover, and fix him to the Stage, in spight of his Volatile Temper, and the Temptation of a Mask? To make the Moral instructive, you must make the Story diverting; the Splenatick Wit, the Beau Courtier, the heavy Citizen, the fine Lady, and her fine Footman, come all to be instructed, and therefore must all be diverted; and he that can do this best, and with most Applause, writes the best Comedy, let him do it by what Rules he pleases, so they be not offensive to Religion and good Manners.

But *hic labor*, *hoc opus*, how must this secret of pleasing so many different Tastes be discovered? Not by tumbling over Volumes of the Ancients, but by studying the Humour of the Moderns: The Rules of English Comedy don't lie in the Compass of *Aristotle*, or his Followers, but in the Pit, Box, and Galleries. And to examine into the Humour of an English Audience, let us see by what means our own English Poets have succeeded in this Point, To determine a Suit at Law we don't look into the Archives of *Greece* or *Rome*, but inspect the Reports of our own Lawyers, and the Acts and Statutes of our *Parliaments*; and by the same Rule we have nothing to do with the Models of *Menander* or *Plautus*, but must consult *Shakespear*, *Johnson*, *Fletcher*, and others, who by Methods much different from the Ancients have supported the English Stage, and made themselves famous to Posterity: We shall find that these Gentlemen have fairly dispenc'd with the greatest part of Critical Formalities; the Decorums of Time and Place, so much cry'd up of late, had no force of Decorum with them, the Æconomy of their Plays was *ad libitum*, and the extent of their Plots only limited by the Convenience of Action. I would willingly understand the Regularities of *Hamlet*, *Mackbeth*, *Harry the Fourth*, and of *Fletcher*'s Plays; and yet these have long been the Darlings of the English Audience, and are like to continue with the same Applause, in Defiance of all the Criticisms that ever were published in *Greek and Latin*.

But

But are there no Rules, no Decorums to be obſerv'd in Comedy? Muſt we make the Condition of the Engliſh Stage a State of Anarchy? No, Sir------- For there are Extreams in Irregularity, as dangerous to an Author, as too ſcrupulous a Deference to Criticiſm; and as I have given you an Inſtance of one, ſo I ſhall preſent you an Example of the t'other.

There are a ſort of Gentlemen that have had the Jaunty Education of Dancing, French, and a Fiddle, who coming to Age before they arrive at Years of Diſcretion, make a ſhift to ſpend a handſom Patrimony of two or three Thouſand Pound, by ſoaking in the Tavern all Night, lolling a Bed all the Morning, and ſauntring away all the Evening between the two Play-houſes with their Hands in their Pockets; you ſhall have a Gentleman of this ſize, upon his Knowledge of *Covent-Garden*, and a knack of witticiſing in his Cups, ſet up immediately for a Play-wright. But beſides the Gentleman's Wit and Experience, here is another Motive: There are a parcel of ſaucy impudent Fellows about the Play-houſe call'd Door-keepers, that can't let a Gentleman ſee a Play in peace, without jogging, and nudging him every Minute. *Sir, will you pleaſe to pay?* --- *Sir, the Act's done, will you pleaſe to pay, Sir?* I have broke their Heads all round two or three times, yet the Puppies will ſtill be troubleſome. Before gad, I'll be plagued with 'em no longer; I'll e'en write a Play my ſelf; by which means, my Character of Wit ſhall be eſtabliſh'd, I ſhall enjoy the Freedom of the Houſe, and to pin up the Basket, pretty Miſs------ ſhall have the Profits of my third Night for her Maiden-head. Thus we ſee what a great Bleſſing is a Coming Girl to a Play-houſe: Here is a Poet ſprung from the Tail of an Actreſs, like *Minerva* from *Jupiter*'s Head. But my Spark proceeds-----My own Intrigues are ſufficient to found the Plot, and the Devil's in't, if I can't make my Character talk as wittily as thoſe in the *Trip to the Jubilee*-----But ſtay-------what ſhall I call it firſt? Let me ſee---------*The Rival Theatres*--------Very good, by gad, becauſe I reckon the two Houſes will have a Conteſt about this very Play---------Thus having found a Name for his Play, in the next place he makes a Play to his Name, and thus he begins.

ACT

ACT. I. *Scene* Covent-Garden. *Enter* Portico, Piaza, *and* Turnstile.

Here you must note, that *Portico* being a Compound of practical Rake and speculative Gentleman, is ten to one the Author's own Character, and the leading Card in the Pack. *Piaza* is his Mistress, who lives in the Square, and is Daughter to old *Pillariso*, an odd out o'the-way Gentleman, something between the Character of *Alexander the Great* and *Solon*, which must please because 'tis new.

Turnstile is Maid and Confident to *Piaza*, who, for a Bribe of ten Pieces, lets *Portico* in at the Back-door; so the first Act concludes.

In the second, enter *Spigotoso*, who was Butler perhaps to the *Czar* of *Muscovy*, and *Fossetana* his Wife. After these Characters are run dry, he brings you in at the third Act *Whinewell* and *Charmarillis* for a Scene of Love to please the Ladies, and so he goes on without Fear or Wit, till he comes to a Marriage or two, and then he writes ---------- *Finis*.

'Tis then whisper'd among his Friends at *Will*'s and *Hippolito*'s, that Mr. *Such-a-one* has writ a very pretty Comedy; and some of 'em to encourage the young Author, equip him presently with *Prologue* and *Epilogue*. Then the Play is sent to Mr. *Rich* or Mr. *Betterton*, in a fair legible Hand, with the Recommendation of some Gentleman, that passes for a Man of Parts, and a Critick: In short, the Gentleman's Interest has the Play acted, and the Gentleman's Interest makes a Present to pretty Miss-------- she's made his Whore, and the Stage his Cully, that for the Loss of a Month in Rehearsing, and a Hundred Pound in dressing a confounded Play, must give the Liberty of the House to him and his Friends for ever after.

Now such a Play may be written with all the Exactness imaginable, in respect of Unity in Time and Place; but if you enquire its Character of any Person, tho' of the meanest Understanding of the whole Audience, he will tell you 'tis intolerable Stuff; and upon your demanding his Reasons, his Answer is, *I don't like it*: His Humour is the only Rule that he can judge a Comedy by, but you find that mere Nature is offended with some Irregularities; and tho' he be not so learn'd in the Drama, to give you an Inventory of the Faults, yet I can tell you, that one part of the Plot had no Dependence upon another, which made this simple Man drop his At-

Attention, and Concern for the Event; and so disengaging his Thoughts from the Business of the Action, he sat there very uneasy, thought the Time very tedious, because he had nothing to do: The Characters were so incoherent in themselves, and compos'd of such variety of Absurdities, that in his Knowledge of Nature he could find no Original for such a Copy; and being therefore unacquainted with any Folly they reprov'd, or any Vertue that they recommended, their Business was as flat and tiresome to him, as if the Actors had talk'd *Arabick*.

Now these are the material Irregularities of a Play, and these are the Faults which down-right Mother-Sense can censure and be offended at, as much as the most learn'd Critick in the Pit. And altho' the one cannot give me the Reasons of his Approbation or Dislike, yet I will take his Word for the Credit or Disrepute of a Comedy, sooner perhaps than the Opinion of some *Virtuoso's*; for there are some Gentlemen that have fortify'd their Spleen so impregnably with Criticism, and hold out so stiffly against all Attacks of Pleasantry, that the most powerful Efforts of Wit and Humour cannot make the least Impression. What a Misfortune is it to these Gentlemen, to be Natives of such an ignorant self-will'd, impertinent Island, where let a Critick and a Scholar find never so many Irregularities in a Play, yet five hundred saucy People will give him the Lie to his Face, and come to see this wicked Play forty or fifty times in a Year. But this *Vox Populi* is the Devil, tho' in a place of more Authority than *Aristotle*, it is call'd *Vox Dei*. Here is a Play with a Vengeance, (says a Critick) to bring the Transaction of a Year's time into the Compass of three Hours; to carry the whole Audience with him from one Kingdom to another, by the changing of a Scene; Where's the Probability, nay, the Possibility of all this? The Devil's in the Poet sure, he don't think to put Contradictions upon us?

Look'e, Sir, don't be in a Passion, the Poet does not impose Contradictions upon you, because he has told you no Lie; for that only is a Lie, which is related with some fallacious Intention that you should believe it for a Truth: Now the Poet expects no more that you should believe the Plot of his Play, than old *Æsop* design'd the World should think his *Eagle* and *Lyon* talk'd like you and I; which, I think, was every jot as improbable as what you quarrel with; and yet the Fables took, and I'll be hang'd if you your self don't like 'em. But besides, Sir, if you are so inveterate against Improbabilities, you must never come near the Play-house at all; for

for there are several Improbabilities, nay, Impossibilities, that all the Criticisms in Nature cannot correct: As for Instance; in the part of *Alexander the Great*, to be affected with the Transactions of the Play, we must suppose that we see that great Conqueror, after all his Triumphs, shunn'd by the Woman he loves, and importun'd by her he hates; cross'd in his Cups and Jollity by his own Subjects, and at last miserably ending his Life in a raging Madness: We must suppose, that we see the very *Alexander*, the Son of *Philip*, in all these unhappy Circumstances, else we are not touch'd by the Moral, which represents to us the Uneasiness of Humane Life in the greatest State, and the Instability of Fortune in respect of Worldly Pomp; yet the whole Audience at the same time knows, that this is Mr. *Betterton*, who is strutting upon the Stage, and tearing his Lungs for a Livelihood: And that the same Person should be Mr. *Betterton* and *Alexander the Great* at the same time, is somewhat like an Impossibility in my Mind. Yet you must grant this Impossibility in spight of your Teeth, if you han't Power to raise the old Hero from the Grave to act his own Part.

Now for another Impossibility: The less rigid Criticks allow to a Comedy the Space of an artificial Day, or twenty four Hours; but those of the thorough Reformation will confine it to the natural or solar Day, which is but half the time. Now admitting this for a Decorum absolutely requisite; this Play begins when it is exactly Six by your Watch, and ends precisely at Nine, which is the usual time of the Representation. Now is it feisible in *rerum natura*, that the same Space or Extent of Time can be three Hours by your Watch, and twelve Hours upon the Stage, admitting the same Number of Minutes, or the same Measure of Sand to both. I'm afraid, Sir, you must allow this for an Impossibility too; and you may with as much Reason allow the Play the Extent of a whole Year; and if you grant me a Year, you may give me seven, and so to a thousand: For that a thousand Years should come within the Compass of three Hours, is no more an Impossibility, than that two Minutes should be contain'd in one; *Nullum minus continet in se majus*, is equally applicable to both.

So much for the Decorum of *Time*, now for the Regularity of *Place*. I might make the one a Consequence of t'other, and alledge, that by allowing me any Extent of Time, you must grant me any Change of Place, for the one depends upon t'other; and having five or six Years for the Action of a Play, I may travel from *Constantinople* to *Denmark*, so to

France,

France, and home to *England*, and rest long enough in each Country besides. But you'll say, How can you carry us with you? Very easily, Sir, if you will be willing to go? As for Example; Here is a new Play, the House is throng'd, the Prologue's spoken, and the Curtain drawn represents you the Scene of *Grand Cairo*. Whereabouts are you now, Sir? Were not you the very Minute before in the Pit in the *English* Playhouse talking to a Wench, and now *presto pass* you are spirited away to the Banks of the River *Nile*. Surely, Sir, this is a most intolerable Improbability; yet this you must allow me, or else you destroy the very Constitution of Representation: Then in the second Act, with a Flourish of the Fiddles, I change the Scene to *Astrachan*. *O this is intolerable!* Look'e, Sir, 'tis not a Jot more intolerable than the other; for you'll find that 'tis much about the same Distance between *Ægypt* and *Astrachan*, as it is between *Drury-Lane* and *Grand Cairo*; and if you please to let your Fancy take Post, it will perform the Journey in the same Moment of Time, without any Disturbance in the World to your Person. You can follow *Quintus Curtius* all over *Asia* in the Train of *Alexander*, and trudge after *Hannibal* like a *Cadet*, through all *Italy*, *Spain*, and *Africk*, in the space of four or five Hours; yet the Devil a one of you will stir a Step over the Threshold for the best Poet in *Christendom*, tho' he make it his Business to make Heroes more amiable, and to surprize you with more wonderful Accidents and Events.

I am as little a Friend to those rambling Plays as any body, nor have I ever espous'd their Party by my own practice; yet I could not forbear saying something in Vindication of the great *Shakespear*, whom every little Fellow that can form an *Aoristus primus* will presume to condemn for Indecorums and Absurdities; Sparks that are so spruce upon their *Greek* and *Latin*, that, like our Fops in Travel, they can relish nothing but what is foreign, to let the World know they have been abroad forsooth; but it must be so, because *Aristotle* said it; now I say it must be otherwise, because *Shakespear* said it, and I'm sure that *Shakespear* was the greater Poet of the two. But you'll say, that *Aristotle* was the greater Critick------ That's a Mistake, Sir, for Criticism in Poetry is no more than Judgment in Poetry; which you will find in your Lexicon. Now if *Shakespear* was the better Poet, he must have the most Judgement in his Art; for every body knows, that Judgment is an essential part of Poetry, and without it no Writer is worth a Farthing. But to stoop to the Authority of either, without consulting the Reason of the Conse-

quence, is an Abuſe to a Man's Underſtanding; and neither the Precept of the Philoſopher, nor Example of the Poet ſhould go down with me, without examining the Weight of their Aſſertions. We can expect no more Decorum or Regularity in any Buſineſs, than the Nature of the thing will bear; now if the Stage cannot ſubſiſt without the Strength of Suppoſition, and Force of Fancy in the Audience, why ſhould a Poet fetter the Buſineſs of his Plot, and ſtarve his Action for the Nicety of an Hour, or the Change of a Scene, ſince the Thought of Man can fly over a thouſand Years with the ſame Eaſe, and in the ſame Inſtant of Time, that your Eye glances from the Figure of ſix to ſeven on the Dial-plate; and can glide from the *Cape of Good Hope* to the *Bay of St. Nicholas*, which is quite croſs the World, with the ſame Quickneſs and Activity, as between *Covent-Garden Church* and *Will's Coffee-Houſe*. Then I muſt beg of theſe Gentlemen to let our old *Engliſh* Authors alone------- If they have left Vice unpuniſh'd, Vertue unrewarded, Folly unexpos'd, or Prudence unſucceſsful, the contrary of which is the *Utile* of Comedy, let them be laſh'd to ſome purpoſe; if any part of their Plots have been independent of the reſt, or any of their Characters forc'd or unnatural, which deſtroys the *Dulce* of Plays, let them be hiſs'd off the Stage: But, if by a true Decorum in theſe material Points, they have writ ſucceſsfully, and anſwer'd the End of Dramatick Poetry in every Reſpect, let them reſt in Peace, and their Memories enjoy the Encomiums due to their Merit, without any Reflection for waving thoſe Niceties, which are neither inſtructive to the World, nor diverting to Mankind; but are like all the reſt of the critical Learning, fit only to ſet People together by the Ears in ridiculous Controverſies, that are not one Jot material to the Good of the Publick, whether they be true or falſe.

And thus you ſee, Sir, I have concluded a very unneceſſary piece of Work; which is much too long, if you don't like it: But let it happen any way, be aſſur'd, that I intended to pleaſe you, which ſhould partly excuſe,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant.

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THE

COMEDIES

OF

Mr. *George Farquhar:*

VIZ.

Love and a Bottle.	*Inconstant*: Or, *The Way to win him.*
Constant Couple: Or, *A Trip to the Jubilee.*	*Twin-Rivals.*
Sir *Harry Wildair.*	*Recruiting-Officer.*
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The Third Edition.

LONDON:

Printed for *J. Knapton*, *Ralph Smith*, *George Strahan*, and *Bernard Lintott*. 1714.

COMETIES

TO

JOHN EYRE, Esq;

SIR,

MOST of the following PLAYS are inscrib'd to Persons of greatest Worth and Honour: And one, not less successful than the rest, to the Gentlemen of *Shrop-*

Shropſhire, than which there are few Counties in *England* that can make a Figure more diſtinguiſhable.

Yet ſtill there is one Play, and the whole Collection as now made, which want a Patron.

As *Ben Johnſon* ſhew'd the ſeveral Humours of his Time, with a Stroke ſo maſterly, that they ſtill do and may pleaſe hereafter: And as Mr. *Shadwell* was allow'd to have excell'd in that Strain of Writing, ſo it is my Hopes, that Mr. *Farquhar*'s Comedies will not have leſs Approbation in future Ages, than they have had in the preſent. My Reaſon

Reaſon is, becauſe we ſtill deſire to know what our Forefathers did: And he that in late Poſterity would look for the Humours of this Age, muſt ſearch Mr. *Farquhar* for them, as much as he would *Vandike*, *Vario*, *Lilly*, or Mr. *Howard*, for their Perſonages or their Habits.

There is a Livelineſs and Vigour runs thro' the Whole; and therefore theſe following Pages may ſometimes divert you in your Retirements, when freed from the accuſtomed Fatigue of ſerving your Friends.

As it is my Intereſt to wiſh theſe Scenes may divert to late

late Poſterity; ſo my utmoſt deſire of being Grateful, is, that you would Patronize this Collection, and receive the ſmall Acknowledgment of my Duty, as from one that would take all Opportunities of teſtifying to the World how much he is,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant,

BERNARD LINTOTT.

To the Right Honourable

PEREGRINE,

L^d. Marqueſs of *Carmarthen*, &c.

My Lord,

BEing equally a Stranger to your Lordſhip, and the whole Nobility of this Kingdom, ſomething of a natural Impulſe and aſpiring Motion in my Inclinations, has prompted me, tho' I hazard a Preſumption, to declare my Reſpect. And be the Succeſs how it will, I am vain of nothing in this Piece, but the Choice of my Patron; I ſhall be ſo far thought a judicious Author, whoſe principal Buſineſs is to deſign his Works an Offering to the greateſt Honour and Merit.

I cannot here, my Lord, ſtand accuſed of any ſort of Adulation, but to my ſelf, becauſe Compliments due to Merit return upon the Giver, and the only Flattery is to my ſelf, whilſt I attempt your Lordſhip's Praiſe. I dare make no Eſſay on your Lordſhip's youthful Bravery and Courage, becauſe ſuch is always guarded with Modeſty, but ſhall venture to preſent you ſome Lines on this Subject, which the World will undoubtedly apply to your Lordſhip.

Courage the higheſt Gift, that ſcorns to bend
To mean Devices for a ſordid End. (*Throne,*
Courage------an independent Spark from Heaven's bright
By which the Soul ſtands rais'd, triumphant, high, alone.
Great in it ſelf, not Praiſes of the Crowd,
Above all Vice, it ſtoops not to be proud.

Courage, the mighty Attribute of Powers above,
By which thoſe great in War, are great in Love.
The Spring of all brave Acts is ſeated here,
As Falſhoods draw their ſordid Birth from Fear.

The beſt and nobleſt Part of Mankind pay Homage to Royalty, what Veneration then is due to thoſe Vertues and Endowments which even engag'd the Reſpect of Royalty it ſelf, in the Perſon of one of the greateſt Emperors in the World, who choſe your Lordſhip not only as a Companion, but a Conductor?

He wanted the Fire of ſuch a *Britton* to animate his cold *Ruſſians*, and wou'd therefore chuſe you his Leader in War, as in Travel: He knew the Fury of the *Turk* cou'd be only ſtopt by an *Engliſh* Nobleman, as the Power of *France* was by an *Engliſh* King. A Senſe of this Greatneſs which might deter others, animates me to addreſs your Lordſhip; reſolv'd that my firſt Muſe ſhou'd take an high and daring Flight, I aſpir'd to your Lordſhip's Protection for this Trifle, which I muſt own my ſelf now proud of, affording me this Opportunity of humbly declaring my ſelf,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt devoted Servant,

G. Farquhar.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

By *J. H.* ſpoken by Mr. *Powell*, a Servant attending with a Bottle of Wine.

AS ſtubborn Atheiſts, who diſdain to pray,
Repent, tho' late, upon their dying Day;
So in their Pangs, moſt Authors rack'd with Fears,
Implore your Mercy in our ſuppliant Pray'rs.
But our new Author has no Cauſe maintain'd,
Let him not loſe what he has never gain'd.
Love and a Bottle *are his peaceful Arms,*
Ladies, and Gallants, have not theſe ſome Charms?
For Love, all Mankind to the Fair muſt ſue:
And Sirs, the Bottle he preſents to you.
Health to the Play, (drinks) *e'en let it fairly paſs,*
Sure none ſit here that will refuſe their Glaſs!
O there's a damning Soldier-------let me think-----
He looks as he were ſworn----to what? To drink. (drinks.
Come on then; Foot to Foot be boldly ſet,
And our young Author's new Commiſſion wet.
He and his Bottle here attend their Doom,
From you the Poet's Helicon *muſt come;*
If he has any Foes, to make amends,
He gives his Service (drinks) *ſure you now are Friends.*
No Critick here will he provoke to fight,
The Day be theirs, he only begs his Night.
Pray pledge him now, ſecur'd from all Abuſe,
Then name the Health you love, let none refuſe,
But each Man's Miſtreſs be the Poet's Muſe.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Roebuck.	An *Iriſh* Gentleman, of a wild roving Temper; newly come to *London.*	Mr. *Williams.*
Lovewell.	His Friend, ſober and modeſt, in love with *Lucinda.*	Mr. *Mills.*
Mockmode.	A young Squire, come newly from the Univerſity, and ſetting up for a Beau.	Mr. *Bullock.*
Lyrick.	A Poet.	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Pamphlet.	A Bookſeller.	Mr. *Haynes.*
Rigadoon.	A Dancing-Maſter	
Nimblewriſt.	A Fencing-Maſter.	Mr. *Aſhton.*
Club.	Servant to *Mockmode.*	Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Bruſh.	Servant to *Lovewell.*	Mr. *Fairbank.*

WOMEN.

Lucinda.	A Lady of conſiderable Fortune.	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Leanthe.	Siſter to *Lovewell*, in love with *Roebuck*, and diſguis'd as *Lucinda*'s Page.	Mrs. *Maria Aliſon.*
Trudge.	Whore to *Roebuck.*	Mrs. *Mills.*
Bullfinch.	Landlady to *Mockmode*, *Lyrick* and *Trudge.*	Mrs. *Powell.*
Pindreſs.	Attendant and Confident to *Lucinda.*	Mrs. *Moor.*

Bailiffs, Beggar, Porter, Maſques, Attendants.

SCENE, *LONDON.*

LOVE

LOVE and a BOTTLE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

Enter Roebuck *in a Riding Habit* Solus, *repeating the following Line.*

THUS *far our Arms have with Succeſs been Crown'd* -------- Heroically ſpoken, faith, of a Fellow that has not one Farthing in his Pocket. If I have one Penny to buy a Halter withal in my preſent Neceſſity, may I be hang'd; tho' I'm reduc'd to a fair way of obtaining one methodically very ſoon, if Robbery or Theft will purchaſe the Gallows. But hold------ can't I rob honourably, by turning Soldier?

Enter a Cripple begging.

Crip. One Farthing to the poor old Soldier, for the Lord's ſake.

Roeb. Ha! ------ a Glimpſe of Damnation juſt as a Man is entring into Sin, is no great Policy of the Devil.-----But how long did you bear Arms, Friend?

Crip. Five Years, an't pleaſe you, Sir.

Roeb. And how long has that honourable Crutch born you?

Crip. Fifteen, Sir.

Roeb. Very pretty! Five year a Soldier, and fifteen a Beggar! -----This is Hell right! An Age of Damnation, for a momentary Offence. Thy Condition, Fellow, is preferable to mine; the merciful Bullet, more kind than thy ungrateful Country, has given thee a Debenture in thy broken Leg, from which thou canſt draw a more plentiful Maintenance than

I from all my Limbs in Perfection. Prithee, Friend, why would'ſt thou beg of me? Doſt think I am rich?

Crip. No, Sir, and therefore I believe you Charitable. Your warm Fellows are as much above the Senſe of our Miſery, that they can't pity us; and I have always found it, by ſad Experience, as needleſs to beg of a rich Man as a Clergy-man. Our greateſt Benefactors, the brave Officers, are all disbanded, and muſt now turn Beggars like my ſelf; and ſo, Times are very hard, Sir.

Roeb. What! Are the Soldiers more charitable than the Clergy?

Crip. Ay, Sir, a Captain will ſay Dam'me, and give me Six-pence; and a Parſon ſhall whine out God bleſs me, and give me not a Farthing: Now I think the Officer's Bleſſing much the beſt

Roeb. Are the Beau's never compaſſionate?

Crip. The great full Wigs they wear ſtop their Ears ſo cloſe, that they can't hear us; and if they ſhou'd, they never have any Farthings about 'em.

Roeb. Then I am a Beau, Friend; therefore pray leave me. Begging from a generous Soul that has not to beſtow, is more tormenting than Robbery to a Miſer in his Abundance. Prithee, Friend, be thou charitable for once; I beg only the Favour which rich Friends beſtow, a little Advice: I am as poor as thou art, and am deſigning to turn Soldier.

Crip. No, no, Sir. See what an honourable Poſt I am forc'd to ſtand to, my Rags are Scare-crows ſufficient to frighten any one from the Field; rather turn Bird of Prey at home. [*Shewing his Crutch.*

Roeb. Grammercy, old Devil; I find Hell has its Pimps of the poorer ſort, as well as of the Wealthy. I fancy, Friend, thou haſt got a Cloven-foot inſtead of a broken Leg. 'Tis a hard Caſe that a Man muſt never expect to go nearer Heav'n than ſome ſteps of a Ladder. But 'tis unavoidable: I have my Wants to lead, and the Devil to drive; and if I can't meet my Friend *Lovewell* (which I think impoſſible, being ſo great a Stranger in Town) Fortune thou haſt done thy worſt; I proclaim open War againſt thee.

I'll ſtab the next rich Darling that I ſee;
And killing him, be thus reveng'd on thee.

[*Goes to the back part of the Stage, as into the Walks, making ſome turns croſs the Stage in Diſorder, while the next ſpeak.* Exit Beggar.

Enter Lucinda *and* Pindreſs.

Luc. Oh! theſe Summer Mornings are ſo delicately fine, *Pindreſs*, it does me good to be abroad.

Pin. Ay, Madam, theſe Summer-Mornings are as pleaſant to young Folks, as the Winter Nights to marry'd People, or as your Morning of Beauty to Mr. *Lovewell.*

Luc. I'm violently afraid the Evening of my Beauty will fall to his ſhare very ſoon; for I'm inclinable to marry him. I ſhall ſoon lie under an Eclipſe, *Pindreſs.*

Pind. Then it muſt be full Moon with your Ladyſhip. But why wou'd you chuſe to marry in Summer, Madam?

Luc. I know no Cauſe, but that People are apteſt to run mad in hot Weather, unleſs you take a Woman's Reaſon.

Pin. What's that, Madam?

Luc. Why, I am weary of lying alone.

Pin. Oh dear Madam! Lying alone is very dangerous; 'tis apt to breed ſtrange Dreams.

Luc. I had the oddeſt Dream laſt Night, of my Courtier that is to be, Squire *Mockmode.* He appear'd crowded about with a Dancing-Maſter, Puſhing-Maſter, Muſick-Maſter, and all the Throng of Beau-makers; and methought he mimick'd Foppery ſo awkardly, that his Imitation was downright burleſquing it. I burſt out a laughing ſo heartily, that I waken'd my ſelf.

Pin. But Dreams go by Contraries, Madam. Have not you ſeen him yet?

Luc. No; but my Uncle's Letter gives account that he's newly come to Town from the Univerſity, where his Education could reach no farther than to guzzle fat Ale, ſmoke Tobacco, and chop Logick.----Faugh-----it makes me ſick.

Pin. But he's very rich, Madam; his Concerns joyn to yours in the Country.

Luc. Ay, but his Concerns ſhall never joyn to mine in the City: For ſince I have the Diſpoſal of my own Fortune, *Lovewell*'s the Man for my Money.

Pin. Ay, and for my Money: for I've had above twenty Pieces from him ſince his Courtſhip began. He's the prettieſt ſober Gentleman; I have ſo ſtrong an Opinion of his Modeſty, that I'm afraid, Madam, your firſt Child will be a Fool.

Luc. Oh God forbid! I hope a Lawyer underſtands Buſineſs better than to beget any thing *non compos*-----The Walks fill apace; the Enemy approaches, we muſt ſet out our falſe Colours. [*Put on their Masks.*

Pin. We Masks are the pureſt Privateers! Madam, how would you like to cruiſe about a little? *Luc.*

Luc. Well enough, had we no Enemies but our Fops and Cits: But I dread theſe bluſtring Men of War, the Officers, who after a Broad-ſide of Dam'me's and Sinkme's, are for boarding all Masks they meet as lawful Prize.

Pin. In truth, Madam, and the moſt of them are lawful Prize, for they generally have French Ware under Hatches.

Luc. Oh hideous! O' my Conſcience, Girl, thou'rt quite ſpoil'd. An Actreſs upon the Stage would bluſh at ſuch Expreſſions.

Pin. Ay, Madam, and your Ladyſhip wou'd ſeem to bluſh in the Box, when the Redneſs of your Face proceeded from nothing but the Conſtraint of holding your Laughter. Didn't you chide me for not putting a ſtronger Lace in your Stays, when you had broke one as ſtrong as a Hempen Cord with containing a violent Tihee at a ſmutty Jeſt in the laſt Play?

Luc. Go, go, thou'rt a naughty Girl; thy impertinent Chat has diverted us from our Bus'neſs. I'm afraid *Lovewell* has miſs'd us for want of the Sign.---But whom have we here? An odd Figure, ſome Gentleman in Diſguiſe, I believe.

Pin. Had he a finer Suit on, I ſhould believe him in Diſguiſe; for I fancy his Friends have only known him by that this Twelve-month.

Luc. His Mien and Air ſhew him a Gentleman, and his Cloaths demonſtrate him a Wit. He may afford us ſome Sport. I have a Female Inclination to talk to him.

Pin. Hold, Madam, he looks as like one of thoſe dangerous Men of War you juſt now mention'd as can be; you had beſt ſend out your Pinnace before, to diſcover the Enemy.

Luc. No, I'll hale him my ſelf. [*Moves towards him.*
What, Sir, dreaming? [*Slaps him o'th' Shoulder with her Fan.*

Roeb. Yes, Madam. [*Sullenly.*

Luc. Of what?

Roeb. Of the Devil, and now my Dream's out.

Luc. What! Do you dream ſtanding?

Roeb. Yes, faith, Lady, very often when my Sleep's haunted by ſuch pretty Goblins as you. You are a ſort of Dream I wou'd fain be reading: I'm a very good Interpreter indeed, Madam.

Luc. Are you then one of the wiſe Men of the Eaſt?

Roeb. No, Madam; but one of the Fools of the Weſt.

Luc. Pray, what do you mean by that.

Roeb. An *Iriſh-man*, Madam, at your Service.

Luc.

Luc. Oh horrible! an *Iriſhman!* a meer Wolf-Dog, I proteſt.

Roeb. Ben't ſurpriz'd, Child; the Wolf-Dog is as well natur'd an Animal as any of your Country Bull-Dogs, and a much more fawning Creature, let me tell ye. [*Lays hold on her.*

Luc. Pray, good *Cæſar*, keep off your Paws; no ſcraping Acquaintance for Heaven's ſake. Tell us ſome News of your Country; I have heard the ſtrangeſt Stories,----- that the People wear Horns and Hoofs.

Roeb. Yes, 'faith, a great many wear Horns: but we had that among other laudable Faſhions, from *London*. I think it came over with your Mode of wearing high Topknots; for ever ſince, the Men and Wives bear their Heads exalted alike. They were both Faſhions that took wonderfully.

Luc. Then you have Ladies among you.

Roeb. Yes, yes, we have Ladies, and Whores; Colleges, and Play-houſes; Churches and Taverns; fine Houſes, and Bawdy-houſes: In ſhort, every thing that you can boaſt of, but Fops, Poets, Toads and Adders.

Luc. But have you no Beau's at all?

Roeb. Yes, they come over like Woodcocks, once a Year.

Luc. And have your Ladies no Springs to catch 'em in?

Roeb. No, Madam, our own Country affords us much better Wild-fowl. But they are generally ſtripp'd of their Feathers by the Play-houſe and Taverns; in both which they pretend to be Criticks; and our ignorant Nation imagines a full Wig as infallible a token of a Wit as the Laurel.

Luc. Oh Lard! and here 'tis the certain Sign of a Block-head. But why no Poets in *Ireland*, Sir?

Roeb. Faith, Madam, I know not, unleſs St. *Patrick* ſent them a packing with other venomous Creatures out of *Ireland*. Nothing that carries a Sting in its Tongue can live there. But ſince I have deſcribed my Country, let me know a little of *England*, by a ſight of your Face.

Luc. Come you to Particulars firſt. Pray, Sir, unmaſque, by telling who you are; and then I'll unmaſque, and ſhew who I am.

Roeb. You muſt diſmiſs your Attendant then, Madam; for the diſtinguiſhing particular of me is a Secret.

Pin. Sir, I can keep a Secret as well as my Miſtreſs; and the greater the Secrets are, I love 'em the better.

Luc. Can't they be whiſper'd, Sir?

Roeb. Oh yes, Madam, I can give you a hint, by which you may underſtand 'em.------ [*Pretends to whiſper, and kiſſes her.*

Luc. Sir, you're impudent.

Roeb.

Roeb. Nay, Madam, since you're so good at minding Folks, have with you. [*Catches her fast, carrying her off.*

Luc. } Help! help! help!
Pin. }

Enter Lovewell.

Love. Villain, unhand the Lady, and defend thy self. [*Draws.*

Roeb. What! Knight-Errants in this Country! Now has the Devil very opportunely sent me a Throat to cut; pray Heaven his Pockets be well lin'd.----- [*Quits 'em, they go off.* Have at thee--St. *George* for *England.*--[*They fight, after some passes* My Friend *Lovewell!* [Roeb. *starts back, and pauses.*

Love. My dear *Roebuck!* [*Fling down their Swords, and embrace.* Shall I believe my Eyes?

Roeb. You may believe your Ears; 'tis I, be gad.

Love. Why, thy being in *London* is such a Mystery, that I must have the Evidence of more Senses than one to confirm me of its Truth.---- But pray unfold the Riddle.

Roeb. Why 'faith 'tis a Riddle. You wonder at it before the Explanation, then wonder more at your self for not guessing it.---- What is the universal Cause of the continued Evils of Mankind?

Love. The universal Cause of our continued Evils, is the Devil sure.

Roeb. No, 'tis the Flesh, *Ned*---- That very Woman that drove us all out of *Paradise*, has sent me a packing out of *Ireland.*

Love. How so?

Roeb. Only tasting the forbidden Fruit, that was all.

Love. Is simple Fornication become so great a Crime there, as to be punishable by no less than Banishment?

Roeb. I gad, mine was double Fornication, *Ned*----- The Jade was so pregnant to bear Twins, the Fruit grew in clusters; and my unconscionable Father,, because I was a Rogue in debauching her, wou'd make me a Fool by wedding her: But I wou'd not marry a Whore, and he wou'd not own a disobedient Son, and so----

Love. But was she a Gentlewoman?

Roeb. Pshaw! No, she had no Fortune. She wore indeed a Silk Mantua and High-head; but these are grown as little Signs of Gentility now-a-days, as that is of Chastity.

Love. But what Necessity forc'd you to leave the Kingdom?

Roeb. I'll tell you.--- To shun th'insulting Authority of an incens'd Father, the dull and often-repeated Advice of impertinent Relations, the continual Clamours of a furious Woman, and the shrill Bawling of an ill-natur'd Bastard.---- From all which, Good Lord deliver me.

Love.

Love. And so you left them to grand Dadda!----Ha, ha, ha.

Roeb. Heav'n was pleas'd to lessen my Affliction, by taking away the She-brat; but the t'other is, I hope, well, because a brave Boy, whom I christen'd *Edward*, after thee, *Lovewell*; I made bold to make my Man stand for you, and your Sister sent her Maid to give her Name to my Daughter.

Love. Now you talk of my Sister, pray how does she?

Roeb. Dear *Lovewell*, a very Miracle of Beauty and Goodness.-----But I don't like her.

Love. Why?

Roeb. She's virtuous; ----- and I think Beauty and Virtue are as ill joined as Lewdness and Ugliness.

Love. But I hope your Arguments could not make her a Proselyte to this Profession?

Roeb. Faith I endeavour'd it; but that plaguy Honour----- Damn it for a Whim.----Were it as honourable for Women to be Whores, as Men to be Whore-masters, we shou'd have Lewdness as great a Mark of Quality among the Ladies, as 'tis now among the Lords.

Love. What! do you hold no innate Principle of Vertue in Women?

Roeb. I hold an innate Principle of Love in them: Their Passions are as great as ours, their Reason weaker. We admire them, and consequently they must us. And I tell thee once more, That had Women no Safe-guard but your innate Principle of Vertue, honest *George Roebuck* wou'd have lain with your Sister, *Ned*, and shou'd enjoy a Countess before Night.

Love. But methinks, *George*, 'twas not fair to tempt my Sister.

Roeb. Methinks 'twas not fair of thy Sister, *Ned*, to tempt me. As she was thy Sister, I had no Design upon her; but as she's a pretty Woman, I could scarcely forbear her, were she my own.

Love. But, upon serious Reflection, cou'd not you have liv'd better at home by turning thy Whore into his Wife, than here by turning other Mens Wives into Whores? There are Merchants Ladies in *London*, and you must trade with them, for ought I see.

Roeb. Ay, but is the Trade open? Is the Manufacture encourag'd, old Boy?

Love. Oh, wonderfully?-----a great many poor People live by't. Tho' the Husbands are for engrossing the Trade, the Wives are altogether for encouraging Interlopers. But I hope you have brought some small Stock to set up with.

Roeb.

Roeb. The Greatneſs of my Wants, which wou'd force me to diſcover 'em, makes me bluſh to own 'em. [*Aſide.*] Why faith, *Ned*, I had a great Journey from *Ireland* hither, and wou'd burthen my ſelf with no more than juſt neceſſary Charges.

Love. Oh, then you have brought Bills.

Roeb. No faith. Exchange of Money from *Dublin* hither, is ſo unreaſonable high, that-----

Love. What!

Roeb. That-----Zoons, I have not one Farthing.-----Now you underſtand me.

Love. No faith, I never underſtand one that comes in *forma pauperis*; I han't ſtudy'd the Law ſo long for nothing. ---But what Proſpect can you propoſe of a Supply?

Roeb. I'll tell you. When you appear'd, I was juſt thanking my Stars for ſending me a Throat to cut, and conſequently a Purſe: But my Knowledge of you prevented me of that way, and therefore I think you're oblig'd in return to aſſiſt me by ſome better Means. You were once an honeſt Fellow; but ſo long ſtudy in the Inns may alter a Man ſtrangely, as you ſay.

Love. No, dear *Roebuck*, I'm ſtill a Friend to thy Vertues, and eſteem thy Follies as Foils only to ſet them off. I did but rally you; and to convince you, here are ſome Pieces, ſhare of what I have about me: Take them as Earneſt of my farther Supply; you know my Eſtate ſufficient to maintain us both, if you will either reſtrain your Extravagances, or I retrench my Neceſſaries.

Roeb. Thy Profeſſion of Kindneſs is ſo great, that I cou'd almoſt ſuſpect it of Deſign. But come, Friend, I am heartily tir'd with the Fatigue of my Journey, beſides a violent Fit of Sickneſs, which detain'd me a Month at *Coventry*, to the exhauſting of my Health and Money. Let me only recruit by a Reliſh of the Town in Love and a Bottle, and then------ Oh Heav'ns? and Earth! [*As they are going off*, Roebuck *ſtarts back ſurpriz'd.*

Love. What's the matter, Man?

Roeb. Why? Death and the Devil; or, what's worſe, a Woman and a Child.------Oons! don't you ſee Mrs. *Trudge* with my Baſtard in her Arms croſſing the Field towards us? ----- Oh the indefatigable Whore, to follow me all the way to *London!*

Love. Mrs. *Trudge!* my old Acquaintance!

Roeb. Ay, ay, the very ſame; your old Acquaintance; and for ought I know, you might have clubb'd about getting the Brats.

Love. 'Tis but reasonable then I shou'd pay Share at the Reckoning. I'll help to provide for her; in the mean time, you had best retire.----*Brush*, conduct this Gentleman to my Lodgings, and run from thence to Widow *Bullfinch*'s, and provide a Lodging with her for a Friend of mine.----- Fly, and come back presently.----- [*Exit* Roeb. *and* Brush. ----So; my Friend comes to Town like the Great *Turk* to the Field, attended by his Concubines and Children; and I'm afraid these are but part of his Retinue.-----But hold----- I shan't be able to sustain the Shock of this Woman's Fury. I'll withdraw till she has discharg'd her first Volley, then surprize her.

Enter Trudge, *with a Child crying.*

Hush, hush, hush----- And indeed it was a young Traveller.------And what wou'd it say? It says that Daddy is a false Man, a cruel Man, and an ungrateful Man.----- In troth so he is, my dear Child.-----What shall I do with it, poor Creature?------ Hush, hush, hush---- Was ever poor Woman in such a lamentable Condition? Immediately after the Pains of one Travail, to undergo the Fatigues of another!----But I'm sure, he can never do well; for tho' I can't find him, my Curses, and the Misery of this Babe, will certainly reach him.

Love. Methinks I shou'd know that Voice---[*Moving forward.* What! Mrs. *Trudge!* and in *London!* whose brave Boy hast thou got there?

Trud. Oh Lord! Mr. *Lovewell!* I'm very glad to see you, -----and yet am asham'd to see you. But indeed he promis'd to marry me, [*Crying*] and you know Mr. *Lovewell*, that he's such a handsome Man, and has so many ways of insinuating, that the frailty of Woman's Nature could not resist him.

Love. What's all this?----A handsome Man! Ways of insinuating! Frailty of Nature!------ I don't understand these ambiguous Terms.

Trud. Ah, Mr. *Lovewell!* I'm sure you have seen Mr. *Roebuck*, and I'm sure 'twould be the first Thing he would tell you. I refer it to you, Mr. *Lovewell*, if he is not an ungrateful Man, to deal so barbarously with any Woman that had us'd him so civilly. I was kinder to him than I wou'd have been to my own born Brother.

Love. Oh then I find Kissing goes by Favour, Mrs. *Trudge.*

Trud. Faith you're all alike, you Men are alike.----- Poor Child! he's as like his own Dadda, as if he were spit out of his Mouth. See, Mr. *Lovewell*, if he has not Mr. *Roebuck*'s Nose to a Hair; and you know he has a very good Nose; and the little Pigsnye has Mamma's Mouth.----- Oh the little Lips!

and

and 'tis the beſt natur'd little Dear----- [*Snuggles and kiſſes it.*] ------And wou'd it ask its Godfather Bleſſing ? ------Indeed, Mr. *Lovewell*, I believe the Child knows you.

Love. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I will give it my Bleſſing. [*Gives it Gold.*

(*As he gives her the Gold, enter* Lucinda *and* Pindreſs, *who ſeeing them ſtand, abſcond.*

Come, Madam, I'll firſt ſettle you in a Lodging, and then find the falſe Man, as you call him.------ [*Exit* Love.

Lucinda *and* Pindreſs *come forward.*

Luc. The falſe Man is found already.------Was there ever ſuch a lucky Diſcovery?------ My Care for his Preſervation brought me back, and now behold how my Kindneſs is return'd!------ Their Fighting was a downright Trick to frighten me from the place, thereby to afford him Opportunity of entertaining his Whore and Brat.

Pin. Your Conjecture, Madam, bears a Colour; for looking back, I could perceive 'em talking very familiarly; ſo that they cou'd not be Strangers as their pretended Quarrel would intimate.

Luc. 'Tis all true as he is falſe.------- What! ſlighted! deſpis'd! my honourable Love truck'd for a Whore! Oh Villain! Epitome of thy Sex!-----But I'll be reveng'd. I'll marry the firſt Man that asks me the Queſtion; nay, though he be a disbanded Soldier, or a poor Poet, or a ſenſeleſs Fop;----- Nay, tho' impotent, I'll marry him.

Pin. Oh Madam! that's to be reveng'd on your ſelf.

Luc. I care not, Fool ! I deſerve Puniſhment for my Credulity, as much as he for his Falſhood.----- And you deſerve it too, Minx; your Perſuaſions drew me to this Aſſignation: I never lov'd the falſe Man.

Pin. That's falſe, I'm ſure. [*Aſide.*

Luc. But you thought to get another piece of Gold. We ſhall have him giving you Money on the ſame Score, he was ſo liberal to his Whore juſt now. [*Walks about in Paſſion.*

Enter Lovewell.

Love. So much for Friendſhip------ now for my Love.-----I ha'n't tranſgreſſed much.-----Oh, there ſhe is.----Oh my Angel! [*Runs to her.*

Luc. Oh thou Devil! [*Starts back.*

Love. Not unleſs you damn me, Madam.

Luc. You're damn'd already; you're a Man.

[*Exit puſhing* Pindreſs.

Love. You're a Woman, I'll be ſworn.----Hey day! what giddy Female Planet rules now! By the Lord, theſe Women are

are like their Maidenheads, no sooner found than lost--Here, *Brush*, run after *Pindress*, and know the Occasion of this.---[Brush *runs.*]----Stay, come back.----Zoons, I'm a Fool.

Brush. That's the first wise Word you have spoken these two Months.

Love. Trouble me with your untimely Jests, Sirrah, and I'll----

Brush. Your Pardon, Sir; I'm in down-right Earnest.----'Tis a less Slavery to be Apprentice to a famous Clap-Surgeon, than to a Lover. He falls out with me, because he can't fall in with his Mistress. I can bear it no longer.

Love. Sirrah, what are you mumbling?

Brush. A short Prayer before I depart, Sir.----I have been these three Years your Servant, but now, Sir, I'm your humble Servant. [*Bows as going.*

Love. Hold, you sha'n't leave me.

Brush. Sir, you can't be my Master.

Love. Why so?

Brush. Because you're not your own Master; yet one would think you might, for you have lost your Mistress. Oons, Sir, let her go, and a fair Riddance. Who throws away a Tester and a Mistress, loses Six-pence. That little pimping *Cupid* is a blind Gunner. Had he shot as many Darts as I have carry'd *Billets Deux*, he wou'd have laid her kicking with her Heels up e'er now. In short, Sir, my Patience is worn to the Stumps with attending; my Shoes and Stockings are upon their last Legs with trudging between you. I have sweat out all my Moisture of my Hand with palming your clammy Letters upon her. I have----

Love. Hold, Sir, your Trouble is now at an end, for I design to marry her.

Brush. And have you courted her these three Years for nothing but a Wife?

Love. Do you think, Raskal, I wou'd have taken so much Pains to make her a Miss?

Brush. No, Sir; the tenth part on't wou'd ha' done.----But if you are resolv'd to marry, God b'w'ye.

Love. What's the matter now, Sirrah?

Brush. Why, the matter will be, that I must then Pimp for her.----Hark ye, Sir, what have you been doing all this while, but teaching her the way to Cuckold ye?----Take care, Sir; look before you leap. You have a ticklish Point to manage.----Can you tell, Sir, what's her Quarrel to you now?

Love. I can't imagine. I don't remember that ever I offended her.

Bruſh. That's it, Sir. She reſolves to put your Eaſineſs to the Teſt now, that ſhe may with more Security rely upon't hereafter.----- Always ſuſpect thoſe Women of Deſigns that are for ſearching into the Humours of their Courtiers; for they certainly intend to try them when they're marry'd.

Love. How cam'ſt thou ſuch an Engineer in Love?

Bruſh. I have ſprung ſome Mines in my time, Sir; and ſince I have trudg'd ſo long about your amorous Meſſages, I have more Intrigue in the Sole of my Feet, than ſome Blockheads in their whole Body.

Love. Sirrah, have you ever diſcover'd any Behaviour in this Lady, to occaſion this ſuſpicious Diſcourſe?

Bruſh. Sir, has this Lady ever diſcover'd any Behaviour of yours to occaſion this ſuſpicious Quarrel? I believe the Lady has as much of the innate Principle of Virtue (as the Gentleman ſaid) as any Woman: But that Baggage, her Attendant, is about raviſhing her Lady's Page every Hour. 'Tis an old Saying, *Like Maſter, like Man*; why not as well, *like Miſtreſs, like Maid*?

Love. Since thou art for trying Humours, have with you, Madam *Lucinda*. Beſides, ſo fair an Opportunity offers, that Fate ſeem'd to deſign it.-----Have you left the Gentleman at my Lodgings?

Bruſh. Yes, Sir, and ſent a Porter to his Inn to bring his Things thither.

Love. That's right.---Love, like other Diſeaſes, muſt ſometimes have a deſperate Cure. The School of *Venus* impoſes the ſtrict Diſcipline; And awful *Cupid* is a chaſtning God; He whips ſeverely.

Bruſh. No, not if we kiſs the Rod. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the firſt Act.

ACT II.

SCENE, *Lovewell's Lodgings.*

Enter Lovewell, Roebuck *dreſs'd, and* Bruſh.

Love. O' My Conſcience, the fawning Creature loves you,

Roeb. Ay, the conſtant Effects of debauching a Woman are, that ſhe infallibly loves the Man for doing the Buſineſs, and he certainly hates her.---But what Company is ſhe like to have at this ſame Widow's, *Bruſh*?

Bruſh.

Brush. Oh the best of Company, Sir; a Poet lives there, Sir.

Roeb. They're the worst Company, for they're ill-natur'd.

Brush. Ay, Sir, but it does no Body any harm; for these Fellows that get Bread by their Wits are always forc'd to eat their Words. They must be good-natur'd, 'spight of their Teeth, Sir. 'Tis said he pays his Lodging by cracking some smutty Jests with his Landlady over-night; for she's very well pleas'd with his Natural Parts. [*While* Roeb. *and* Brush *talk,* Lovewell *seems to project something by himself.*

Roeb. What other Lodgers are there?

Brush. One newly enter'd, a young Squire, just come from the University.

Roeb. A meer Peripatetick, I warrant him.---- A very pretty Family; a Heathen Philosopher, an *English* Poet, and an *Irish* Whore. Had the Landlady but an *Highland* Piper to join with 'em, she might set up for a Collection of Monsters. -----Any body within? [*Slaps* Lovewell *on the Shoulder.*

Love. Yes, you are my Friend. All my Thoughts were employ'd about you. In short, I have one Request to make, That you would renounce your loose wild Courses, and lead a sober Life, as I do.

Roeb. That I will, if you'll grant me a Boon.

Love. You shall have it, be't what it will.

Roeb. That you wou'd relinquish your precise sober Behaviour, and live like a Gentleman, as I do.

Love. That I can't grant.

Roeb. Then we're off: Tho' shou'd your Women prove no better than your Wine, my Debaucheries will fall of themselves, for want of Temptation.

Love. Our Women are worse than our Wine; our Claret has but little of the *French* in't, but our Wenches have the Devil and all: They are both adulterated; to prevent the Inconveniencies of which, I'll provide you an honourable Mistress.

Roeb. An honourable Mistress; what's that?

Love. A vertuous Lady, whom you must love and court; the surest Method of reclaiming you.----- As thus: ----- Those superfluous Pieces you throw away in Wine, may be laid out-----

Roeb. To the Poor?

Love. No, no: In Sweet-Powder, Cravats, Garters, Snuff-boxes, Ribbons, Coach-hire, and Chair-hire. Those idle Hours which you mispend with lewd sophisticated Wenches, must be dedicated-----

Roeb. To the Church?

Love. No; to the innocent and charming Converſation of your virtuous Miſtreſs; by which means, the two moſt exorbitant Debaucheries, Drinking and Whoring, will be retrench'd,

Roeb. A very fine Retrenchment truly! I muſt firſt deſpiſe the honeſt jolly Converſation at the Tavern, for the foppiſh, affected, dull, inſipid Entertainment at the Chocolate-houſe; muſt quit my Freedom with ingenious Company, to harneſs my ſelf to Foppery among the fluttering crowd of *Cupid*'s Livery-boys.------The ſecond Article is, That I muſt reſign the Company of lewd Women for that of my innocent Miſtreſs; that is, I muſt change my eaſie natural Sin of Wenching, to that conſtrain'd Debauchery of Lying and Swearing.------- The many Lies and Oaths that I made to thy Siſter, will go nearer to damn me, than if I had enjoy'd her a hundred times over.

Love. Oh *Roebuck!* your Reaſon will maintain the contrary, when you're in Love.

Roeb. That is, when I have loſt my Reaſon; Come, come, a Wench, a Wench! a ſoft, white, eaſie, conſenting Creature!----- Prithee, *Ned*, leave Muſtineſs, and ſhew me the Varieties of the Town.

Love. A Wench is the leaſt Variety-----Look out-----See what a numerous Train trip along the Street there.------ [*Pointing outwards.*

Roeb. Oh *Venus!* all theſe fine ſtately Creatures!
Fare you well, *Ned.*----- [*Runs out*; Lovew. *catches him, and pulls him back.*

Prithee let me go; 'Tis a Deed of Charity; I'm quite ſtarv'd. I'll juſt take a ſnap, and be with you in the twinkling------As you're my Friend----I muſt go.

Love. Then we muſt break for all together.----[*Quits him.*] ------He that will leave his Friend for a Whore, I reckon a Commoner in Friendſhip as in Love.

Roeb. If you ſaw how ill that ſerious Face becomes a Fellow of your Years, you wou'd never wear it again. Youth is taking in any Maſquerade but Gravity.

Love. Tho' Lewdneſs ſuits much worſe with your Circumſtances, Sir.

Roeb. Ay, theſe Circumſtances! Damn theſe Circumſtances.---- There he has hamſtring'd me. This Poverty! how it makes a Man ſneak!------Well, prithee let's know this deviliſh virtuous Lady. By the Circumſtances of my Body, I ſhall ſoon be off or on with her.

Love.

Love. Know then for thy utter Condemnation, that she's a Lady of Eighteen, Beautiful, Witty, and nicely Virtuous.

Roeb. A Lady of Eighteen! Good.-----Beautiful! Better---Witty!---Best of all.----Now with these three Qualifications, if she be nicely virtuous, then I'll henceforth adore every thing that wears a Petticoat---Witty and Virtuous! Ha, ha, ha. Why, 'tis as inconsistent in Ladies as Gentlemen; and were I to debauch one for a Wager, her Wit should be my Bawd-----Come, come the forbidden Fruit was pluck'd from the Tree of Knowledge, Boy.

Love. Right.---But there was a cunninger Devil than you, to tempt.---I'll assure you, *George*, your Rhetorick wou'd fail you here; she wou'd worst you at your own Weapons.

Roeb. Ay, or any Man in *England*, if she be Eighteen, as you say:

Love. Have a care, Friend, this Satyr will get you torn in pieces by the Females; you'll fall into *Orpheus*'s Fate.

Roeb. Orpheus was a Blockhead, and deserv'd his Fate.

Love. Why?

Roeb. Because he went to Hell for a Wife.

Love. This happens right----[*Aside.*]----But you shall go to Heav'n for a Mistress, you shall court this Divine Creature---I don't desire you to fall in Love with her; I don't intend you should marry her neither: But you must be convinc'd of the Chastity of the Sex; tho' if you should conquer her, the Spoil, you Rogue, will be glorious, and infinitely worth the pains in attaining.

Roeb. Ay, but *Ned*, my Circumstances, my Circumstances.-----

Love. Come, you sha'n't want Money.

Roeb. Then I dare attempt it. Money is the Sinews of Love, as of War. Gad, Friend, thou art the bravest Pimp I ever heard of.-----Well, give me Directions to sail by, the Name of my Port, lade my Pockets, and then for the Cape of Good Hope.

Love. You need no Directions as to the manner of Courtship.

Roeb. No, I have seen some few Principles, on which my Courtship's founded, which seldom fail. To let a Lady rely upon my Modesty, but to depend my self altogether upon my Impudence; to use a Mistress like a Deity in publick, but like a Woman in Private: To be as cautious then of asking an impertinent Question, as afterwards of telling a Story; remembring, that the Tongue is the only Member

that can't hurt a Lady's Honour, though touch'd to the tenderest Part.

Love. Oh! but to a Friend, *George*; you'll tell a Friend your Success.

Roeb. No, not to her very self; it must be as private as Devotion.------No blabbing unless a squawling Brat peeps out to tell Tales.------But where lies my Course?

Love. Brush shall shew you the House; the Lady's Name is *Lucinda*; her Father and Mother dead; she's Heiress to Twelve Hundred a Year: But above all, observe this: She has a Page which you must get on your side; 'Tis a very pretty Boy; I presented him to the Lady about a Fortnight ago; he's your Country-man too; he brought me a Letter from my Sister, which I have about me.---- Here, you may read it.

Roeb. Ay, 'tis her Hand; I know it well; and I almost blush to see it. [*Aside.*

[*Reads.*] Dear Brother,

A Lady of my Acquaintance lately dying, begg'd me as her last Request, to provide for this Boy, who was her Page. I hope I have obey'd my Friend's last Command, and oblig'd a Brother, by sending him to you. Pray dispose of him as much as you can for his Advantage. All Friends are well, and I am

Your affectionate Sister, *Leanthe.*

[*While he reads*, Lovewell *talks to* Brush, *and gives him some Directions seemingly.*

All Friends are well; Is that all? Not a word of poor *Roebuck*.------I wonder she mention'd nothing of my Misfortunes to her Brother. But she has forgot me already. True Woman still----Well, I may excuse her, for I'm making all the haste I can to forget her.

Love. Be sure you have an Eye upon him, and come to me presently at Widow *Bullfinch*'s----[*To* Brush.]----Well, *George*, you won't communicate your Success? [*Aside.*

Roeb. You may guess what you please.------ I'm as merry after a Mistress as after a Bottle.------All Air; brimful of Joy, like a Bumper of Claret, smiling and sparkling.

Love. Then you'll certainly run over.

Roeb. No, no, nor shall I drink to any Body.-----

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Dining-room in Widow* Bulfinch's *Houſe, A Flute, Muſick-book upon the Table; a Caſe of Toys hanging up.*----

Enter Rigadoon *the Dancing-Maſter, leading in* Mockmode *by both hands; as teaching him the Minuet; he ſings and* Mockmode *dances awkardly*; Club *follows*,

Rig. Tal----dal------deral----One----Two.----Tal----dal----deral----Coupé-----Tal----dal----deral-----Very well----dal----deral----Wrong.-----Tal-----dal----deral-----Toes out-----Tal-----dal------deral------Obſerve Time:------Very well indeed, Sir; you ſhall dance as well as any Man in *England*; you have an excellent Diſpoſition in your Limbs, Sir--- Obſerve me, Sir.

[*Here the Maſter dances a new Minuet; and at every Cut* Club *makes an awkard Imitation by leaping up.*

And ſo forth, Sir.

Mock. I'm afraid we ſhall diſturb my Landlady.

Rig. Landlady! You muſt have a care of that; ſhe'll never pardon you.---- Landlady! Every Woman, from a Counteſs to a Kitchen-wench, is *Madam*; and every Man, from a Lord to a Lacquey, *Sir*.

Mock. Muſt I then loſe my Title of 'Squire, 'Squire *Mockmode*.

Rig. By all means, Sir; 'Squire and Fool are the ſame thing here.

Mock. That's very comical, faith!-----But is there an Act of Parliament for that, Mr. *Rigadoon*?-----Well, ſince I can't be a 'Squire, I'll do as well; I have a great Eſtate, and want only to be a great Beau to qualifie me either for a Knight or a Lord. By the Univerſe, I have a great mind to bind my ſelf 'Prentice to a Beau.----- Cou'd I but dance well, puſh well, play upon the Flute, and ſwear the moſt modiſh Oaths, I wou'd ſet up for Quality with e'er a young Nobleman of 'em all.-----Pray what are the moſt faſhionable Oaths in Town? *Zoons*, I take it, is a very becoming One.

Rig. Zoons is only us'd by the disbanded Officers and Bullies: But Zauns is the Beaux Pronunciation.

Mock. Zauns.

Club. Zauns.

Rig. Yes, Sir, we ſwear as we dance; ſmooth, and with a Cadence.----Zauns! 'Tis harmonious, and pleaſes the Ladies, becauſe 'tis ſoft.----- Zauns, Madam---is the only Compliment our great Beaux paſs on a Lady.

Mock. But ſuppoſe a Lady ſpeaks to me, what muſt I ſay?

Rig. Nothing, Sir---you muſt take Snuſh, grin, and make her an humble Cringe--Thus:

[*He bows Foppiſhly, and takes Snuſh*; Mockmode *imitates him awkardly*; *and taking Snuſh, ſneezes.*

Rig. O Lard, Sir, you muſt never ſneeze; 'tis as unbecoming after *Orangeree*, as Grace after Meat.

Mock. I thought People took it to clear the Brain.

Rig. The Beaux have no Brains at all, Sir; their Skull is a perfect Snuſh-box; and I heard a Phyſician ſwear, who open'd one of 'em, that the three Diviſions of his Head were fill'd with *Orangeree*, *Bourgamot*, and *Plain-Spaniſh*.

Mock. Zauns, I muſt ſneeze---[*Sneezes.*]---Bleſs me.

Rig. O fie, Mr. *Mockmode!* What a ruſtical Expreſſion that is?---Bleſs me! ----You ſhou'd upon all ſuch Occaſions cry, Dem me. You would be as nauſeous to the Ladies, as one of the old Patriarchs, if you us'd that obſolete Expreſſion.

Club. I find that going to the Devil is very modiſh in this Town---Pray, Maſter Dancing-Maſter, what Religion may theſe Beaux be of?

Rig. A ſort of *Indians* in their Religion, they worſhip the firſt thing they ſee in the Morning.

Mock. What's that, Sir?

Rig. Their own Shadows in the Glaſs; and ſome of 'em ſuch Helliſh Faces, that may frighten 'em into Devotion.

Mock. Then they are *Indians* right, for they worſhip the Devil.

Rig. Then you ſhall be as great a Beau as any of 'em. But you muſt be ſure to mind your Dancing.

Mock. Is not Muſick very convenient too? ---I can play the Bells and *Maiden Fair* already. *Alamire*, *Bifabemi*, *Ceſolfa*, *Delaſol*, *Ela*, *Effaut*, *Geſolreut*. I have 'em all by heart already. But I have been plaguily puzzl'd about the Etymology of theſe Notes; and certainly a Man cannot arrive at any Perfection, unleſs he underſtands the Derivation of the Terms.

Rig. O Lard, Sir! That's eaſie. *Effaut* and *Geſolreut* were two famous *German* Muſicians, and the reſt were *Italians*.

Mock. But why are they only ſeven?

Rig. From a prodigious great Baſs-Viol with ſeven Strings, that play'd a Jig call'd, the *Muſick of the Spheres*; The ſeven Planets were nothing but Fiddle-ſtrings.

Mock. Then your Stars have made you a Dancing-Maſter?

Rig.

Rig. O Lard, Sir! *Pythagoras* was a Dancing-Master; he shews the Creation to be a Country Dance, where after some Antick Changes, all the Parts fell into their places, and there they stand ready, till the next squeak of a Philosopher's Fiddle sets them a dancing again.

Club. Sir, here comes the Pushing-Master.

Rig. Then I'll be gone. But you must have a care of pushing, 'twill spoil the niceness of your Steps. Learn a Flourish or two; and that's all a Beau can have Occasion for.

Enter Nimblewrist.

Mock. Oh, Mr. *Nimblewrist!* I crave you ten thousand Pardons, by the Universe.

Nimb. That was a home Thrust. Good Sir, I hope you're for a Breathing this Morning. [*Takes down a Foyl.*] --- I'll assure you, Mr. *Mockmode*, you will make an excellent Swordsman; you're as well shap'd for Fencing as any Man in *Europe*. The Duke of *Burgundy* is just of your Make; he pushes the finest of any Man in *France*..------Sa, sa----like Lightning.

Mock. I'm much in love with Fencing: But, I think, Backsword is the best Play.

Nimb. Oh Lard, Sir! ---- Have you ever been in *France*, Sir?

Mock. No, Sir; but I understand the Geography of it.---- *France* is bounded on the North with the *Rhine*.

Nimb. No, Sir; a *Frenchman* is bounded on the North with Quart, on the South with Tierce, and so forth. 'Tis a noble Art, Sir; and every one that wears a Sword is oblig'd by his Tenure to learn. The Rules of Honour are engrav'd on my Hilt, and my Blade must maintain 'em. My Sword's my Herald, and the bloody Hand my Coat of Arms.

Mock. And how long have you profess'd this Noble Art, Sir?

Nimb. Truly, Sir, I serv'd an Apprenticeship to this Trade, Sir.

Mock. What are ye a Corporation then?

Nimb Yes, Sir; the Surgeons have taken us into theirs, because we make so much Work for 'em.----But, as I was telling you, Sir, I profess'd this Science till the Wars broke out; But then, when every body got Commissions, I put in for one, serv'd the Campaigns in *Flanders*; and when the Peace broke out, was disbanded; so among a great many other poor Rogues, am forc'd to betake to my old Trade. Now the publick Quarrel's ended, I live by private ones. I

live

live ſtill by dying, as the Song goes, Sir. While we have *Engliſh* Courages, *French* Honour and *Spaniſh* Blades among us, I ſhall live, Sir.

Mock. Surely your Sword and Skill did the King great Service abroad.

Nimb. Yes, Sir; I kill'd above fifteen of our own Officers by private Duels in the Camp, Sir; kill'd 'em fairly; kill'd 'em thus, Sir.------Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa, Parry, parry, parry, -------

[*He puſhes* Mockmode *on the Ribs*; *he ſtrikes* Nimble-wriſt *over the Head, and breaks the Foil.*

Club. What's the Name of that Thruſt, pray, Sir?

Nimb. Oh Lard, Sir! he did not touch me, not in the leaſt, Sir, the Foil was crack'd, a palpable Crack.

[*Blood runs down his Face.*

Club. A very palpable Crack, truly. Your Skull is only crack'd, palpably crack'd, that's all.

Mock. Well, Sir, if you pleaſe to teach me my Honours---My Dancing-maſter has forbid me any more, leſt I ſhould diſcompoſe my Steps.

Nimb. Your Dancing-maſter is a Blockhead, Sir.

Enter Rigadoon.

Rig. I forgot my Gloves, and ſo------

Mock. Oh Sir! he calls you Blockhead by the Univerſe.

Rig. Zauns, Sir------ [*Foppiſhly*

Nimb. Zoons, Sir. [*Blaſtiſhly.*

Rig. I have more Wit in the ſole of my Foot, than you have in your whole Body.

Nimb. Ay, Sir; you Caperers dance all your Brains into your Heels, which makes you carry ſuch empty Noddles. Your Rational's revers'd, carrying your Underſtandings in your Legs. Your Wit is the perfect Antipodes to other Mens.

Rig. And what are you, good Monſieur, ſa, ſa? Stand upon your Guard, Mr. *Mockmode*, he's the greateſt falſifier in his Art; he'll fill your Head ſo full of French Principles of Honour, that you won't have one of Honeſty left. His Breaſt-plate there he calls the Butt of Honour, at which all the Fools in the Kingdom ſhoot, and not one can hit the Mark.

Nimb. You talk of *Robin Hood*, who never ſhot in his Bow, Sir,---You Dancers are the Battledoors of the Nation, that toſs the light foppiſh Shuttlecocks to and agen, to get your ſelves in heat.------Have a care, Mr. *Mockmode*; this Fellow will make a mere Graſhopper of you.------Sir, you're the grand Pimp to Foppery and Lewdneſs; and the Devil and

a Dancing-Master, dance a Corante over the whole Kingdom.

Rig. A Pimp, Sir! What then, Sir? I engage Couples into the Bed of Love, but you match 'em into the Bed of Honour. We only juggle People out of their Chastity, but you cheat 'em out of their Lives. We shall have you, Mr. *Mockmode*, grinning in the Bed of Honour, as if you laugh'd at the Fool who must be hang'd for you.--- Which is best, Mr. *Nimble-wrist*, an easie Minuet, or a *Tyburn* Jigg?

Nimb. Don't provoke my Sword, Sir, lest that Art you so revile shou'd revenge it self; for every one of you that live by Dancing, should die by Pushing, Sir.

Rig. And every Man that lives by Pushing, shou'd die Dancing, I take it.

Nim. Zoons, Sir! What d'ye mean?

Rig. Nothing, Sir; ---- Tall---dal---deral.--- (*Dances*) ---- This takes the Ladies, Mr. *Mockmode*; this runs away with all the great Fortunes in Town. Tho' you be a Fool, a Fop, a Coward, dance well, and you captivate the Ladies. The moving a Man's Limbs pliantly, does the Business. If you want a Fortune, come to me -----Tal---dal---deral---- [*Dances.*]

Nim. No, no, to me, Sir, -----sa, sa, ----- does your Business soonest with a Woman: A clean and manly Extension of all your parts---Ha---Carrying a true Point is the matter.--Sa, sa, sa, sa,---Defend your self. (*Pushes at* Rigadoon, *who dances and sings, retiring off the Stage.*

Enter Bullfinch.

Bull. Oh Goodness! What a Room's here! Cou'd not Fellows wipe their Feet before they came up? And here's such a tripping and such a stamping, that they have broke down all the Cieling. You Dancing and Fencing-masters have been the Downfal of many Houses. Get out of my Doors; my House was never in such a pickle.-----You Country Gentlemen, newly come to *London*, like your own Spaniels out of a Pond, must be shaking the Water off, and bespatter every body about you.-----(Mockmode *having taken Snuff, offering to sneeze, sneezes in her Face.*

Mock. Zauns, Madam (*Sneezes.*)------Bless me! --- Dem me, I mean.

Bull. He's tainted. These curs'd Flies have blown upon him already.

Mock. Sa, sa,---Defend Flankonade, Madam.

Bull. Ah, Mr. *Mockmode*, my Pushing and Dancing Days are done: But I had a Son, Mr. *Mockmode*, that wou'd match you---

you-----Ah, my poor *Robin!*------He dy'd of an Apoplexy; he was as pretty a young Man as ever ſtep'd into a black Leather Shoe: He was as like you, Mr. *Mockmode*, as one Egg is like another; he dy'd like an Angel---But I am ſure he might have recover'd but for the Phyſicians------Oh theſe Doctors! theſe Doctors!

Mock. Bleſs the Doctors, I ſay; for I believe they kill'd my honeſt old Father.

Bull. Ay, that's true. If my *Robin* had left me an Eſtate, I ſhould have ſaid ſo too.---- [*Cries.*

Mock. Zauns, Madam, you muſt not be melancholy, Madam.

Bull. Well, Sir, I hope you'll give us the Beverage of your fine Cloaths. I'll aſſure you, Sir, they fit you very well, and I like your Fancy mightily.

Mock. Ay, ay, Madam. But what's moſt modiſh for Beverage? For, I ſuppoſe, the Faſhion of that alters always with the Cloaths.

Bull. The Taylors are the beſt Judges of that---But Champaigne, I ſuppoſe.

Mock. Is Champaigne a Taylor? Now, methinks, that were a fitter Name for a Wig-maker.-----I think they call my Wig a Campaigne.

Bull. You're clear out, Sir, clear out. Champaigne is a fine Liquor, which all your great Beaux drink to make 'em witty.

Mock. Witty! Oh by the Univerſe, I muſt be witty. I'll drink nothing elſe; I never was witty in all my Life. I love Jokes dearly.-----Here, *Club*, bring us a Bottle of what d'ye call it; the witty Liquor.

Bull. But I thought all you that were bred at the Univerſity ſhou'd be Wits naturally.

Mock. The quite contrary, Madam, there's no ſuch thing there. We dare not have Wit there, for fear of being counted Rakes. Your ſolid Philoſophy is all read there, which is clear another thing. But now I will be a Wit, by the Univerſe. I muſt get acquainted with the great Poets, Landlady, you muſt introduce me.

Bull. Oh dear me, Sir; Wou'd you ruin me? I introduce you! No Widow dare be ſeen with a Poet, for fear ſhe ſhou'd be thought to keep him.

Mock. Keep him! What's that? They keep nothing but Sheep in the Country; I hope they don't fleece the Wits?

Bull. Alas, Sir; they have no Fleeces; there's a great Cry, but little Wooll. However, if you wou'd be acquainted with the Poets, I can prevail with a Gentleman of my Acquaintance

quaintance to introduce you; 'tis one *Lovewell*, a fine Gentleman that comes here ſometimes.

Mock. Lovewell! By the Univerſe, my Rival; I heard of him in the Country. This puts me in mind of my Miſtreſs. -----Zauns, I'm certainly become a Beau already; for I was ſo in love with my ſelf, I quite forgot her.-----I have a Note in my Pocket-Book to find her out by.----- [*Pulls out a large Pocket-Book; turning over the Leaves, reads to himſelf.*

Six-pence for waſhing.----Two-pence to the Maid.----Six-pence for Snuſh.----One Shilling for Butter'd Ale.----By the Univerſe, I have loſt the Directions. ----Hark ye, Madam, does this ſame *Lovewell* come often here, ſay you?

Bull. Yes, Sir, very often. ----There's a Lady of his Acquaintance, a Lodger in the Houſe juſt now.

Mock. A Lady of his Acquaintance, a Lodger in the Houſe, juſt now; of his Acquaintance, do you ſay?

Bull. Yes, and a pretty Lady too.

Mock. And he comes often here, you ſay, By the Univerſe! ſhou'd I happen to lodge in the ſame Houſe with my Miſtreſs: I gad, it muſt be the ſame. Can you tell the Woman's Name? ----Stay---- Is her Name *Lucinda*?

Bull. Perhaps it may, Sir; but I believe ſhe's a Widow, for ſhe has a young Son, and I'm ſure 'tis legitimately begotten; for it is the braveſt Child you ſhall ſee in a Summer's Day: 'tis not like one of our puling Brats o'th Town here, born with the Diſeaſes of half a dozen Fathers about it.

Mock. By the Univerſe, I don't remember whether my Miſtreſs is Maid or Widow: But a Widow, ſo much the better; for all your *London* Widows are deviliſh rich, they ſay. She came in a Coach. did ſhe not, Madam?

Bull. Yes, Sir, yes.

Mock. Then 'tis infallibly ſhe.----Does ſhe not always go out in her Coach?

Bull. She has not ſtirr'd abroad ſince ſhe came, Sir.

Mock. Oh, I was told ſhe was very reſerv'd, tho' tis very much of a Widow. I have often heard my Mother ſay, that ſitting at home, and ſilence, were very becoming in a Maid; and ſhe has often chid my Siſter *Dorothy* for gadding out to the Meadows, and tumbling among the Cocks with the Haymakers. I gad, I'm the moſt lucky Son of a Whore; I was wrapt in the Tail of my Mother's Smock, Landlady.

Enter Servant.

Bull. Oh but this Lady, Sir.-----

Ser. Madam, here's a Gentleman below wants to ſpeak with you inſtantly.

Bull.

Bull. With me, Child! Sir, I'll wait on you in a Minute. [Exit *with* Servant.

Enter Club *with Wine and Glaſſes.*

Mock. Is that the witty Liquor? Come, fill the Glaſſes. Now that I have found my Miſtreſs, I muſt next find my Wits.

Club. So you had need, Maſter; for thoſe that find a Miſtreſs, are generally out of their Wits. --- (*Gives him a Glaſs.*

Mock. Come, fill your ſelf. (*They jingle and drink.* But where's the Wit now, *Club*? Have you found it?

Club. I gad, Maſter, I think 'tis a very good Jeſt.

Mock. What?

Club. What! why, Drinking. You'll find, Maſter, that this ſame Gentleman in the Straw Doublet, this ſame Will i'th' Whiſp, is a Wit at the Bottom. (*Fills.*) --- Here, here Maſter; how it puns and quibbles in the Glaſs!

Mock. By the Univerſe, now I have it; the Wit lies in the Jingling: All Wit conſiſts moſt in Jingling. Hear how the Glaſſes rhime to one another.

Club. What, Maſter, are theſe Wits ſo apt to claſh? [*Jingle the Glaſſes.*

Mock. Oh by the Univerſe, by the Univerſe, this is Wit. (*Breaks 'em*) My Landlady is in the right.-----I have often heard, there was Wit in breaking Glaſſes. It would be a very good Joke to break the Flask now.

Club. I find then, that this ſame Wit is very brittle Ware.--- But I think, Sir, 'twere no Joke to ſpill the Wine.

Mock. Why, there's the Jeſt, Sirrah; all Wit conſiſts in loſing; there was never any thing got by't. I fancy this ſame Wine is all ſold at *Will*'s Coffee-houſe. Do you know the way thither, Sirrah? I long to ſee Mr. *Comick* and Mr. *Tagrhime*, with the reſt of 'em. I wonder how they look! Certainly theſe Poets muſt have ſomething extraordinary in their Faces. Of all the Rarities in the Town, I long to ſee nothing more than the *Poets*, and *Bedlam*----Come in, *Club*; I muſt go practiſe my Honours.-----Tal---dal---deral.-------

Exit *dancing, and* Club *toping.*

Enter Lovewell *and* Bullfinch.

Bull. Oh Mr. *Lovewell!* you come juſt in the nick; I was ready to ſpoil all, by telling him that ſhe was a Stranger, and juſt now come.

Love. Well, dear Madam, be cautious for the future; tis the moſt fortunate Chance that ever befel me. 'Twere convenient we had the other Lodgers of our ſide.

Bull.

Bull. There's no body but Mr. *Lyrick*; and you had as ſafely tell a Secret over a Groaning-Cheeſe, as to him.

Love. How ſo?

Bull. Why, you muſt know, that he has been Lying-in theſe four Months of a Play; and he has got all the Muſes about him; a parcel of the moſt tattling Goſſips.

Love. Come, come; no more words; but to our Buſineſs. I will certainly reward you. But have you any good Hopes of its ſucceeding?

Bull. Very well of the Squire's ſide. But I'm afraid, your Widow will never play her part, ſhe's ſo awkard, and ſo ſullen.

Love. Go you and inſtruct her, while I manage Affairs abroad.

Bull. She's always raving of one *Roebuck*. Prithee, who is this ſame *Roebuck*? ---- Ah Mr. *Lovewell*, I'm afraid this Widow of yours is ſomething elſe at the bottom; I'm afraid there has been a Dog in the Well. *Exit.*

Enter Bruſh.

Love. So, Sirrah! where have you left the Genttleman?

Bruſh. In a Friend's Houſe, Sir.

Love. What Friend?

Bruſh. Why, a Tavern.

Love. What took him there?

Bruſh. A Coach, Sir.

Love. How d'ye mean?

Bruſh. A Coach and Six, Sir, no leſs, I'll aſſure you, Sir.

Love. A Coach and Six!

Bruſh. Yes, Sir, ſix Whores and a Carted Bawd. He pick'd 'em all up in the Street, and is gone with this ſplendid Retinue into the Sun by *Covent-Garden*. I ask'd him what he meant? He told me, That he only wanted to Whet, when the very Sight of 'em turn'd my Stomach.

Love. The Fellow will have his ſwing, tho' he hang for't. However, run to him, and bid him take the Name of *Mockmode*; call himſelf *Mockmode* upon all Occaſions; and tell him that he ſhall find me here about Four in the Afternoon. ---- Ask no Queſtions, but fly. ---- So:---His uſurping that Name, gives him a Title to court *Lucinda*, by which I ſhall diſcover her Inclination to (*Exit* Bruſh) this *Mockmode*, whoſe coming to Town, has certainly occaſion'd her Quarrel with me; while I ſet the Hound himſelf upon a wrong Scent,

and

and ten to one provide for Miſtreſs *Trudge* by the bargain. 'Tis ſaid, one can't be a Friend, and a Lover.

But oppoſite to that, this Plot ſhall prove,
I'll ſerve my Friend by what aſſiſts my Love. [Exit.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE, Lucinda's *Houſe.*

Enter Leanthe ſola, *dreſs'd like a* Page.

METhinks this Livery ſuits ill my Birth; but ſlave to Love, I muſt not diſobey; his Service is the hardeſt Vaſſalage, forcing the Powers Divine to lay their Godſhips down to be more Gods, more happy here below.---- Thus I, poor Wanderer, have left my Country, diſguis'd my ſelf ſo much, I hardly know whether this Habit, or my Love, be blindeſt; to follow one, perhaps, that loves me not, tho' every Breath of his ſoft Words was Paſſion, and every Accent Love. Oh *Roebuck!* [*Weeps.*

Enter Roebuck.

Roeb. This is the Page, Love's Link-Boy, that muſt light me the way.---How now, pretty Boy; has your Lady beaten you? ha!---This Lady muſt be a *Venus*, for ſhe has got a *Cupid* in her Family. 'Tis a wondrous pretty Boy,---[Leanthe *ſtarts, and ſtares at him.*] but a very comical Boy.---What the Devil does he ſtare at?

Lean. Oh Heav'ns! is the Object real, or are my Eyes falſe? Is that *Roebuck*, or am I *Leanthe*? I'm afraid he's not the ſame; and too ſure I'm not my ſelf.---- [*Weeps.*

Roeb. What Offence cou'd ſuch pretty Innocence commit, to deſerve a Puniſhment to make you cry?

Lean. Oh Sir? a wondrous Offence.

Roeb. What was it, my Child?

Lean. I prick'd my Finger with a Pin, till I made it bleed.

Roeb. Such little Boys as you, ſhou'd have a care of ſharp things.

Lean. Indeed, Sir, we ought; for it prick'd me ſo deep, that the Sore went to my very Heart.

Roeb. Poor Boy! --- here's a Plaiſter for your ſore Finger.--- [*Gives him Gold.*

Lean. Sir, you had best keep it for a sore Finger. [*Returns it*

Roeb. O' my Conscience the Boy's witty, but not very wise in returning Gold.-----Come, come, you shall take it.

[*Forces it upon him and kisses him.*

Lean. That's the fitter Cure for my sore Finger.------ The same dear Lips still. Oh that the Tongue within them were as true! [*Aside.*

Roeb. By Heavens, this Boy has the softest pair of Lips I ever tasted. I ne'er found before, that Ladies kiss'd their Pages; but now if this Rogue were not too young, I shou'd suspect he were before-hand with me. I gad, I must kiss him again. ------Come, you shall take the Money. [*Kisses.*

Lean. Oh how he bribes me into Bribery!------ But what must I do with this Money, Sir?

Roeb. You must get a little Mistress, and treat her with it.

Lean. Sir, I have one Mistress already; and they say, no Man can serve two Masters, much less two Mistresses. How many Mistresses have you, pray?

Roeb. Umh!-----I gad, the Boy has pos'd me.----- How many, Child? Why, let me see.---- There was Mrs. *Mary*, Mrs. *Margaret*, Mrs. *Lucy*, Mrs. *Susan*, Mrs. *Judy*, and so forth; to the number of five and twenty, or thereabouts?

Lean. Oh ye Powers! and did you love 'em all.

Roeb. Yes, desperately.----- I wou'd have drank and fought for any one of 'em: I have sworn and ly'd to every one of 'em, and have lain with 'em all: That's for your Encouragement, Boy. Learn betimes, Youth; young Plants shou'd be water'd. Your Smock-face was made for a Chamber-Utensil.

Lean. And did not one escape ye?

Roeb. Yes, one did;-----the Devil take her.

Lean. What, don't you love her then?

Roeb. No, faith; but I bear her an amorous Grudge still; something between Love and Spight.----- I cou'd kill her with Kindness.

Lean. I don't believe it, Sir; you cou'd not be so hard-hearted sure: Her honourable Passion, I think, shou'd please you best.

Roeb. O Child! Boys of your Age are continually reading Romances, filling your Heads with that old Bombast of Love and Honour: But when you come to my Years, you'll understand better things.

Lean. And must I be a false treacherous Villain, when I come to your Years, Sir? Is Falshood and Perjury essential to the perfect State of Manhood?

Roeb. Pshaw, Children and old Men always talk thus foolishly.---You understand nothing, Boy.

Lean. Yes, Sir, I have been in Love, and much more than you, I perceive.

Roeb. It appears then, that there's no Service in the World so educating to a Boy, as a Lady's.--By *Jove*, this Spark may be older than I imagine. Hark ye, Sir; do you never pull off your Lady's Shoes and Stockings? Do you never reach her the---Pincushion? Do you never sit on her Bed-side, and sing to her? Ha! ---Come, tell me, that's my good Boy.------

[*Makes much of him.*

Lean. Yes, I do sing her asleep sometimes.

Roeb. But do you never waken her again?

Lean. No, but I constantly wake my self; my Rest's always disturbed by Visions of the Devil.

Roeb. Who wou'd imagine now, that this young Shaver cou'd dream of a Woman so soon? ----But what Songs does your Lady delight in most?

Lean. Passionate ones, Sir; I'll sing you one of 'em, if you'll stay.

Roeb. With all my heart, my little Cherubim. The Rogue is fond of shewing his Parts.-----Come, begin.

A SONG: Set by Mr. *Richardson.*

1.

How blessed are Lovers in disguise!
Like Gods, they see,
As I do thee,
Unseen by humane Eyes.
Expos'd to view,
I'm hid from you,
I'm alter'd, yet the same:
The dark conceals me,
Love reveals me;
Love, which lights me by its Flame.

2.

Were you not false, you me wou'd know;
For tho' your Eyes
Cou'd not devise,
Your Heart had told you so.
Your Heart wou'd beat
With eager Heat,
And me by Sympathy wou'd find:
True Love might see,
One chang'd like me.
False Love is only blind.

Roeb.

Roeb. Oh my little Angel in Voice and Shape!------ [*Kisses her.*] I cou'd wish my self a Female for thy sake.

Lean. You're much better as you are for my sake.---[*Aside.*

Roeb. Or, if thou wert a Woman, I wou'd------

Lean. What wou'd you? marry me? wou'd you marry me?

Roeb. Marry you, Child! no, no; I love you too well for that, you shou'd not have my Hand, but all my Body at once. -----But to our Business: Is your Lady at home?

Lean. My Lady! What Business have you with my Lady, pray Sir?

Roeb. Don't ask Questions. You know Mr. *Lovewell.*

Lean. Yes, very well. He's my great Friend, and one I wou'd serve above all the World,-----but his Sister.

Roeb. His Sister!---Ha that gives me a twinge for my Sin. ------Pray, Mr. *Page*, was *Leanthe* well when you left her?

Lean. No, Sir; but wondrous melancholy, by the departure of a dear Friend of hers to another World.

Roeb. Oh that was the Person mention'd in her Letter, whose departure occasion'd your departure for *England.*

Lean. That was the Occasion of my coming, too sure, Sir: ---Oh, 'twas a dear Friend to me! the Loss makes me weep.

Roeb. Poor tender-hearted Creature!------ But I still find there was not a Word of me.-----Pray, good Boy, let your Mistress know, here's one to wait on her.

Lean. Your Business is from Mr. *Lovewell*, I suppose, Sir.

Roeb. Yes, yes.

Lean. Then I'll go. [*Exit.*

Roeb. I've thrown my Cast, and am fairly in for't. But a'n't I an impudent Dog? Had I as much Gold in my Breeches, as Brass in my Face, I durst attempt a whole Nunnery. This Lady is a reputed Virtue, of good Fortune and Quality; I am a Rakehelly Rascal not worth a Groat; and without any farther Ceremony, am going to debauch her.----But hold;-----She does not know that I'm this Rakehelly Rascal; and I know that she's a Woman, one of Eighteen too; beautiful, witty.----- O' my Conscience, upon second Thoughts, I am not so very impudent neither.------Now as to my Management, I'll first try the whining Addresses, and see if she'll bleed in the soft Vein.

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. Have you any Business with me, Sir?

Roeb. Thus look'd the forbidden Fruit, luscious and tempting. 'Tis ripe, and will soon fall, if one will shake the Tree. [*Aside.*

Luc. Have you any Bus'ness with me, Sir? --- [*Comes nearer.*

Roeb. Yes, Madam, the Bus'neſs of Mankind; to adore you -----My Love, like my Blood, circulates thro' my Veins, and at every Pulſe of my Heart, animates me with a freſh Paſſion ---- Wonder not, Madam, at the Power of your Eyes, whoſe painted Darts have ſtruck on a young and tender Heart, which they eaſily pierced, and which, unaccuſtomed to ſuch Wounds, finds the Smart more painful.

[*Lean. peeps.*] Oh Traytor! Juſt ſuch Words he ſpake to me.

Luc. Hey day; I was never ſo attack'd in all my Life. In Love with me, Sir! Did you ever ſee me before?

Roeb. Never, by *Jove*.---- [*Aſide*] Oh, ten thouſand times, Madam. Your lovely Idea is always in my View, either aſleep or awake, eating or drinking, walking, ſitting or ſtanding; alone, or in company, my Fancy wholly feeds upon your dear Image, and every Thought is you.----- Now have I told about fifteen Lies in a Breath. [*Aſide.*

Luc. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you are ſome conceited young Scribler, who has got the Benefits of a Firſt-Play in your Pocket, and are now going a Fortune-hunting?

Roeb. But why a Scribler, Madam? Are my Cloaths ſo coarſe, as if they were ſpun by thoſe lazy Spinſters the Muſes? Does the parting of my Fore-top ſhew ſo thin, as if it reſembled the two wither'd Tops of *Parnaſſus*? Do you ſee any thing peculiarly whimſical or ill-natur'd in my Face? Is my Countenance ſtrain'd, as if my Head were diſtorted by a Strangury of Thought? Is there any thing proudly, ſlovenly, or affectedly careleſs in my Dreſs? Do my Hands look like Paper-moths? I think, Madam, I have nothing Poetical about me.

Luc. Yes, Sir, you have Wit enough to talk like a Fool; and are Fool enough to talk like a Wit.

Roeb. You call'd me Poet, Madam, and I know no better way of Revenge, than to convince you that I am one by my Impudence----- [*Offers to kiſs her Hand.*

Luc. Then make me a Copy of Verſes upon that, Sir. [*Hits him on the Ear, and* Exit.

Leanthe *Entring.*

How d'ye like the Subject, Sir?

Roeb. 'Tis a very copious one.--[*Spitting.*]--It has made my Jolls rhime in my Head. This it is to be thought a Poet; every Minx muſt be caſting his Profeſſion in his Teeth.------- What! Gone!

Lean. Ay, ſhe knows, that making Verſes requires Solitude and Retirement.

Roeb. She certainly was afraid I intended to beg leave to dedicate

dedicate something------ If ever I make Love like a Poetical Fool again, may I never receive any Favour but a Subject for a Copy of Verses.

Re-enter Lucinda.

Luc. I won't dismiss him thus, for fear he Lampoon me.---Well, Sir, have you done them?

Roeb. Yes, Madam, will you please to read. [*Catches her and kisses her three or four times.*

Lean. Oh, Heaven? I can never bear it.
I must devise some Means to part 'em. [*Exit.*

Luc. Sir, your Verses are too rough and constrain'd. However, because I gave the Occasion, I'll pardon what's past.

Roeb. By the Lord, she was angry only because I did not make the first Offer to her Lips. [*Aside.*]---Then, Madam, the Peace is concluded?

Luc. Yes, and therefore both Parties should draw out of the Field. [*Going.*

Roeb. Not till we make Reprizals. I make Peace with Sword in Hand, Madam, and till you return my Heart, which you have taken, or your own in Exchange, I will not put up. And so, Madam, I proclaim open War again.----- [*Catches her.*

Enter Leanthe.

Lean. Oh, Madam! Yonder's poor little *Crab*, your Lap-dog, has got his Head between two of the Window-bars, and is like to be strangl'd. [*The Dog howls behind the Scenes.*

Luc. Oh Lard, my poor *Crabby!* I must run to the rescue of my poor Dog; I'll wait on you instantly.----Come, come, Page-----Poor *Crabby!* [*Exit with* Leanthe.

Roeb. Oh the Devil choak *Crabby!*-----Well, I find there's much more Rhetorick in the Lips than the Tongue.------Had Buss been the first Word of my Courtship, I might have gain'd the Out-works by this. Impudence in Love, is like Courage in War; tho' both blind Chances, because Women and Fortune rule them.

Re-enter Leanthe.

Lean. Sir, my Lady begs your pardon; there's something extraordinary happen'd, which prevents her waiting on you, as she promis'd.

Roeb. What, has Monsieur *Crabby* rubb'd some of the Hairs off his Neck? has he disorder'd his pretty Ears? She won't come again then?

Lean. No, Sir, you must excuse her.

Roeb. Then I'll go and be drunk.-----Hark'e, Sirrah; I have half a dozen delicious Creatures waiting for me at the

Sun; you shall along with me and have your Choice. I'll enter you into the School of *Venus*, Child. 'Tis time you had lost your Maidenhead, you're too old for Play-things.

Lean. Oh Heavens! I had rather he shou'd stay than go there. [*Aside.*] But why will you keep such Company, Sir?

Roeb. Nay, if you're for Advice, farewell:

Men of ripe Understanding shou'd always despise
What Babes only practise, and Dotards advise.

[Exit *singing.*

Lean. Wild as Winds, and unconfin'd as Air.---Yet I may reclaim him. His Follies are weakly founded, upon the Principles of Honour, where the very Foundation helps to undermine the Structure. How charming wou'd Virtue look in him, whose Behaviour can add a Grace to the Unseemliness of Vice!

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. What is the Gentleman gone?

Lean. Yes, Madam. He was instantly taken ill with a violent Pain in his Stomach, and was forc'd to hurry away in a Chair to his Lodging.

Luc. Oh poor Gentleman! He's one of those conceited Fools that think no Female can resist their Temptations, Blockheads, that imagine all Wit to consist in blaspheming Heav'n and Women.------I'll feed his Vanity, but starve his Love.

And may all Coxcombs meet no better Fate,
Who doubt our Sexes Virtue, or dare prompt our Hate. [Exit.

SCENE Lyrick's *Chamber in* Widow Bullfinch's *House*; *Papers scatter'd about the Table, himself sitting writing in a Night-Gown and Cap.*

Lyr. Two as good Lines as ever were written.------[*Rising.* I gad I shall maul these Topping Fellows.---Says Mr. *Lee*,

Let there be not one Glimps, one Starry Spark,
But Gods meet Gods, and justle in the Dark.

Says little *Lyrick*,

Let all the Lights be burnt out to a Snuff,
And Gods meet Gods, and play at Blind-man's-buff.

Very well!

Let Gods meet Gods, and so -----fall out and cuff.

That's much mended. They're as noble Lines as ever were penn'd. Oh! Here comes my damn'd Muse; I'm always in the Humour of writing Elegy after a little of her Inspiration.

Enter

Enter Bullfinch.

Bull. Mr. *Lyrick*, what do you mean by all this? Here you have lodg'd two Years in my Houſe, promis'd me Eighteenpence a Week for your Lodging, and I have ne'er received eighteen Farthings, not the Value of that, Mr. *Lyrick*, [*Snaps with her Fingers.*] you always put me off with telling me of your Play, your Play.---Sir, you ſhall play no more with me, I'm in earneſt.

Lyr. This living on Love is the deareſt Lodging---a Man's eternally dunn'd, tho' perhaps he has leſs of one ready Coin than t'other.----There's more Trouble in a Play than you imagine, Madam.

Bull. There's more Trouble with a Lodger than you think, Mr. *Lyrick*.

Lyr. Firſt, There's the Decorum of Time.

Bull. Which you never obſerve: for you keep the worſt Hours of any Lodger in Town.

Lyr. Then there's the Exactneſs of Characters.-----

Bull. And you have the moſt ſcandalous one I ever heard.

Lyr. Then there's laying the Drama.

Bull. Then you foul my Napkins and Towels.

Lyr. Then there are Preparations of Incidents, working the Paſſions, Beauty of Expreſſion, Cloſeneſs of Plot, Juſtneſs of Place, Turn of Language, opening the Cataſtrophe.-----

Bull. Then you wear out my Sheets, burn my Fire and Candle, dirty my Houſe, eat my Meat, deſtroy my Drink, wear out my Furniture -----I have lent you Money out of my Pocket.

Lyr. Was ever poor Rogue ſo ridden? If ever the Muſes had a Horſe, I am he.----Faith, Madam, poor *Pegaſus* is Jaded.

Bull. Come, come, Sir, he ſha'n't ſlip his Neck out of the Collar for all that. Money I will have, and Money I muſt have; let your Play and you both be damn'd.

Lyr. Well, Madam, my Bookſeller is to bring me ſome twenty Guineas for a few Sheets of mine preſently, which I hope will free me from your Sheets.

Bull. My Sheets, Mr. *Lyrick!* Pray what d'ye mean? I'll aſſure you, Sir, my Sheets are finer than any of your Muſes ſpinning-----Marry come up.

Lyr. Faith you have ſpun me ſo fine, that you have almoſt crack'd my Thread of Life, as may appear by my Spindle-ſhanks.

Bull. Why ſure----Where was your *Thalia*, and your *Melpomene*, when the Taylor wou'd have ſtripp'd you of your

Silk Waſtcoat, and have clapp'd you on a Stone Doublet? Wou'd all your Golden Verſe have paid the Serjeant's Fees?

Lyr. Truly, you freed me from Gaol, to confine me in a Dungeon; you did not ranſom me, but bought me as a Slave; ſo, Madam, I'll purchaſe my Freedom as ſoon as poſſible. Fleſh and Blood can't bear it.

Bull. Take your Courſe, Sir.-----There were a couple of Gentlemen juſt now to enquire for you; and if they come again, they ſha'n't be put off with the old Story of your being abroad, I'll promiſe you that, Sir. [*Exit.*

Lyr. Zoons! If this Bookſeller does not bring me Money---

Enter Pamphlet.

Oh! Mr. *Pamphlet*, your Servant. Have you perus'd my Poems?

Pam. Yes Sir; and there are ſome things very well, extraordinary well, Mr. *Lyrick:* But I don't think 'em for my Purpoſe.-----Poetry is a meer Drug, Sir.

Lyr. Is that becauſe I take Phyſick when I write?------ Damn this coſtive Fellow, now he does not apprehend the Joke. [*Aſide.*

Pam. No, Sir, but your Name does not recommend 'em. One muſt write himſelf into a Conſumption before he gain Reputation.

Lyr. That's the way to lye abed when his Name's up. Now I lye abed before I can gain Reputation.

Pam. Why ſo, Sir?

Lyr. Becauſe I have ſcarcely any Cloaths to put on.---If ever any Man did Penance in a white Sheet----

Pam. You ſtand only ſometimes in a white Sheet for your Offences with your Landlady. Faith, I have often wonder'd how your Muſe cou'd take ſuch Flights, yoak'd to ſuch a Cartload as ſhe is.

Lyr. Oh! They are like the *Iriſh* Horſes, they draw beſt by the Tail.-------Have you ever ſeen any of my Burleſque, Mr. *Pamphlet*? I have a Project of turning three or four of our moſt topping Fellows in Doggrel. As for Example;------- [*Reads.*

Conqueſt with Lawrels has our Arms adorn'd,
And Rome *in Tears of Blood our Anger mourn'd.*
Now, *Butchers with Roſemary have our Beef adorn'd,*
Which has in Gravy Tears our Hunger mourn'd.
How d'ye like it Mr. *Pamphlet*, ha?---Well-----
Like Gods, we paſs'd the rugged Alpine *Hills;*
Melted our way, and drove our hiſſing Wheels;
Thro' cloudy Deluges, Eternal Rills.

Now

Now obſerve, Mr. *Pamphlet*; pray obſerve.

Like Razors keen, our Knives cut Paſſage clean
Through Rills of Fat, and Deluges of Lean.

Pam. Very well, upon my Soul.

Lyr. Hurl'd dreadful Fire and Vinegar infus'd.

Pam. Ay, Sir, Vinegar! how patly that comes in for the Beef, Mr. *Lyrick!* 'Tis all wondrous fine indeed.

Lyr. This is the moſt ingenious Fellow of his Trade that I have ſeen; he underſtands a good thing. --- [*Aſide*] --- But as to our Bus'neſs. --- What are you willing to give for theſe Poems? Prithee ſay ſomething. There are about three thouſand Lines. --- Here, take 'em for a couple of Guineas.

Pam. No, Sir; Paper is ſo exceſſive dear, that I dare not venture upon 'em.

Lyr. Well, becauſe you're a Friend, I'll beſtow 'em upon you. --- Here, take 'em all. --- There's the hopes of a Dedication ſtill. [*Aſide.*

Pam. I give you a thouſand Thanks, Sir; but I dare not venture the Hazard; they'll never quit Coſt indeed, Sir.

Lyr. This Fellow is one of the greateſt Blockheads that ever was Member of a Corporation. ------ How ſhall I be reveng'd?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, there are two Men below deſire to have the Honour of kiſſing your Hand.

Lyr. They muſt be Knaves or Fools, by their fulſome Compliment. Hark ye---[*Whiſpers the Boy.*]--- Bid 'em walk up.

Pam. Since you have got Company, Sir, I'll take my Leave.

Lyr. No, no, Mr. *Pamphlet*, by no means! We muſt drink before we part. Boy, a Pint of Sack and a Toaſt. Theſe are two Gentlemen out of the Country, who will be for all the new things lately publiſh'd; they'll be good Cuſtomers--- Come, ſit down ----- You have not ſeen my Play yet? ---- Here take the Pen, and if you ſee any thing amiſs correct it; I'll go bring 'em up. ---- Stay, lend me your Hat and Wig, or I ſhall take cold going down Stairs. [*He takes* Pamphlet's *Hat and Wig, and puts his Cap on* Pamphlet's *Head.*

Pam. [*Solus.*] This is a right Poetical Cap; 'tis Bays the outſide, and the Lining Fuſtian. ---- [*Reading*] ----This is all Stuff, worſe than his Poems.

Enter two Bailiffs behind him, and clap him on the Shoulder.

1 *Bail.* You're the King's Priſoner.

Pam. That's a good Fancy enough, Mr. *Lyrick.* But pray don't interrupt me, I'm in the beſt Scene. --- I gad the Drama is very well laid.

2 *Bail.*

2 *Bail.* Come, Sir.

Pam. Well, well, Sir, I'll pledge ye. Prithee now, good Mr. *Lyrick*, don't disturb me.----

And furious Lightnings brandish'd in her Eyes.

That's true Spirit of Poetry.

1 *Bail.* Zoons, Sir, d'ye banter us? [*Takes him under each Arm, and hauls him up.*

Pam. Gentlemen--- I beg your Pardon. How dy'e like the City, Gentlemen? If you have any occasion for Books to carry into the Country, I can furnish you as well as any Man about *Paul*'s. Where's Mr. *Lyrick*?

1 *Bail.* These Wits are damnable cunning. I always have double Fees for arresting one of you Wits. All your Evasions won't do; we understand Trap, Sir; you must not think to catch old Birds with Chaff, Sir.

Pam. Zoons, Gentlemen, I'm not the Person; I'm a Freeman of the City; I have good Effects, Gentlemen, good Effects. D'ye think to make a Fool of me? I'm a Bookseller, no Poet.

2 *Bail.* Ay, Sir, we know what you are by your Fool's Cap there.

1 *Bail.* Yes, one of you Wits wou'd have pass'd upon us for a Corn-cutter yesterday; and was so like one, we had almost believ'd him. [*Hauls him.*

Pam. Why Gentlemen, Gentlemen, Officers, have a little Patience, and Mr. *Lyrick* will come up Stairs.

1 *Bail.* No, no; Mr. *Lyrick* shall go down Stairs, He wou'd have us wait till some Friends come in to rescue him. Ah! These Wits are devilish cunning.-----

[*Exeunt hauling* Pamphlet.

Enter Lyrick, Mockmode, *and* Club; *Lyrick* dress'd.

Lyr. Ha, ha, ha. Very Poetical, Faith; a good Plot for a Play, Mr. *Mockmode*; a Bookseller bound in Calves-Leather.--- Ha, ha, ha.---How they walk'd along like the three Volumes of the *English Rogue* squeez'd together on a Shelf.

Mock. What was it? What was it, Mr. *Lyrick*?

Lyr. Why, I am a Statesman, Sir.-----I can't but laugh, to think how they'll spunge the Sheet before the Errata be blotted out; and then how he'll hamper the Dogs for false Imprisonment.

Mock. But pray, what's the matter, Mr. *Lyrick*?

Lyr. Nothing, Sir, but a shirking Bookseller that ow'd me about forty Guineas for a few Lines. He wou'd have put me off, so I sent for a couple of Bull-dogs, and arrested him.

Mock.

Mock. Oh Lard! Mr. *Lyrick*, Honesty's quite out of Doors; 'tis a rare thing to find a Man that's a true Friend, a true Friend is a rare thing indeed!---Mr. *Lyrick*, will you be my Friend? I only want that Accomplishment. I have got a Mistress, a Dancing and Fencing-Master; and now I want only a Friend, to be a fine Gentleman.

Lyr. Have you never had a Friend, Sir?

Mock. Yes, a very honest Fellow; our Friendship commenc'd in the College-Cellar, and we lov'd one another like two Brothers, till we unluckily fell out afterwards at a Game at Tables.

Lyr. I find then that neither of ye lost by the Set. [*Aside.* But my short Acquaintance can't recommend me to such a Trust.

Mock. Pshaw, Acquaintance!-----You must be a Man of Honour, as you're a Poet, Sir.

Lyr. But what use would you make of a Friend, Sir?

Mock. Only to tell my Secrets to, and be my Second.----- Now, Sir, a Wit must be best to keep a Secret, because what you say to one's Prejudice will be thought Malice. Then you must have a devilish deal of Courage by your Heroick Writing.----

But know, that I alone am King of Me.

Heav'ns! Sure the Author of that Line must be a plaguy stout Fellow; it makes me valiant as *Hector* when I read it.

Lyr. Sir, we stick to what we write as little as Divines to what they preach.-----Besides, Sir, there are other Qualifications requisite in a Friend, he must lend you Money. Now, Sir, I can't be that Friend, for I want forty Guineas.

Mock. Sir, I can lend you fifty upon good Security.----- 'Twas the last Word my Father spoke on his Death-Bed, that I shou'd never lend Money without Security.

Lyr. Fie, Sir! Security from a Friend, and a Man of Honour by his Profession too!

Mock. By the Universe that's true, you are my Friend. Then I'll tell you a Secret.----- [*They whisper.*

Club. Now will this plaguy Wit turn my Nose out of Joynt.---I was my Master's Friend before, tho' I never found the Knack of borrowing Money; tho' I have receiv'd some Marks of his Friendship, some sound Drubs about the Head and Shoulders, or so. I have been bound for him too in the Stocks, for his breaking Windows, very often.

Lyr. Mr. *Mockmode*, you may be impos'd upon. I wou'd see this Lady you court. I know Mr. *Lovewell* has a Mistress nam'd *Lucinda*; but that she lodges in this House, I much doubt.

Mock.

Mock. Impos'd upon ! That's very comical.---Ha, ha, ha! You ſhall ſee, Sir ; come---Pray Sir, you're my Friend.

Lyr. Nay, pray, indeed, Sir, I beg your (*They compliment for the Door.*) Pardon , you're a Squire, Sir.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, you lie, I'm not a Fool ; I'll take an Affront from no Man.--- Draw, Sir. (*Draws.*

Club. Draw, Sir.----- I gad I'll put his Noſe out of joynt now.

Lyr. Unequal Numbers, Gentlemen.

Club. I'm only my Maſter's Friend, his Second, or ſo, Sir.

Lyr. What's the matter, noble Squire ?

Mock. You lie again, Sir, Zauns, draw.---(*Strikes him with his Sword.*

Lyr. Ha !----- a Blow ! ----- *Eſſex*, a Blow----- yet I will be calm.

Club. Zoons, draw, Sir. (*Strikes him.*

Lyr. Oh Patience Heaven ! ------- Thou art my Friend ſtill.

Mock. You Lie, Sir.

Lyr. Then thou art a Traytor, Tyrant, Monſter.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, you're a Son of a Whore, and a Raſcal.

Club. A Scribler.

Lyr. Ah, ah,---That ſtings home.---- Scribler!

Mock. Ay, Scribler, Ballad-maker.

Lyr. Nay, then-----
I and the Gods will fight it with ye all. (*Draws.*

Enter Roebuck *drunk, and ſinging.*

France *ne'er will comply*
Till her Claret runs dry ;
Then lets pull away to defeat her :
He hinders the Peace,
Who refuſes his Glaſs,
And deſerves to be hang'd for a Traytor.
Now, my Mirmydons, fall on ; I have taken off the odds.
Dub a dub, dub a dub, to the Battle. (*Sings.*

Zoons, Gentlemen, why don't you fight ? Blood, fight. Oblige me ſo far to fight a little ; I long to ſee a little Sport.

Lyr. Sir, I ſcorn to ſhew Sport to any Man. (*Puts up.*

Mock. And ſo do I, by the Univerſe.

Club. And I, by the Univerſe.

Lyr.

Lyr. I shall take another time. (*Exit.*

Roeb. Here, Rascal, take your Chopping-knife, ---- (*Gives Club his Sword.*) and bring me a Joynt of that Coward's Flesh for your Master's Supper. ---- Fly, Dog. --- (*Takes him by the Nose.*

Club. Ah! --- This Fellow's likeliest to put my Nose out of joynt.

Roeb. Now, Sir, tell me, how you durst be a Coward.

Mock. Coward, Sir! I'm a Man of a great Estate, Sir; I have five Thousand Acres of good fighting Ground as any in *England*, good *Terra firma*, Sir: Coward, Sir! Have a care what you say, Sir. --- My Father was a Parliament Man, Sir; and I was bred at the College, Sir.

Roeb. Oh then I know your Genealogy; your Father was a Senior-Fellow, and your Mother was an Air-pump. You were suckl'd by *Platonick* Idea's, and you have some of your Mother's Milk in your Nose yet.

Mock. Form the Proposition by Mode and Figure, Sir.

Roeb. I told you so. --- Blow your Nose, Child; and have a care of dirting your Philosophical Slabbering-bib.

Mock. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Roeb. Your starch'd Band, set by Mode and Figure, Sir.

Mock. Band, Sir! --- This Fellow's blind, drunk. I wear a Cravat, Sir.

Roeb. Then set a good Face upon the matter. Throw off Childishness and Folly, with your Hanging-sleeves. Now you have left the University, learn, learn.

Mock. This Fellow's an Atheist, by the Universe; I'll take notice of him, and inform against him for being drunk. ---- Pray, Sir, what's your Name?

Rob. My Name! by the Lord, I have forgot. --- Stay, I shall think on't by and by.

Mock. Zauns, forget your own Name! your Memory must be very short, Sir.

Roeb. Ay, so it seems, for I was but christen'd this Morning, and I have forget it already.

Mock. Was your Worship then *Turk* or *Jew* before? --- I knew he was some damn'd bloody Dog. --- (*Aside.*

Roeb. Sir, I have been *Turk*, or *Jew* rather, since; for I have got a plaguy Heathenish Name. --- Pox on't; --- Oh! now I have it. --- *Mo---Mock--mo---Mockmode.*

Mock. Mockmode! Mockmode! Sir, pray how do you spell it?

Roeb. Go you to your A, B, C, you came last from the University.

Mock.

Mock. Sir, I'm call'd *Mockmode.*--- What Family are you of, Sir. ?

Roeb. What Family are you of, Sir ?

Mock. Of *Mockmode-Hall* in *Shropshire.*

Roeb. Then I'm of the same, I believe.---- I fancy, Sir, that you and I are near Relations.

Mock. Relations ! Sir, there are but two Families; my Father's, who is now dead; and his Brother's Collonel *Peaceable Mockmode.*

Roeb. Ay, ay, the very same Collonel *Peaceable.*---Is not he Collonel of *Militia* ?

Mock. Yes, Sir.

Roeb. And was not he High-Sheriff of the County last Year?

Mock. The very same, Sir.

Roeb. The very same ; I'm of that Family.----- And your Father dy'd about----let me see----

Mock. About half a Year ago.

Roeb. Exactly ; by the same token you got drunk at a Hunting Match that very Day seven-night he was bury'd.

Mock. This Fellow's a Witch. --- But it looks very strange that you shou'd be christen'd this Morning. I'm sure your Godfathers had a plaguy deal to answer for.

Roeb. Oh, Sir, I'm of Age to answer for my self.

Mock. One wou'd not think so, you're so forgetful. 'Tis two and twenty Year since I was christen'd, and I can remember my Name still.

Roeb. Come, we'll take a Glass of Wine, and that will clear our Understanding. We'll remember our Friends.

Mock. You must excuse me, Sir.----This is some Sharper. [*Aside.*

Roeb. Nay, prithee Cousin, good Cousin *Mockmode*, one Glass. I know you are an honest Fellow. We must remember our Relations in the Country indeed, Sir.

Mock. Oh, Sir, you're so short of Memory, you can never call 'em to mind. You have forgot your self, Sir ; *Mockmode* is a Heathenish Name, Sir, and all that, Sir. And so I beg your Pardon, Sir. ----- [*Exit.*

Roeb. Now were I Lawyer enough, by that little enquiry into that Fellow's Concerns, I cou'd bring in a false Deed to cheat him of his Estate.

Enter Brush.

Where the Devil is thy Master ? You said I shou'd find him here.

Brush. 'Tis impossible for you, or me, or any body, to find him.

Roeb.

Roeb. Why?

Bruſh. Becauſe he has loſt himſelf. The Devil has made a Jugler's Ball of him, I believe. He's here now; then, *Preſto*, paſs in an inſtant. He has got ſome damn'd Bus'neſs to day in hand.

Roeb. Ay, ſo it ſeems.----I muſt be Squire *Mockmode*, and court an honourable Miſtreſs in the Devil's Name! Well, let my ſober thinking Friend plot on, and lay Traps to catch Futurity; I'm for holding faſt the preſent.----- I have got about twenty Guineas in my Pocket; and whilſt they laſt the Devil take *George* if he thinks of Futurity; I'll go hand in hand with Fortune.

She is an honeſt, giddy, reeling Punk;
My Head, her Wheel, turn round, and ſo we both are drunk.

[Exit *reeling*.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, Lucinda's *Houſe*.

Enter Leanthe, *and* Pindreſs *following with a Paper of Sweetmeats in her Hand.*

Pind. HERE, here, Page, your Lady has ſent you ſome Sweetmeats; but indeed you ſha'n't have 'em till you hire me.

Lean. She ſent ſour Sauce, when ſhe made you the Bearer. [*Aſide.*

Pind. Prithee now, what makes you conſtantly ſo melancholy? Come, you muſt be merry, and ſhall be merry; I'll get you ſome Play-things.

Lean. I believe you want Play-things more than I.----But I wou'd be private, *Pindreſs*.

Pind. Well, my Child, I'll be private with you? Boys and Girls ſhou'd ſtill be private together; and we may be as retir'd as we pleaſe; for my Miſtreſs is reading in her Cloſet, and all the Servants are below.-----But what Concerns have you? I'm ſure, ſuch a little Boy can have no great Bus'neſs in private.

Lean. I will try thee for once. [*Aſide.*]--Yes, Mrs. *Pindreſs*, I have great Inclination.----

Pind.

Pin. To what? To do what, Sir? ----Don't name it:---- 'Tis all in vain;---you ſha'n't do it; you need not ask it.

Lean. Only to kiſs you. [*Kiſſes her.*

Pind. Oh fie, Sir! Indeed I'll none of your Kiſſes. Take it back again, [*Kiſſes him.*] Is not the taſte of the Sweetmeats very pretty about my Lips?

Lean. Oh hang your liquoriſh Chaps; you'd fain be licking your Lips, I find that.

Pind. Indeed, Mr. Page, I won't pay you the Kiſſes you won from me laſt Night at Croſs-purpoſes; and you ſha'n't think to keep my Pawn neither.---Pray give me my *Hungary* Bottle.---As I hope to be ſav'd, I will have my *Hungary* Bottle.---- [*Rummaging him.*] ---- I'm ſtronger than you.--- I'll carry you in, and throw you upon the Bed, and take it from you.--- [*Takes him up in her Arms.*

Lean. Help! help! I ſhall be raviſh'd! Help! help!

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. What's the matter?---Oh bleſs me!

Pind. Oh dear, Madam, this unlucky Boy had almoſt ſpoil'd me. Did not your Ladyſhip hear me cry I ſhou'd be raviſh'd? I was ſo weak, I cou'd not reſiſt the little ſtrong Rogue; he whipt me up in his Arms, like a Baby; and had not your Ladyſhip come in----

Luc. What, Sirrah! wou'd you debauch my Maid, you little Cock-Sparrow? muſt you be Billing too? I have a great mind to make her whip you, Sirrah.

Pind. Oh dear, Madam, let me do't. I'll take him into the Room, and I will ſo chaſtiſe him.----

Luc. But do you think you'll be able, *Pindreſs*? I'll ſend one of the Men to help you.

Pind. No, no, Madam: I cou'd manage him with one Hand.---See here, Madam. [*Takes him in her Arms, and is running away.*

Luc. Hold, hold! Is this you that the little ſtrong Rogue had almoſt raviſh'd? He ſnatch'd you up in his Arms like a Baby!--- Ah *Pindreſs*, *Pindreſs*! I ſee y'are very weak indeed.---Are not you aſham'd, Girl, to debauch my little Boy?

Pind. Your Ladyſhip gave me Orders to make him merry, and divert his Melancholy; and I know no better way than to teize him a little. I'm afraid the Boy is troubl'd with the Rickets, and a little ſhaking, Madam, wou'd do him ſome good.

Lean. I'm tir'd with Impertinence, and have other Buſ'neſs to mind. [*Aſide* Exit.

Pind. I hope your Ladyſhip entertains no ill Opinion of my Virtue.

Luc. Truly I don't know what to think on't : But I've ſo good an Opinion of your Senſe, as to believe you wou'd not play the fool with a Child.

Pind. We're all ſubject to playing the fool, if you continue your Reſolution in marrying the firſt Man that asks you the Queſtion.

Luc. No, my Mind's chang'd; I'll never marry any Man.

Pin. I dare ſwear, that Reſolution breaks ſooner than the former. [*Aſide.*] Ah, Madam, Madam! if you never believe Man again, you muſt never be Woman again; for tho' we are as cunning as Serpents, we are naturally as flexible too. Speak ingenuouſly, Madam; if Mr. *Lovewell* ſhou'd, with an amorous Whine, and ſuppliant Cringe, tell you a formal Story, contrary to what we ſuſpect, wou'd you not believe him?

Luc. What, believe his vain Aſſertions, before the demonſtration of my Senſes! No, no; my Love's not ſo blind. Did I not ſee his Miſs and his Child; did not I behold him giving her Money? Did I not hear him declare, he wou'd ſettle her in a Lodging?

Pin. But, Madam, upon ſerious Reflection, where's the great harm in all this? moſt Ladies wou'd be over-joy'd at ſuch a Diſcovery of their Lover's Ability. The Child ſeem'd a luſty chopping Boy; and let me tell you, Madam, it muſt be a luſty chopping Boy that got it.

Luc. Urge no farther in his Defence; he's a Villain, and of all Villains that I hate moſt, an hypocritical one. The Ladies give him the Epithet of modeſt, and the Gentlemen that of ſober *Lovewell.* Now methinks, ſuch a piece of Debauchery ſits ſo awkardly on a Perſon of his Character, that it adds an Unſeemlineſs to the natural Vileneſs of the Vice; and he that dares be a Hypocrite in Religion, will certainly be one in Love.----Stay, is not that he? [*Pointing outwards.*

Pin. Yes, Madam; I believe he's going to the Park.

Luc. Call a couple of Chairs quickly; we'll thither maſqu'd. This Day's Adventures argue ſome intended Plot upon me, which I may countermine by only ſetting a Face upon the matter. [*Puts her Maſque on.*

For as Hypocriſie in Men can move,
Here's the beſt Hypocrite in Female Love.
On even ſcores deſigning Heaven took care;
Since Men falſe Hearts, that we falſe Faces wear. [Exit.

SCENE, *the Park.*

Enter Lovewell *and* Lyrick *meeting*; Lyrick *reading.*

I'll rack thy Reputation, blaſt thy Fame,
And in ſtrong grinding Satyr, Gibbet up thy Name.

Love. What! in a Rapture, Mr. *Lyrick*?

Lyr. A little Poetical Fury, that's all.----I'll 'Squire him; I'll draw his Character for the Buffoon of a Farce; he ſhall be as famous in Ballad as *Robin Hood*, or *Little John*; my Muſes ſhall haunt him like *Demons*; they ſhall make him more ridiculous than *Don Quixot.*

Love. Becauſe he encounter'd your Windmil-Pate.-------- Ha, ha, ha!---Come, come, Mr. *Lyrick*, you muſt be pacify'd.

Lyr. Pacify'd, Sir! Zoons, Sir, he's a Fool, has not a grain of Senſe. Were he an ingenious Fellow, or a Man of Parts, I cou'd bear a kicking from him; But an abuſe from a Blockhead! I can never ſuffer it.

Pert Blockhead, who has purchas'd by the School,
Juſt Senſe enough to make a noted Fool.

That Stings, Mr. *Lovewell.*

Love. Pray, Sir, let me ſee it.

Lyr. This is imperfect, Sir: But if you pleaſe to give your Judgment on this Piece.-------- [*Gives him a Paper.*
'Tis a Burleſque on ſome of our late Writings.

Love. Ay, you Poets mount firſt on the Shoulders of your Predeceſſors, to ſee farther in making Diſcoveries; and having once got the upper-hand, you ſpurn them under-foot. I think you ſhou'd bear a Veneration to their very Aſhes.

Lyr. Ay, if moſt of their Writings had been burnt! I declare, Mr. *Lovewell*, their Fame has only made them the more remarkably faulty: Their great Beauties only illuſtrate their greater Errors.

Love. Well, you ſaw the new Tragedy laſt Night; how did it pleaſe ye?

Lyr. Very well; it made me laugh heartily.

Lov. What, laugh at a Tragedy!

Lyr. I laugh to ſee the Ladies cry; to ſee ſo many weep at the Death of the fabulous Hero: Who wou'd but laugh, if the Poet that made 'em were hang'd! On my Conſcience, theſe Tragedies make the Ladies vent all their Love and Ho-

nour at their Eyes, when the ſame white Handkerchief that blows their Noſes, muſt be a Winding-ſheet to the deceaſed Hero.

Love. Then there's ſomething in the Handkerchief to embalm him, Mr. *Lyrick*; Ha, ha, ha -------- But what Reliſh have you of Comedy?

Lyr. No ſatisfactory one.----- My Curioſity is fore-ſtall'd by a Fore-knowledge of what ſhall happen: For as the Hero in Tragedy, is either a whining, cringing Fool, that's always a ſtabbing himſelf, or a ranting, hectoring Bully, that's for killing every body elſe: So the Hero in Comedy is always the Poet's Character.

Love. What's that?

Lyr. A Compound of practical Rake, and ſpeculative Gentleman, who always bears off the great Fortune in the Play, and ſhams the Beau and Squire with a Whore or Chamber-maid; and as the Cataſtrophe of all Tragedies is Death, ſo the end of Comedies is Marriage.

Love. And ſome think That the moſt Tragical Concluſion of the two.

Lyr. And therefore my Eyes are diverted by a better Comedy in the Audience than that upon the Stage.----I have often wonder'd, why Men ſhould be fond of ſeeing Fools ill repreſented, when at the ſame Time, and Place, they may behold the mighty Originals acting their Parts to the Life in the Boxes.-----

Love. Oh be favourable to the Ladies, Mr. *Lyrick*, 'tis your Intereſt. Beauty is the Deity of Poetry; and if you rebel, you'll certainly run the Fate of your firſt Parent, the Devil.

Lyr. You're out, Sir. Beauty is a merciful Deity, and allows us ſometimes to be a little Atheiſtical; and 'tis ſo indulgent to Wit, that it is pleas'd with it, tho' in the worſt Habit, that of Satyr. Beſides, there can appear no greater Argument of our Eſteem, than Railery, becauſe 'tis ſtill founded upon Jealouſie; occaſion'd by their preferring ſenſeleſs Fops and wealthy Fools to Men of Wit and Merit, the great Upholders of the Empire.

Love. Now I think theſe Favourites of the Ladies are more witty than you.

Lyr. How ſo, pray Sir?

Love. Becauſe they play the Fool, conſcious that it will pleaſe; and you're a Wit, when ſenſible that Coxcombs only are encourag'd. I wonder, Mr. *Lyrick*, that a Man of your Senſe ſhould turn Poet; you'll hardly ever find a Man that is capable of the Employment will undertake it.

Lyr. The reaſon of that is, every one that knows not a tittle of the matter, pretends to be a judge of it.---By the Lard, Mr. *Lovewell*, I put the Criticks next to the Plague, Peſtilence and Famine in my Litany. --- Had you ſeen 'em laſt Night in the Pit, with ſuch demure ſupercilious Faces --- their contemplative Wigs thruſt judiciouſly backwards; their Hands rubbing their Temples, to chaſe ill Nature; and with a hiſſing venomous Tongue, pronouncing Piſh! Stuff! Intolerable! Damn him! ---- Lord have mercy upon us.

Love. Ay, and you ſhall have others as fooliſh as they are ill-natur'd; fond of being thought Wits, who ſhall laugh outragiouſly at every ſmutty Jeſt; cry, very well, by Gad; that's fine, by Heavens; and if a Diſtich of Rhime happens, they clap ſo damnably loud, that they drown the Jeſt.

Lyr. That's the Jeſt. The Wit lies in their Hands; and if you would tell a Poet his Fortune, you muſt gather it from the Palmiſtry of the Audience; for as nothing's ill ſaid, but what's ill taken; ſo nothing's well ſaid, but what's well taken. And between you and I, Mr. *Lovewell*, Poetry, without theſe laughing Fools, were a Bell without a Clapper; an empty ſounding Bus'neſs, good for nothing; and all we Profeſſors might go hang our ſelves in the Bell-ropes.

Love. Ha, ha, ha. --- But I thought Poetry was inſtructive.

Lyr. Oh Gad forgive me, that's true: To Ladies it is morally beneficial; for you muſt know, they are too nice to read Sermons; ſuch Inſtructions are too groſs for their refin'd Apprehenſions; but any Precepts that may be inſtill'd by eaſie Numbers, ſuch as of *Rocheſter*, and others, make great Converts. Then they hate to hear a Fellow in a Church preach methodical Nonſenſe, with a *Firſtly*, *Secondly*, and *Thirdly*: but they take up with ſome of our modern Plays in their Cloſet, where the Morality muſt be deviliſh Inſtructive. --- But I muſt be gone; here comes the Squire. What, in the Name of Wonder, has he got with him?

Love. That which ſhall afford you a more plentiful Revenge than your Lampoon, if you joyn with me in the Plot. To the better effecting of which, you muſt be ſeemingly reconcil'd to him. ---- Let's ſtep aſide, and obſerve 'em, while I give you a hint of the matter. [Exeunt *between the Scenes*, *and ſeem to confer and hearken.*

Enter Mockmode, *leading* Trudge *dreſs'd like a Widow.*

Mock. This is very fine Weather, bleſſed Weather indeed, Madam: 'twill do abundance of good to the Graſs and Corn.

Trud. Ay, Sir, the Days are grown a great length; and I think the Weather much better here than in *Ireland*.

Mock. Why, Madam, were you ever there?

Trud. Oh no! Not I indeed, Sir; but I have heard my firſt Husband (reſt his Soul) ſay ſo; he was an *Iriſh* Gentleman.

Mock. I find, Madam, you have lov'd your firſt Husband mightily, for you affect his Tone in Diſcourſe.----Pray, Madam, what did that Mourning coſt a Yard?

Trud. O Lard! What ſhall I ſay now? 'Tis none of mine. [*Aſide.*] It coſt, Sir; let me ſee--------it coſt about ----but it was my Steward bought it for me, I never buy ſuch ſmall things.

Mock. By the Univerſe, ſhe muſt be plaguy rich! I will be brisk. [*Aſide.*] Pray, Madam---I---I pray Madam, will you give us a Song?

Trud. A Song! Indeed then I had a good Voice, before Mr. *Roebuck* ſpoil'd it.

Mock. Mr. *Roebuck!* Was that your firſt Husband's Name, Madam?

Love. behind.] She'll ſpoil all.

Trud. No, Sir; *Roebuck* was a Doctor, that let me Blood under the Tongue for the Quinſey, and made me hoarſe ever ſince.

Mock. By the Univerſe ſhe's a Widow, and I'll be a little brisk. Madam, will you grant me a ſmall Favour, and I will bend upon my Knees to receive it.----- [*Kneels.*

Trud. What is't pray?

Mock. Only to take off your Garter.

Lovewell *Enters.*

Zoons, her thick Leg will diſcover all.-----By your leave, Sir, have you any Pretenſions to this Lady?

[*Puſhes* Mockmode *down.*

Mock. I don't know whether this be an Affront or not.----- [*Aſide.*]----Pretenſions, Sir! I have ſo great a Veneration for the Lady, that I honour any Man that has Pretenſions to her.----- Dem me, Sir, may I crave the Honour of your Acquaintance?

Love. No, Sir.

Mock. No, Sir! I gad that muſt be Wit, for it can't be good Manners.-----Sir, I reſpect all Men of Senſe, and wou'd therefore beg to know your Name.

Love. No matter, Sir, I know your Name's *Mockmode.*

Mock. By the Univerſe, that's very comical! That a Fellow ſhou'd pretend to tell me my own Name!----- Another Queſtion, if you pleaſe, Sir.

Love. What is it, Sir?

Mock. Pray Sir, what's my Chriſten'd Name?

Love. Sir, you don't know.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, wou'd you perſuade me out of my Chriſten'd Name? I'll lay you a Guinea that I do know, by the Univerſe.-----[*Pulls a handful of Money out.*] Here's Silver, Sir, here's Silver, Sir; I can command as much Money as another, Sir; I am at Age, Sir, and I won't be banter'd, Sir.

Love. Sir, you muſt know, that I baptize you Rival; for your Love to this Lady, is the only ſign of Chriſtianity you can boaſt of.------And now, Sir, my Name's *Lovewell.*

Mock. Then I ſay, Sir, that your Love to that Lady is the only ſign of a *Turk* you can brag of.------ I wiſh *Club* were come. [*Aſide.*

Love. Sir, I ſhall certainly circumciſe you, if you make any farther Pretenſions to Madam *Lucinda* here.

Mock. Circumciſe me! Circumciſe a Pudding's end, Sir.---- Zauns, Sir, I'll be judg'd by the Lady who merits Circumſion moſt, you or I, Sir. Theſe *London* Blades are all ſtark mad; ------- [Lucinda *enters, and obſerves* Lovewell *courting* Trudge *in dumb Signs.*] I met one about two Hours ago, that had forgot his Name, and this Fellow wou'd perſuade me now, that I had forgot mine. Mr. *Lyrick* is the only Man that ſpeaks plain to me. I muſt be Friends with him, becauſe I find I may have occaſion for ſuch a Friend; I'll find him out ſtrait. [*Exit.*

Love. Madam, will you walk----- [*Exit with* Trudge, Lucinda *and* Pindreſs *come forward.*

Luc. Now my Doubts are remov'd.

Pin. Mine are more puzzling. There muſt be ſomething in this more than we imagine. You had beſt talk to him.

Luc. Yes, if my Tongue bore Poiſon in it, and that I cou'd ſpit Death in his Face.

Pin. If he is loſt, your hard Uſage this Morning has occaſion'd it.

Luc. I'm glad on't; I've gain'd by the Loſs, I deſpiſe him more now than e'er I lov'd him. That Paſſion which can ſtoop ſo low as that Blowze, is an Object too mean for any thing but my Scorn to level at.

Pin. This were a critical Minute for your new Lover the Squire, I fancy; Mr. *Lovewell*'s Diſgrace wou'd bring him into Favour preſently.

Luc. It certainly ſhall, if he be not as great a Fool as t'other's falſe.

Pin.

Pin. You may be mistaken in your Opinion of him, as much as you have been in Mr. *Lovewell.*

Luc. No, *Pindress*; I shall find what I read in the last Miscellanies very true.

But two Distinctions their whole Sex does part;
All Fools by Nature, or all Rogues by Art.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter several Masques crossing the Stage, and Roebuck *following.*

Roeb. 'Sdeath; What a Coney-borough's here! The Trade goes swimmingly on. This is the great Empory of Lewdness, as the Change is of Knavery.------The Merchants cheat the World there, and their Wives gull them here.-----I begin to think Whoring scandalous, 'tis grown so Mechanical.------My Modesty will do me no good, I fear.-------Madam, are you a Whore? [*Catches a Masque.*

1 *Mas.* Yes, Sir.

Roeb. Short and Pithy!------If ever Woman spake Truth, I believe thou hast. [*Second Masque pulls him by the Elbow.* Have you any Business with me, Madam?

2 *Mas.* Pray Sir, be civil; you're mistaken, Sir.-----I have had an Eye upon this Fellow all this Afternoon. [*Aside.*] you're mistaken, Sir.

Roeb. Very likely, Madam; for I imagin'd you modest.

2 *Mas.* So I am, for I'm marry'd.

Roeb. And marry'd to your Sorrow, I warrant you!

2 *Mas.* Yes, upon my Honour, Sir.

Roeb. I knew it. I have met above a dozen this Evening, all marry'd to their Sorrow.------Then I suppose you're a Citizen's Wife; and by the Broadness of your Bottom, I should guess you sat very much behind a Counter.

2 *Mas.* My Husband's no Mercer, he's a Judge.

Roeb. Zoons, a Judge! I shall be arraign'd at the Bar for keeping on my Hat so long.-----'Tis very hard, Madam, he shou'd not do you Justice: Has not he an Estate in Tail, Madam?

2 *Mas.* I seldom examine his Papers: They are a parcel of old dry shrivel'd Parchments; and this Court-hand is so devilish crabbed, I can't endure it.

Roeb. Umph!-----Then I suppose, Madam, you want a young Lawyer to put your Case to. But faith, Madam, I am a Judge too.

2. *Maſ.* Oh Heavens forbid! Such a young Man!

Roeb. That's, I'll do nothing without a Bribe.------Pray, Madam, how does that Watch ſtrike?

2 *Maſ.* It never ſtrikes, it only points to the Buſineſs, as you muſt do, without telling Tales. Dare ye meet me two Hours hence!

Roeb. Ay, Madam, but I ſhall never hit the Time exactly without a Watch.

2 *Maſ.* Well, take it.------- At Ten exactly, at the Fountain in the *Middle-Temple*. *Cook upon Littleton* be the Word. [*Exit.*

Roeb. So ----- --- If the Law be all ſuch Volumes as thou, Mercy on the poor Students! From *Cook upon Littleton* in Sheets deliver me.

Enter Lovewell.

Love. What engag'd? Mirmidon! I find you'll never quit the Battel, till you have crack'd a Pike in the Service.

Roeb. Oh, dear Friend! Thou'rt critically come to my Relief; for faith I'm almoſt tir'd.

Love. What a miſerable Creature is a Whore! whom every Fool dares pretend to love, and every wiſe Man hates.

Roeb. What? Moralizing again! Oh I'll tell thee News, Man; I'm enter'd in the Inns, by the Lard!

Love. Pſhaw!

Roeb. Nay, if you won't believe me, ſee my Note of Admiſſion. [*Shews the Watch.*

Love. A Gold Watch, Boy!

Roeb. Av, a Gold Watch, Boy.

Love. Whence had you Money to buy it?

Roeb. I took it upon Tick, and I deſign to pay honeſtly.

Love. I don't like this running o'th'Score.---But what News from *Lucinda*, Boy? Is ſhe kind? Ha?

Enter a Maſque croſſing the Stage.

Roeb. Ha! there's a ſtately Cruiſer; I muſt give her one Chace.---I'll tell you when I return. [*Exit running.*

Love. I find he has been at a Loſs there, which occaſions his Eagerneſs for the Game here. I begin to repent me of my Suſpicion; I believe her Virtue ſo ſacred, that 'tis a piece of Atheiſm to diſtruſt its Exiſtence. But Jealouſie in Love, like the Devil in Religion, is ſtill raiſing Doubts, which without a firm Faith in what we adore, will certainly damn us.

Enter a Porter.

Por. Is your Name Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir?

Love. What wou'd you have with Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir?

Por. I have a ſmall Note for him, Sir.

Love.

Love. Let me ſee't.

Por. Ay, Sir; if your Name be Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir.

Love. My Name is *Roebuck*, Blockhead.

Por. God bleſs you Maſter. [*Gives him a Letter, and* Exit.

Love. This is ſome tawdry Billet, with a ſcrawling Adieu at the end on't. Theſe ſtrolling Jades know a young wholeſome Fellow newly come to Town, as well as a Parſon's Wife does a fat Gooſe. 'Tis certainly ſome Secret, and therefore ſhall be known. [*Opens the Letter.*

SIR, *Tueſday* three a Clock.

MY Behaviour towards you this Morning was ſomewhat ſtrange; but I ſhall tell you the Cauſe of it, if you meet me at Ten this Night in our Garden; the Back-door ſhall be open.

Your's, *Lucinda.*

Oh Heavens! Certainly it can't be! *L, U, C, I, N, D, A*; that ſpells Woman. 'Twas never written ſo plain before. *Roebuck*, thou'rt as true an Oracle, as ſhe's a falſe one. Oh thou damn'd *Sybil!* I have courted thee theſe three Years, and cou'd never obtain above a Kiſs of the Hand, and this Fellow in an Hour or two has obtain'd *the Back-door open.* Mr. *Roebuck*, ſince I have diſcover'd ſome of your Secrets, I'll make bold to open ſome more of 'em ---- But how ſhall I ſhake him off? ---- Oh, I have it; I'll ſeek him inſtantly. [*Exit.*

Enter Roebuck *meeting the Porter.*

Roeb. Here, you Sir, have you a Note for one *Roebuck*?

Por. I had, Sir? but I gave it to him juſt now?

Roeb. You lie, Sirrah; I am the Man.

Por. I an't poſitive I gave it to the right Perſon; but I'm very ſure I did, for he anſwer'd the Deſcription the Page gave to a T, Sir.

Roeb. 'Twas well I met that Page, Dog, or now ſhou'd I cut thy Throat, Raſcal.

Por. Bleſs your Worſhip, noble Sir. [*Exit.*

Roeb. At ten, in the Garden! The Back-door open! ---- Oh the delicious Place and Hour! Soft panting Breaſts; Trembling Joynts! Melting Sighs! And eager Embraces! -- Oh Extaſie!--- But how to ſhake off *Lovewell!* --- This is his nicely Vertuous! Ha, ha, ha --- This is his innate Principle of Vertue! Ha, ha, ha.

Enter.

Enter Lovewell

Love. How now! Why ſo merry?

Roeb. Merry! Why, 'twould make a Dog ſplit, Man; Ha, ha, ha. ----The Watch, Sir, the Watch; Ha, ha, ha.

Love. What of the Watch? You laugh by the Hour; you'll be run down by and by, ſure!

Roeb. Ay, but I ſhall be wound up again. This Watch I had for a Fee, Lawyer. --- Shou'd I ever be try'd before this Judge, how I ſhou'd laugh to ſee how gravely his Gooſe Cap ſits upon a pair of Horns; Ha, ha, ha.

Love. Thou'rt Horn-mad. Prithee leave Impertinence.---- I receiv'd a Note juſt now.

Roeb. A Note! 'Sdeath, what Note! What d'ye mean? Who brought it?

Love. A Gentleman; 'tis a Challenge.

Roeb. Oh, thanks to the Stars! I'm glad on't. [*Aſide.*

Love. And you may be ſignally ſerviceable to me in this Affair. I can give you no greater Teſtimony of my Affection, than by making ſo free with you. ----

Roeb. What needs all this Formality? I'll be thy Second, without all this Impertinence.

Love. There's more than that, Friend. --- In the firſt place, I don't underſtand a Sword; and again, I'm to be call'd to the Bar this Term, and ſuch a Buſineſs might prejudice me extremely. So, Sir, you muſt meet and fight for me.

Roeb. Faith, *Lovewell*, I ſha'n't ſtick to cut a Throat for my Friend at any time, ſo I may do it fairly, or ſo. ----- The Hour and Place?

Love. This very Evening, in *Moorfields.*

Roeb. Umph! How will you employ your ſelf the while?

Love. I'll follow you at a diſtance, leſt you have any foul Play.

Roeb. Which if you do ------ No, faith *Ned*, ſince I'm to anſwer an Appointment for you, you muſt make good an Aſſignation for me. I'm to meet one of your Ladies at the Fountain in the *Temple* to Night. You may be call'd to the Bar there, if you will. This Watch will tell you the Hour, and ſhall be your Paſs-port. Let me have yours. ----

[*Change Watches.*

Love. Oh! Was that the Jeſt? Ha, ha, ha. ----- Well, I will anſwer an Aſſignation for you ſure enough. Ha, ha, ha. ---- How readily does the Fool run to have his Throat cut? [*Aſide.*

Roeb. How eagerly now does my Moral Friend run to the Devil, having Hopes of Profit in the Wind! I have ſhabb'd him

him off purely.---But prithee, *Ned*, where had you this fine Jewel? [*Viewing one ty'd to the Watch.*

Love. Pshaw! A Trifle, a Trifle; from a Mistress---Take care on't tho'. But hark ye, *George*; don't push too home; have a care of whipping thro' the Guts.

Roeb. Gad, I'm afraid one or both of us may fall. But d'ye hear, *Ned*, remember you sent me on this Errand, and are therefore answerable for all Mischief; if I do whip my Adversary through the Lungs, or so, remember you set me upon't.

Love. Well, honest *George*, you won't believe how much you oblige me in this Courtesie.

Roeb. You know always I oblige my self by serving my Friend. ----- I never thought this Spark was a Coward before. [*Aside.*

Love. I never imagin'd this Fellow was so easie before.---- [*Aside.*] Well, good Success to us both; and when we meet, we'll relate all Transactions that pass.

Roeb. That you're a Fool.

Love. That you're an Ass. [*Exeunt severally, laughing.*

Re-enter Lovewell *crossing the Stage hastily*, Mockmode *and* Lyrick *following him.*

Lyr. Mr. *Lovewell*, a word w'ye.

Love. Let it be short, pray Sir, for my Bus'ness is urgent, and 'tis almost dark.

Lyr. I'm reconcil'd to the Squire, and want only the Presentment of a Copy of Verses to ingratiate my self wholly, throughly. Let me have that Piece I lent you just now.

Love. Ay, ay, with all my Heart.---Here,---Farewel.

[*Pulls the Poem hastily, and justles out a Letter with it, which* Mockmode *takes up.*

Lyr. Now, Sir, here's a Poem, which (according to the way of us Poets) I say, was written at fifteen, but between you and I it was made at five and twenty.

Mock. Five and twenty! -----When is a Poet at Age, pray, Sir?

Lyr. At the third Night of his first Play; for he's never a Man till then.

Mock. But when at Years of Discretion?

Lyr. When they leave Writing, and that's seldom or never.

Mock. But who are your Guardians?

Lyr. The Criticks, who with their good Will, wou'd never let us come to Age. But what have you got there?

Mock.

Mock. By the Univerſe, I don't know ; 'tis a Woman's Hand ; ſome Billet-Deux, I ſuppoſe ; it juſtl'd out of *Lovewell's* Pocket. We'll to the next Light and read it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a dark Arbour in* Lucinda's *Garden.*

Enter Roebuck *Solus.*

Roeb. Oh, how I reverence a Back-door half open, half ſhut ! 'Tis the narrow Gate to the Lovers Paradiſe ; *Cupid* ſtood Centry at the Entrance ; *Love* was the word, and he let me paſs---Now is my Friend pleading for Life ; he has a puzling Caſe to manage, ten to one he's nonſuited ; I have gull'd him fairly.

Enter Lovewell.

Love. I've got in, thanks to my Stars, or rather the Clouds, whoſe Influence is my beſt Friend at preſent. Now is *Roebuck* gazing, or rather groping about for a Fellow with a long Sword ; and I know his fighting Humour will be as mad to be baulk'd by an Enemy, as by a Miſtreſs.

Roeb. Hark, hark ! I hear a Voice ; it muſt be ſhe -- - *Lucinda !*

Love. True to the touch, I find. Is it you, my Dear ?

Roeb. Yes, my Dear.

Love. Let me embrace thee, my Heart.

Roeb. Come to my Arms--- (*Run into each others Arms. Finding the Miſtake, ſtart back.*

Love. 'Slife ! a Man !

Roeb. 'Sdeath ! a Devil ! ---And wert thou a Legion, here's a Wand ſhou'd conjure thee down.--- (*Draws.*

Love. We ſhould find whoſe Charms is ſtrongeſt. (*Draws.*

(*They puſh by one another* ; Roebuck *paſſes out at the oppoſite Door : And as* Lovewell *is paſſing out on the other ſide of the Stage,*

Enter Leanthe.

Lean. Mr. *Roebuck !* Sir ! Mr. *Roebuck !* (*With a Night Gown over his Cloaths.*

Love. That's a Woman's Voice, I'll ſwear --- Madam. ---

Lean. Sir.

Love. Come, my dear *Lucinda* ; I've ſtaid a little too long ; but making an Apology now were only lengthning the Offence. Let's into the Arbour, and make up for the Moments miſpent.

Lean.

Lean. Hold, Sir: Do you love this *Lucinda*, you're ſo fond of hauling into the Arbour?

Love. Yes, by all that's powerful.

Lean. Falſe, falſe *Roebuck!*---[*Aſide.*]--- I am loſt.

Love. Madam, do you love this *Roebuck*, that you open'd the Garden-door to ſo late?

Lean. I'm afraid I do too well.

Love. And did you never own an Affection to another?

Lean. No; witneſs all thoſe Powers you juſt now mention'd.

Love. Revenge your ſelves, ye Heavens. Behold in me your Accuſer, and your Judge. Behold *Lovewell*, injur'd *Lovewell*. ---- This Darkneſs, which opportunely hides your Bluſhes, makes your Shame more monſtrous.

Lean. Ha! *Lovewell!* I'm vex'd 'tis he, but glad to be miſtaken. --- Now, Female Policy, aſſiſt me.

Love. Yes, Madam, your Silence proclaims you guilty.--- Farewell, Woman.

Lean. Ha, ha, ha.

Love. What am I made your Scorn?

Lean. Ha, ha, ha. ---- This happens better than I expected. --- Ha, ha, ha.---- Mr. *Lovewell!*

Love. No Counter-plotting, Madam; the Mine's ſprung already, and all your Deceit diſcovered.

Lean. Indeed, you're a fine Fellow at diſcovering Deceits, I muſt confeſs, that cou'd not find whether I was a Man or a Woman all this time.

Love. What, the Page!

Lean. No Counter-plotting, good Sir; the Mine's ſprung already.--- Ah, Sir, I fancy Mr. *Roebuck* is better at diſcovering a Man from a Woman in the dark, than you.

Love. This Diſcovery is the greateſt Riddle! ---- Prithee, Child, what makes thee diſguis'd? But above all, what meant that Letter to *Roebuck*?

Lean. Then I find you intercepted it.---- Why, Sir, my Lady had a mind to put a Trick upon the impudent Fellow, made him an Aſſignation, and ſent me in her ſtead, to banter him. But when I tell her how you fell into the Snare, and how jealous you were.---- Ha, ha, ha.

Love. Oh my little dear Rogue! was that the matter?---- [*Hugs her.*] O' my Conſcience, thour't ſo ſoft, I believe thou art a Woman ſtill. --- But who was that Man I encounter'd juſt now?

Lean. A Man! 'Twas certainly *Roebuck.*----[*Aſide.*] Some of the Foot-men, I ſuppoſe. ---- Come, Sir, I muſt conduct

you

you out immediately, leſt ſome more of 'em meet you.

Conducts him to the Door and returns.

He certainly was here, and I have miſs'd him,
Fortune delights with Innocence to play,
And loves to hoodwink thoſe already blind.
Wary Deceit can many by-ways tread,
To ſhun the Blocks in Vertues open Road,
Whilſt heedleſs Innocence ſtill falls on Ruin;
Yet, whilſt by Love inſpir'd, I will purſue
What Men by Courage, we by Love can do.
Not even his Falſhood ſhall my Claim remove;
From mutual Fires none can true Paſſion prove;
For like to like, is Gratitude not Love.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *An Anti-chamber in* Lucinda's *Houſe; the Flat* Scene *half open, diſcovers a Bed-Chamber;* Lucinda *in her Night-Gown, and reading by a Table.*

Enter Roebuck *groping his way.*

Roeb. ON what new happy Climate am I thrown? This Houſe is Love's Labyrinth; I have ſtumbled into it by chance. ---- Ha! an Illuſion! let me look again. ----Eyes, if you play me falſe, [*Looking about.*] I'll pluck ye out. ----'Tis ſhe! 'tis *Lucinda!* alone, undreſs'd, in a Bed-chamber, between Eleven and Twelve a Clock. ---- A bleſſed Opportunity!--- Now if her innate Principle of Vertue defend her, then is my innate Principle of Manhood not worth Two-pence. ----- Hold, ſhe comes forward. ------ [Lucinda *approaches reading.*

Luc. Unjuſt Prerogative of faithleſs Man,
Abuſing Pow'r which partial Heaven has granted!
In former Ages, Love and Honour ſtood
As Props and Beauties to the Female Cauſe;
But now lie proſtitute to Scorn and Sport.
Man, made our Monarch, is a Tyrant grown,
And Woman-kind muſt bear a ſecond Fall.

Roeb.

Roeb. [*Aside.*] Ay, and a third too, or I'm mistaken. ---- I must divert this plaguy Romantick Humour.

Luc. While Vertue guided Peace, and Honour War,
Their Fruits and Spoils were Off'rings made to Love.

Roeb. And 'tis so still; for (*raising his Voice.*)
Beau with earliest Cherries Mis does grace,
And Soldier offers Spoils of *Flanders* Lace.

Luc. Ha; --- Protect me, Heav'ns! what art thou?

Roeb. A Man, Madam.

Luc. What accursed Spirit has driven you hither?

Roeb. The Spirit of Flesh and Blood, Madam.

Luc. Sir, what Encouragement have you ever received to prompt you to this Impudence?

Roeb. Umph! I must not own the Reception of a Note from her. (*Aside.*) Faith, Madam, I know not whether to attribute it to Chance, Fortune, my good Stars, my Fate, or my Destiny: But here I am, Madam, and here I will be. (*Taking her by the Hand.*

Luc. (*Pulling her Hand away.*) If a Gentleman, my Commands may cause you to withdraw; if a Ruffian, my Footmen shall dispose of you.

Roeb. Madam, I'm a Gentleman; I know how to oblige a Lady, and how to save her Reputation. My Love and Honour go link'd together; they are my Principals: and if you'll be my Second, we'll engage immediately.

Luc. Stand off, Sir; the Name of Love and Honour are burlesqu'd by thy professing 'em. Thy Love is Impudence, and thy Honour a Cheat. Thy Mien and Habit shew thee a Gentleman; but thy Behaviour is brutal. Thou art a *Centaur*; only one part Man, and the other Beast.

Roeb. Philosophy in Petticoats! No wonder Women wear the Breeches; (*Aside.*) and, Madam, you are a Demi-Goddess; only one part Woman, 'tother Angel; and thus divided, claim my Love and Adoration.

Luc. Honourable Love is the Parent of Mankind; but thine is the Corrupter and Debaser of it. -- The Passion of you Libertines, is like your Drunkenness; heat of Lust, as 'tother is of Wine, and off with the next Sleep.

Roeb. No, Madam; an Hair of the same ---- is my Receipt. ---- Come, come, Madam, all things are laid to rest that will disturb our Pleasure; whole Nature favours us; the kind indulgent Stars that directed me hither, wink at what we are about. ---- 'Twere jilting of Fortune to be now idle; and she, like a true Woman, once baulk'd, never affords a second

Oppor-

Opportunity. ---- I'll put out the Candle, the Torch of Love shall light us to Bed.

Luc. To Bed, Sir! --- Thou hast Impudence enough to draw thy Rationality in Question. Whence proceeds it? From a vain thought of thy own Graces, or an Opinion of my Vertue? --- If from the latter, know that I am a Woman, whose Modesty dare not doubt my Vertue; yet have so much Pride to support it, that the dying Groans of thy whole Sex, at my Feet, shou'd not extort an immodest Thought from me.

Roeb. Your Thoughts may be as modest as you please, Madam. --- You shall be as vertuous to morrow Morning as e'er a Nun in *Europe*; the Opinion of the World shall proclaim you such, and that's the surest Charter the most rigid Vertue in *England* is held by. The Night has no Eyes to see, nor have I a Tongue to tell: One Kiss shall seal up my Lips for ever.

Luc. That uncharitable Censure of Women, argues the meanness of thy Conversation.

Roeb. Her superiour Vertue awes me into Coldness. ----- 'Slife! it can't be Twelve sure. ----Night's a Lyar. [*Draws out his Watch.*

Luc. Sir, if you won't be gone, I must fetch those shall conduct you hence. --- -My Eyes are dazled sure, [*Passing by him towards the Door, she perceives the Jewel ty'd to the Watch.* Pray, Sir, let me see that Jewel.

Roeb. By Heavens, she has a mind to't! --- Oh, 'tis at your Service with all my Soul.

Luc. Wrong not my Vertue by so poor a Thought. --- But answer directly, as you are a Gentleman, to what I now shall ask: whence had you that Jewel?

Roeb. I exchanged Watches with a Gentleman, and had this Jewel into the bargain. He valu'd it not, 'twas a Trifle from a Mistress.

Luc. A Trifle, said he: ----Oh Indignation! slighted thus! ---- I'll put a Jewel out of his Power, that he wou'd pawn his Soul to retrieve. ---- If you be a Gentleman, Sir, whom Gratitude can work up to Love, or a vertuous Wife reclaim, I'll make you a large return for that Trifle.

Roeb. Hey-day! a Wife, said she.

Luc. What's your Name, Sir? and of what Country?

Roeb. My Name's *Roebuck*, Madam.

Luc. Roebuck!

Roeb. 'Sdeath! I forgot my Instructions. ---- *Mockmode*, Madam. --- *Roebuck Mockmode*, my Name, and Sir-name.

Luc. Mockmode, my 'Squire! it can't be! But if it shou'd,

I've

I've made the better Exchange.-----Of what Family are you, Sir?

Roeb. Of *Mockmodo-Hall* in *Shropſhire*, Madam, My Father's lately dead; I came lately from the Univerſity; I have Fifteen hundred Acres of as good fighting Ground as any in *England*.---'Twas lucky I met that Blockhead to day. [*Aſide.*

Luc. The very ſame.-----And had you any Directions to court a Lady in *London*?

Roeb. Umph!---How ſhou'd I have found the way hither elſe, Madam? What the Devil will this come to? [*Aſide.*

Luc. My Fool that I dreamt of, I find a pretty Gentleman. ----Dreams go by Contraries.---Well, Sir, I am the Lady; and if your Deſigns are honourable, I'm yours; take a turn in the Garden, till I ſend for my Chaplain: You muſt take me immediately, for if I cool, I'm loſt for ever. [*Exit.*

Roeb. I think I am become a very ſober *Shropſhire* Gentleman in good earneſt; I don't ſtart at the Name of the Parſon. -----Oh Fortune! Fortune! what art thou doing? If thou and my Friend will throw me into the Arms of a fine Lady, and great Fortune, how the Devil can I help it! Oh but, Zoons, there's Marriage! Ay, but there's Money.---Oh but there are Children, ſquawling Children. Ay, but then there are *Rickets* and *Small-Pox*, which perhaps may carry them all away.-----Oh but there's Horns! Horns! Ay, but then I ſhall go to Heaven; for 'tis but reaſonable, ſince all Marriages are made in Heaven, that all Cuckolds ſhould go thither.---- But then, there's *Leanthe!* that ſticks. I love her, witneſs, Heaven, I love her to that Degree.----Pſhaw, I ſhall whine preſently. I love her as well as any Woman; and what can he expect more? I can't drag a Lover's Chain a hundred Miles by Land, and a hundred Leagues by Water.----Fortune has decreed it otherwiſe.----So lead on, blind Guide, I follow thee; and when the Blind leads the Blind, no wonder they both fall into---Matrimony. [*Going out, meets* Leanthe. Oh my dear auſpicious little *Mercury!* let me kiſs thee.--- Go tell thy Charming Miſtreſs, I obey her Commands. [*Exit.*

Enter Leanthe.

Lean. Her Commands! Oh Heavens! I muſt follow him. [*Going.*

Luc. Page, Page.

Lean. Oh my curs'd Fortune! bau'k'd again!---Madam.

Luc. Call my Chaplain; I'm to be marry'd preſently.

Lean. Marry'd ſo ſuddenly! To whom, pray Madam?

Luc. To the Gentleman you met going hence juſt now.

Lean. Oh Heavens! your Ladyſhip is not in earneſt, Madam?

Luc. What, is Matrimony to be made a Jeſt of? Don't be impertinent, Boy; call him inſtantly.

Lean. What ſhall I do?------Oh, Madam, ſuſpend it till the Morning, for Heav'n's ſake. Mr. *Lovewell*'s in the Houſe; I met him not half an Hour ago; and he will certainly kill the Gentleman, and perhaps harm your Ladyſhip.

Luc. Lovewell in my Houſe! How came he hither?

Lean. I know not, Madam. I ſaw him, and talk'd to him; he had his Sword drawn, and he threatned every body. Pray delay it to Night, Madam.

Luc. No, I'm reſolv'd; and I'll prevent his diſcovering us; I'll put on a Suit of your Cloaths, and order *Pindreſs* to carry her Night-Gown to the Gentleman in the Garden, and bid him meet me in the lower Arbour, in the Weſt Corner, and ſend the Chaplain thither inſtantly. [*Exit.*

Lean. Hold, fortune, hold; thou haſt entirely won;
For I am loſt. Thus long I have been rack'd
On thy tormenting Wheel, and now my Heart-ſtrings break.
Diſcovering who I am, expoſes me to Shame.
Then what on Earth can help me?

Enter Pindreſs.

Pin. Oh Lord, Page, what's the matter? Here's old doings, or rather new doings. Prithee, let you and I throw in our Two-pence apiece into this Marriage-Lottery.

Lean. You'll draw nothing but Blanks, I'll aſſure you, from me.-----But ſtay let me conſider o'th' Buſineſs.

Pin. No Conſideration; the Bus'neſs muſt be done hand over-head.

Lean. Well, I have one Card to play ſtill; and with you, *Pindreſs*. [*Takes her Hand.*

Pin. You expect tho' that I ſhould turn up Trumps.

Lean. No, not if I ſhuffle right. [*Aſide.*]---Well, *Pindreſs*, 'tis a Match. Be gone to the lower Arbour, at the Weſt-corner of the Garden, and I'll come to thee immediately with the Chaplain. You muſt not whiſper, for we muſt paſs upon the Chaplain for my Lady and the Gentleman.-----Haſte.

Pin. Sha'n't I put on my new Gown firſt?

Lean. No, no, you ſhall have a Green-Gown for your Wedding in the Arbour.

Pin. A Green-Gown!-----Well all Fleſh is Graſs.

Lean. Make haſte, my Spouſe, fly.

Pin. And will you come? will you be ſure to come? -------O my little Green-Gooſeberry, my Teeth Waters at ye.------

Lean. Now Chance.----No, thou'rt blind.

Then Love, be thou my Guide, and set me right;
Tho' blind, like Chance, you have best Eyes by Night. [Exit.

SCENE Bullfinch's *House.*

Enter Lovewell, Brush *and* Servant.

Love. Mr. *Lyrick* abroad, say'st thou! and *Mockmode* with him!

Serv. All abroad, my Mistress and all.

Love. I don't understand this.------*Brush*, run to *Lucinda*'s Lodgings, and observe what's doing there: I spy'd some hasty Lights glancing thro' the Rooms; I'll follow you presently. [*Exit* Brush.]---Can't you inform me which way they went?

Serv. Perhaps Mr. *Mockmode*'s Man can inform ye.

Love. Pray call him.

Serv. Mr. *Club*, Mr. *Club.*

Love. What, is the Fellow deaf?

Serv. No, Sir, but he's asleep, and in Bed.----- Mr. *Club*, Mr. *Club.*

Club. Augh----[*Yawning*] I'm asleep, I'm asleep; don't wake me.-----Augh.

Serv. Here's a Gentleman wants ye.

Enter Club, *with his Coat unbutton'd, his Garters unty'd, scratching and yawning, as newly waken'd from Bed.*

Club. Pox o'your *London* Breeding; what makes you waken a Man out of his Sleep that way?

Love. Where's your Master, pray Sir?

Club. Augh.------'Tis a sad thing to be broken of ones Rest this way.

Love. Can you inform me where your Master's gone?

Club. My Master!-----Augh----- [*Stretching and yawning.*

Love. Yes, Sir, your Master.

Club. My Master!------Augh.-----What a Clock is it, Sir? I believe 'tis past Midnight, for I have gotten my first Sleep. ----Augh-----

Love. Thou'rt asleep still, Blockhead. Answer me, or---- Where's your Master?

Club. Augh.------I had the pleasantest Dream when you call'd me------Augh.------I thought my Master's great black Stone-horse had broke loose among the Mares.--------Augh. ------And so, Sir, you call'd me.-----Augh.----- And so I waken'd.

Love. Sirrah, [*Strikes him.*]-----Now your Dream's out, I hope.

Club. Zauns, Sir! what d'ye mean, Sir? My Master's as good a Man as you, Sir; Dem me, Sir.

Love. Tell me presently where your Master is, Sirrah, or I'll dust the Secret out of your Jacket.

Club. Oh Sir, your Name's *Lovewell*, Sir!

Love. What then, Sir?

Club. Why then my Master is ----- where you are not, Sir. ----- My Master's in a fine Ladies Arms, and you are ---- here, I take it. [*Shrugging.*

Love. Has he got a Whore a Bed with him?

Club. He may be Father to the Son of a Whore by this time, if your Mistress *Lucinda* be one. Mr. *Lyrick* did his Bus'ness, and my Master will do her Bus'ness, I warrant him, if o'th' right *Shropshire* Breed, which I'm sure he is, for my Mother nurs'd him on my Milk.

Love. Two Calves suckl'd on the same Cow---Ha, ha, ha. Gramercy Poet; has he brought the Play to a Catastrophe so soon? A rare Executioner, to clap him in the Female Pillory already! Ha, ha, ha.

Club. Ay, Sir; and a Pillory, that you wou'd give your Ears for; I warrant, you think my Master's over Head and Ears in the *Irish* Quagmire you wou'd have drown'd him in. But, Sir, we have found the bottom on't.

Love. He may pass over the Quagmire, Sirrah; for there were stepping Stones laid in his way.

Club. He has got over dry-shod, I'll assure you. ---- Pray, Sir, did not you receive a Note from *Lucinda*, the true *Lucinda*, to meet her at Ten in her Garden, to Night? --- Why don't you laugh now,? Ha, ha, ha.

Love. 'Sdeath, Rascal, What Intelligence cou'd you have of that?

Club. Hold, Sir, I have more Intelligence. You threw Mr. *Lyrick* his Poem, in a hurry, in the Park, and justled that sweet Letter out of your Pocket, Sir. This Letter fell into my Master's Hands, Sir, and discover'd your Sham, Sir, your Trick, Sir. Now, Sir, I think you're as deep in the Mud as he is in the Mire.

Love. Curs'd Misfortune! --- And where are they gone, Sir? Quickly, the Truth, the whole Truth, Dog, or I'll spit you like a Sparrow.

Club. I design to tell you, Sir. Mr. *Lyrick*, Sir, being my Master's intimate Friend, or so, upon a Bribe of a Hundred Pounds, or so, has sided with him, taken him to *Lucinda*'s Garden in your stead, and there's a Parson, and all, and so forth. ------- Now, Sir, I hope the Poet has brought the Play

Play to a very good Cata-----Cata---what d'ye call him, Sir?

Love. 'Twas he I encounter'd in the Garden.------'Sdeath! Trick'd by the Poet; I'll cut off one of his Limbs, I'll make a Synalœpha of him; I'll-----

Club. He, he, he!---Two Calves ſuck'd on the ſame Cow!---He, he!

Love. Nay, then I begin with you. [*Drubs him.*

Club. Zauns! Murder! Dem me! Zauns! Murder! Zauns! [*Runs off, and* Lovewell *after him.*

SCENE *changes to the Anti-Chamber in* Lucinda's *Houſe; a Hat and Sword on the Table.*

Enter Bruſh.

Bruſh. I have been peeping and crouching about like a Cat a mouſing. Ha! I ſmell a Rat----A Sword and Hat!---There are certainly a pair of Breeches appertaining to theſe, and may be lap'd up in my Lady's Lavender, who knows!----- [*Liſtens.*

Enter Lovewell *in a hurry.*

Love. What, Sir? What are you doing? I'm ruin'd, trick'd.----

Bruſh. I believe ſo too, Sir.-----See here!--- [*Shews the Hat and Sword.*

Love. By all my Hopes, *Roebuck*'s Hat and Sword. This is Miſchief upon Miſchief. Run you to the Garden, Sirrah; and if you find any Body ſecure 'em, I'll ſearch the Houſe.---I'm ruin'd!----Fly.----*Roebuck*?----What hoa?---*Roebuck*?----hoa?

Enter Roebuck *unbutton'd; runs to* Lovewell *and embraces him.*

Roeb. Dear, dear *Lovewell*, wiſh me Joy, wiſh me Joy, my Friend.

Love. Of what, Sir?

Roeb. Of the deareſt, tender'ſt, whiteſt, ſofteſt Bride, that ever bleſt Man's Arms. I'm all Air, all a *Cupid*, all Wings, and muſt fly again to her Embraces. Detain me not, my Friend.

Love. Hold, Sir; I hope you mock me! tho' that it ſelf's unkind.

Roeb. Mock you!---By Heav'ns, no! She's more than Senſe

can bear, or Tongue expreſs.------- O *Lucinda!* Shou'd Heaven----

Love. Hold, Sir, no more.

Roeb. I'm on the Rack of Pleaſure, and muſt confeſs all.
When her ſoft melting, white, and yielding Waſte,
Within my preſſing Arms was folded faſt,
Our Lips were melted down by Heat of Love,
And lay incorporate in liquid Kiſſes,
Whilſt in ſoft broken Sighs, we catch'd each other's Souls.

Love. Come, come, *Roebuck*, no more of this Extravagance. ------By Heav'n I ſwear you ſha'n't marry her.

Roeb. By Heav'n I ſwear ſo too; for I'm marry'd already.

Love. Then thou'rt a Villain.

Roeb. A Villain, Man!------ Pſhaw, that's Nonſenſe. A poor Fellow can no ſooner get marry'd, than you imagine he may be call'd a Villain preſently.---You may call me Fool, a Blockhead, or an Aſs, by the Authority of Cuſtom: But why a Villain, for God's ſake?

Love. Did not you engage to meet, and fight a Gentleman for me in *Moorfields*?

Roeb. Did not you promiſe to engage a Lady for me at the Fountain, Sir?

Love. This *Lucinda* is my Miſtreſs, Sir.

Roeb. This *Lucinda*, Sir, is my Wife.

Love. Then this decides the matter.-----Draw.

[*Throws* Roebuck *his Sword and draws his own.*

Roeb. Prithee be quiet, Man, I've other Buſineſs to mind on my Wedding-night. I muſt in to my Bride. [*Going.*

Love. Hold, Sir; move a ſtep, and by Heavens I'll ſtab thee.

Roeb. Put up, put up; Pſhaw, I a'n't prepared to die; I a'n't, Devil take me.

Love. Do you dally with me, Sir?

Roeb. Why, you won't be ſo unconſcionable as to kill a Man ſo ſuddenly; I ha'n't made my Will yet. Perhaps I may leave you a Legacy.

Love. Pardon me, Heavens, if preſs'd by ſtinging Taunts, my Paſſion urge my Arm to act what's foul.

[*Offers to puſh at him.*

Roeb. Hold. [*Taking up his Sword.*] 'Tis ſafeſt making Peace, they ſay, with Sword in Hand.------I'll tell thee what, *Ned*; I wou'd not loſe this Night's Pleaſure for the Honour of fighting and vanquiſhing the Seven Champions of *Chriſtendom*.

Permit

Permit me then but this Night to return to the Arms of my dear Bride, and Faith and Troth I'll take a fair Thruſt with you to morrow Morning.

Love. What! beg a poor Reprieve for Life! ----Then thou'rt a Coward.

Roeb. You imagin'd the contrary, when you employ'd me to fight for you in *Moorfields*.

Love. Will nothing move thy Gall?---- Thou'rt baſe, ungrateful.

Roeb. Ungrateful, I love thee, *Ned*; by Heavens, my Friend, I love thee: Therefore name not that Word again, for ſuch a Repetition wou'd overpay all thy Favours.

Love. A cheap, a very cheap way of making Acknowledgment, and therefore thou haſt catch'd it, which makes thee more ungrateful.

Roeb. My Friendſhip even yet does balance Paſſion; but throw in the leaſt Grain more of an Affront, and by Heaven you turn the Scale.

Love. [*Pauſing.*] No, I've thought better; my Reaſon clears: She's not worth my Sword; a Bully only ſhou'd draw in her Defence, for ſhe's falſe, a Proſtitute. [*Puts up his Sword.*

Roeb. A Proſtitute! by Heavens thou ly'ſt. [*Draws.*]---Thou haſt blaſphem'd. Her Vertue anſwers the uncorrupted State of Woman; ſo much above Modeſty, that it mocks Temptation. She has convinc'd me of the bright Honour of her Sex, and I ſtand Champion now for the fair Female Cauſe.

Love. Then I have loſt what nought on Earth can pay. Curſe on all Doubts, all Jealouſies, that deſtroy our preſent Happineſs, by miſtruſting the future. Thus Misbelievers making their Heaven uncertain, find a certain Hell. ----- And is ſhe vertuous? ----- ſound the bold Charge aloud, which does proclaim me guilty.

Roeb. By Heavens, as vertuous as thy Siſter.

Love. My Siſter! -----Ha!---- I fear, Sir, your Marriage with *Lucinda* has wrong'd my Siſter; for her you courted, and I heard ſhe lov'd you.

Roeb. I courted her, 'tis true, and lov'd her alſo; nay, my Love to her rival'd my Friendſhip tow'rds ---; and had my Fate allow'd me time for Thought, her dear Remembrance might have ſtop'd the Marriage. But ſince 'tis paſt I muſt own to you, to her, and all the World, that I caſt off all former Paſſion, and ſhall henceforth confine my Love to the dear Circle of her charming Arms from which I juſt now parted.

Enter Leanthe *in Woman's looſe Apparel.*

Lean. I take you at your Word. Theſe are the Arms that held you.

Roeb. Oh God's and Happineſs! *Leanthe!*

Love. My Siſter! Heavens! It cannot be.

Roeb. By Heavens it can, it ſhall, it muſt be ſo. ----- For none on Earth could give ſuch Joys but ſhe. ----- Who wou'd have thought my Joys cou'd bear Increaſe? *Lovewell*, my Friend! This is thy Siſter! 'Tis *Leanthe!* My Miſtreſs, my Bride, my Wife.

Lean. I am your Siſter, Sir, as ſuch I beg you to pardon the Effect of violent Paſſion, which has driven me into ſome imprudent Actions: But none ſuch as may blot the Honour of my Virtue, or Family. To hold you no longer in ſuſpence, 'twas I brought the Letter from *Leanthe*; 'twas I manag'd the Intrigue with *Lucinda*; I ſent the Note to Mr. *Roebuck* this Afternoon; and I-----

Roeb. That was the Bride of happy me.

Love. Thou art my Siſter and my Guardian-Angel; for thou haſt bleſs'd thy ſelf, and bleſs'd thy Brother. *Lucinda* ſtill is ſafe, and may be mine.

Roeb. May! ----- She ſhall be thine, my Friend.

Love. Where is *Lucinda*?

Enter Mockmode.

Mock. Not far off; tho' far enough from you, by the Univerſe.

Lean. You muſt give me leave not to believe you, Sir.

Mock. Oh, Madam! I crave you ten thouſand Pardons, by the Univerſe, Madam. ------ Zauns, Madam, Dem me, Madam. [*Offers to ſalute her awkardly.*

Love. By your leave, Sir. ---- [*Thruſts him back.*

Roeb. Ah, Couſin *Mockmode!* ----- How do all our Friends in *Shropſhire*? -----

Mock. Now, Gentlemen, I thank you all for your Trick, your Sham. You imagine I have got your Whore, Couſin, your Crack. But Gentlemen, by the Aſſiſtance of a Poet, your *Sheely* is metamorphos'd into the real *Lucinda*; which your Eyes ſhall teſtifie. Bring in the Jury there ----- Guilty or not Guilty?

Enter

Enter Lyrick *and* Trudge.

Trud. Oh my dear *Roebuck!* [Trudge *seeing* Roebuck, *throws off her Masque, flies to him, takes him about the Neck and kisses him.*] And Faith is it you, dear Joy? And where have you been these seven long Years?

Mock. Zauns!

Roeb. Hold off, stale Iniquity. ---- Madam, you'll pardon this? ---- [*To* Leanthe.

Trud. Indeed I won't live with that Stranger. You promised to marry me, so you did. ---- Ah Sir, *Neddy*'s a brave Boy, God bless him; he's a whole Armful; Lord knows, I had a heavy Load of him.

Love. Guilty, or not Guilty, Mr. *Mockmode*?

Mock. 'Tis past that; I am condemn'd; I'm hang'd in the Marriage Noose. ----- Hark ye Madam, was this the Doctor that let you Blood under the Tongue for the Quinsey.

Trud. Yes, that it was, Sir.

Mock. Then he may do so again; for the Devil take me if ever I breath a Vein for ye. --- Mr. *Lyrick*, is this your Poetical Friendship?

Lyr. I had only a mind to convince you of your 'Squireship.

Love. Now, Sister, my Fears are over. --- But where's *Lucinda*? How is she disposs'd of?

Lean. The Fear she lay under of being discover'd by you, gave me an Opportunity of imposing *Pindress* upon her instead of this Gentleman, whom she expected to wear one of *Pindress*'s Night-Gowns as a Disguise. To make the Cheat more current, she disguis'd her self in my Cloaths, which has made her pass on her Maid for me; and I by that Opportunity putting on a Suit of her's, past upon this Gentleman for *Lucinda*, my next Business is to find her out, and beg her Pardon, endeavour her Reconcilement to you, which the Discovery of the Mistakes between both will easily effect.

[*Exit.*

Roeb. Well, Sir, [*To* Lyrick.] how was your Plot carried on?

Lyr. Why this Squire (will you give me leave to call you so now?) this Squire had a mind to personate *Lovewell*, to catch *Lucinda*. --- So I made *Trudge* to personate *Lucinda*, and snap him in this very Garden.---- Now, Sir, you'll give me leave to write your *Epithalamium*?

Mock.

Mock. My *Epithalamium!* my *Epitaph*, Screech-Owl, for I'm buried alive. But I hope you'll return my hundred Pound I gave you for marrying me.

Lyr. No; but for five hundred more I'll unmarry you. Theſe are hard Times, and Men of Induſtry muſt make Money.

Mock. Here's the Money, by the Univerſe, Sir; a Bill of five hundred Pound Sterling upon Mr. *Ditto* the Mercer in *Cheapſide*. Bring me a Reprieve, and 'tis yours.

Lyr. Lay it in that Gentleman's Hands.

[*Gives* Roebuck *the Bill.*

The Executioner ſhall cut the Rope. [*Goes to the Door, and brings in* Bullfinch *dreſs'd like a Parſon.*

Here's Revelation for you! ---- [*Pulls open the Gown.*

Mock. Oh thou damn'd Whore of *Babylon!*

Love. What Pope *Joan* the Second! Were you the Prieſt?

Bull. Of the Poet's Ordination.

Lyr. Ay, ay, before the time of Chriſtianity the Poets were Prieſts.

Mock. No wonder then that all the World were Heathens.

Lyr. How d'ye like the Plot? Wou'd it not do well for a Play? ---- My Money, Sir. ---- [*To* Roebuck,

Roeb. No, Sir; it belongs to this Gentlewoman. ------- [*Gives it to* Trudge.] you have divorc'd her, and muſt give her ſeparate Maintenance. ---- There's another turn of Plot you were not aware of, Mr. *Lyrick.*

Enter Lucinda, Leanthe, *and* Pindreſs.

Luc. You have told me Wonders.

Lean. Here are theſe can teſtifie the Truth. This Gentleman is the real Mr. *Mockmode*, and much ſuch another Perſon as your Dream repreſented.

Roeb. I hope, Madam, you'll pardon my diſſembling, ſince only the Hopes of ſo great a Purchaſe cou'd cauſe it.

Luc. Let my wiſhing you much Joy and Happineſs in your Bride, teſtify my Reconciliation; and at the Requeſt of your Siſter, Mr. *Lovewell*, I pardon your paſt Jealouſies. You threatned me, Mr. *Lovewell*, with an *Iriſh* Entertainment at my Wedding. I wiſh it preſent now, to aſſiſt at your Siſter's Nuptials.

Lean. At my laſt going hence, I ſent for 'em, and they're ready.

Love.

Love. Call 'em in then.

[*An* Iriſh *Entertainment of three Men and three Women, dreſs'd after the* Fingallian *Faſhion.*

Luc. I muſt reward your Siſter, Mr. *Lovewell*, for the many Services done me as my Page. I therefore ſettle my Fortune and my ſelf on you, on this Condition, That you make over your Eſtate in *Ireland* to your Siſter, and that Gentleman.

Love. 'Tis done, only with this Proviſo, Brother, That you forſake your Extravagancies.

Roeb. Brother, you know I always ſlighted Gold,
But moſt when offer'd as a ſordid Bribe.
I ſcorn to be brib'd even to Vertue,
But for bright Vertue's ſake, I here embrace it. [*Embracing* Leanthe.
I have eſpous'd all Goodneſs with *Leanthe*,
And am divorc'd from all my former Follies.

Woman's our Fate. Wild and unlawful Flames
Debauch us firſt, and ſofter Love reclaims.
Thus Paradiſe was loſt by Woman's Fall
But vertuous Woman thus reſtores it all. [Exeunt omnes.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE:

Written and ſpoke by Jo. HAYNES in Mourning.

I Come not here, your Poet's Fate to ſee,
He and his Play may both be damn'd for me:
No, Royal Theatre, I come to Mourn *for* Thee.
And muſt theſe Structures then untimely fall,
Whilſt th' other Houſe ſtands, and gets the Devil and all?
Muſt ſtill kind Fortune through all Weathers ſteer 'em?
And Beauties bloom there ſpight of Edax Rerum.
Vivitur Ingenio, *that damn'd Motto there,* [Looking up at it.
Seduc'd me firſt to be a wicked Player.
Hard Times indeed; Oh Tempora! *Oh* Mores!
I knew that Stage muſt down, where not one Whore is.

But can you have the Hearts tho'? ---(Pray now ſpeak,)
After all our Services, to let us break;
You cannot do't, unleſs the Devil's in ye,
What Arts, what Merit, ha'n't we us'd to win ye?
Firſt, to divert ye with ſome new French *Strowlers;*
We brought ye Bona Sere's, Barba Colars. [Mocking the late Singers.
When their Male-Throats no longer drew your Money;
We got ye an Eunuch's Pipe, Seignior Rampony.
That Beardleſs Songſter we cou'd ne'er make much on;
The Females found a damn'd Blotch in her Scutcheon.
An Italian *now we've got of mighty Fame,*
Don Sigiſmondo Fideli. ---*There's Muſick in his Name;*
His Voice is like the Muſick of the Spheres,
It ſhou'd be Heavenly for the Price it bears. 20*l.* a time.
He's a handſome Fellow too, looks briſk and trim:
If he don't take ye, then the Devil take him.

Beſides,

EPILOGUE.

Beſides, leſt our white Faces always mayn't delight ye,
We've Pickt up Gipſies now to pleaſe, or fright yet.

Laſtly to make our Houſe more Courtly ſhine,
As Travel does the Men of Mode refine,
So our Stage-Hero's *did their* Tour *deſign.*
To mend their Manners, *and coarſe* Engliſh *Feeding,*
They went to Ireland, *to improve their* Breeding:
Yet, for all this, we ſtill are at a loſs,
Oh Collier! Collier! *thou'ſt frighted away Miſs* C---s:
She, to return our Foreigner's Complaiſance,
At Cupid's *call, has made a* Trip *to* France.
Love's Fire Arms *here, are ſince not worth a Sous:*
We've loſt the only Touch-hole *of our* Houſe.

Loſing that Jewel, gave us a fatal Blow:
Well, if thin Audience muſt Jo. Haynes *undo,*
Well, if 'tis decreed, nor can thy Fate, *O Stage!*
Reſiſt the Vows of this obdurate Age,
I'll then grow wiſer, leave off playing the Fool,
And hire this Play-houſe for a Boarding-School.
D'ye think the Maids *won't be in a ſweet Condition,*
When they are under Jo. Haynes's *grave Tuition?*
They'll have no occaſion then, I'm ſure, to Play,
They'll have ſuch Comings-in *another way.*

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A

COMEDY.

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THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

Sive favore tuli, sive hanc ego carmine famam;
Jure tibi grates, candide lector, ago.
Ovid. Trist. lib. iv. Eleg. 10.

LONDON:
Printed for RALPH SMITH, 1714.

To the Honourable

Sir *Roger Moſtyn*, Baronet, Of *Moſtyn-Hall* in *Flintſhire*.

SIR,

'TIS no ſmall Reflection on Pieces of this Nature, that Panegyrick is ſo much improv'd, and that Dedication is grown more an Art than Poetry; that Authors, to make their Patrons more than Men, make themſelves leſs; and that Perſons of Honour are forc'd to decline Patronizing Wit, becauſe their Modeſty cannot bear the groſs Strokes of Adulation.

But give me leave to ſay, Sir, that I am too young an Author to have learnt the Art of Flattery; and, I hope, the ſame Modeſty which recommended this Play *to the World, will alſo reconcile my Addreſſes to you, of whom I can ſay nothing but what your* Merits *may warrant, and all that have the Honour of your Acquaintance will be proud to vindicate.*

The greateſt Panegyrick *upon you, Sir, is the unprejudic'd and bare Truth of your Character, the Fire of Youth, with the* Sedateneſs *of a* Senator, *and the* Modern Gaiety *of a fine* Engliſh *Gentleman, with the Noble* Solidity *of the Ancient* Briton.

This is the Character, Sir, which all Men, *but your ſelf, are proud to publiſh of You, and which more celebrated* Pens *than mine ſhould tranſmit to Poſterity.*

The Play *has had ſome noble Appearances to honour its* Repreſentation; *and to complete the* Succeſs, *I have preſum'd to prefix ſo Noble a Name to uſher it into the World. A ſtately* Frontiſpiece *is the Beauty of a Building. But here I muſt tranſverſe* Ovid:

Materia ſuperabit Opus.

I am, Honourable Sir,
Your moſt Devoted,
and Humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

Preface to the Reader.

AN affected Modeſty is very often the greateſt Vanity, and Authors are ſometimes prouder of their Bluſhes than of the Praiſes that occaſion'd them. I ſha'n't therefore, like a Fooliſh Virgin, fly to be purſu'd, and deny what I chiefly wiſh for. I am very willing to acknowledge the Beauties of this Play, eſpecially thoſe of the third Night, which not to be proud of, were the height of Impudence: Who is aſham'd to value himſelf upon ſuch Favours, undervalues thoſe who confer'd them.

As I freely ſubmit to the Criticiſms of the Judicious, ſo I cannot allow this an ill Play, ſince the Town has allow'd it ſuch Succeſs. When they have pardon'd my Faults 'twere very ill Manners to condemn their Indulgence. Some may think (my Acquaintance in Town being too ſlender to make a Party for the Play) that the Succeſs muſt be deriv'd from the pure Merits of the Cauſe. I am of another Opinion: I have not been long enough in Town to raiſe Enemies againſt me; and the *Engliſh* are ſtill kind to Strangers. I am below the Envy of great Wits, and above the Malice of little ones. I have not diſpleaſed the Ladies, nor offended the Clergy; both which are now pleas'd to ſay, that a Comedy may be diverting without Smut and Profaneneſs.

Next to thoſe Advantages, the Beauties of Action gave the greateſt Life to the Play, of which the Town is ſo ſenſible, that all will joyn with me in Commendation of the Actors, and allow (without detracting from the Merit of others) that the *Theatre Royal* affords an excellent and compleat Set of Comedians. Mr. *Wilks*'s Performance has ſet him ſo far above Competition in the part of *Wildair*, that none can pretend to envy the Praiſe due to his Merit. That he made the Part, will appear from hence, that whenever the Stage has the Misfortune to loſe him, Sir *Harry Wildair* may go to the Jubilee.

A great many quarrel at the *Trip to the Jubilee* for a *Miſnomer:* I muſt tell them, that perhaps there are greater Trips in the Play; and when I find that more exact Plays have had better Succeſs, I'll talk with the Criticks about *Decorums*, &c. However, if I ever commit another Fault of this Nature, I'll endeavour to make it more excuſable.

PRO-

PROLOGUE, *By a Friend.*

POETS will think nothing so checks their Fury
As Wits, Cits, Beaux, and Women for their Jury.
Our Spark's half dead to think what Medly's come,
With blended Judgments to pronounce his Doom.
'Tis all false Fear; for in a mingled Pit,
Why, what your grave Don thinks but dully writ,
His Neighbour i'th' great Wig may take for Wit.
Some Authors court the Few, the Wise, if any;
Our Youth's content, if he can reach the many,
Who go with much like Ends to Church and Play,
Not to observe what Priests or Poets say,
No! no! your Thoughts, like theirs, lie quite another way.
The Ladies safe may smile: for here's no Slander,
No Smut, no lewd-tongu'd Beau, no double Entendre.
'Tis true, he has a Spark just come from France,
But then so far from Beau----why, he talks Sense!
Like Coin oft carry'd out, but---seldom brought from thence.
There's yet a Gang to whom our Spark submits,
Your Elbow-shaking Fool, that lives by's Wits,
That's only witty tho', just as he lives, by fits.
Who, Lion-like, through Bailiffs, scours away,
Hunts, in the Face, a Dinner all the Day,
At Night with empty Bowels grumbles o'er the Play.
And now the modish Prentice, he implores,
Who, with his Master's Cash, stol'n out of Doors,
Imploys it on a Brace of-----Honourable Whores;
While their good bulky Mother pleas'd, sits by,
Bawd Regent of the Bubble Gallery.
Next to our mounted Friends, we humble move,
Who all your Side-box Tricks are much above,
And never fail to pay us-----with your Love.
Ah Friends! Poor Dorset *Garden-house is gone;*
Our merry Meetings there are all undone:
Quite lost to us, sure for some strange Misdeeds,
That strong Dog Sampson's *pull'd it o'er our Heads,*
Snaps Rope like Thread; but when his Fortune's told him,
He'll hear perhaps of Rope will one Day hold him:
At least, I hope, that our good-natur'd Town
Will find a way to pull his Prizes down.
Well, that's all! Now Gentlemen for the Play,
On second Thoughts, I've but two Words to say;
Such as it is for your Delight design'd,
Hear it, read, try, judge, and speak as you find.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir *Harry Wildair*,	An airy Gentleman, affecting humerous Gaiety and Freedom in his Behaviour.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Standard,	A disbanded Collonel, brave and generous.	Mr. *Powel.*
Vizard,	Outwardly Pious, otherwiſe a great Debauchee, and Villanous.	Mr. *Mills.*
Smuggler,	An old Merchant.	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Clincher,	A pert *London* Prentice turn'd Beau, and affecting Travel.	Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Clincher jun.	His Brother, educated in the Country.	Mr. *Bullock.*
Dicky his Man,		Mr. *Norris.*
Tom. Errand, a Porter.		Mr. *Haynes.*

WOMEN.

Lurewell,	A Lady of a jilting Temper, proceeding from a Reſentment of her Wrongs from Men.	Mrs. *Verbruggen.*
Lady *Darling*,	An old Lady, Mother to *Angelica.*	Mrs. *Powel.*
Angelica,	A Woman of Honour.	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Parly,	Maid to *Lurewell.*	Mrs. *Moor.*

Conſtable, Mob, Porter's Wife, Servants, &c.

SCENE, *LONDON.*

THE
CONSTANT COUPLE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Vizard *with a Letter, Servant following.*

Vizard. A*Ngelica*, ſend it back unopen'd! ſay you?

Servant. As you ſee, Sir.

Viz. The Pride of theſe virtuous Women is more inſufferable, than the Immodeſty of Proſtitutes----After all my Incouragement to ſlight me thus!

Serv. She ſaid, Sir, that imagining your Morals ſincere, ſhe gave you Acceſs to her Converſation; but that your late Behaviour in her Company has convinc'd her, that your Love and Religion are both Hypocriſie, and that ſhe believes your Letter like your ſelf, fair on the out-ſide, foul within; ſo ſent it back unopen'd.

Viz. May Obſtinacy guard her Beauty till Wrinkles bury it; then may Deſire prevail to make her curſe that untimely Pride her diſappointed Age repents----I'll be reveng'd the very firſt Opportunity-----Saw you the old Lady *Darling*, her Mother?

Serv. Yes, Sir, and ſhe was pleas'd to ſay much in your Commendation.

Viz. That's my Cue----An Eſteem graſted in Old Age is hardly

Rooted out, Years ſtiffen their Opinions with their Bodies,
And old Zeal is only to be cozen'd by young Hypocriſie-----
Run to the Lady *Lurewell*'s, and know of her Maid,
Whether her Ladyſhip will be at home this Evening,
Her Beauty is ſufficient Cure for *Angelica*'s Scorn. [*Exit Serv.*

[Viz. *pulls out a Book, reads, and walks about.*

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. Ay, there's a Pattern for the young Men o'th'Times, at his Meditation ſo early, ſome Book of pious Ejaculations, I'm ſure.

Viz. This *Hobs* is an excellent Fellow! [*Aſide.*] O Uncle *Smuggler!* To find you in this End o'th' Town is a Miracle.

Smug. I have ſeen a Miracle this Morning indeed, Couſin *Vizard.*

Viz. What is it, pray, Sir?

Smug. A Man at his Devotion ſo near the Court-----I'm very glad, Boy, that you keep your Sanctity untainted in this infectious Place; the very Air of this Park is Heatheniſh, and every Man's Breath I meet ſcents of Atheiſm.

Viz. Surely, Sir, ſome great Concern muſt bring you to this unſanctify'd End of the Town.

Smug. A very unſanctify'd Concern, truly Couſin.

Viz. What is't?

Smug. A Law-Suit, Boy-----Shall I tell you?-----My Ship the *Swan* is newly arriv'd from St. *Sebaſtian*, laden with *Portugal* Wines: Now the impudent Rogue of a Tide-waiter has the Face to affirm, 'tis *French* Wines in *Spaniſh* Casks, and has indicted me upon the Statute-----O Conſcience! Conſcience! Theſe Tide-waiters and Surveyors plague us more with their *French* Wines, than the War did with *French* Privateers-----Ay, there's another Plague of the Nation------

Enter Collonel Standard.

A red Coat and Feather.

Viz. Col. *Standard*, I'm your humble Servant.

Stand. May be not, Sir.

Viz. Why ſo?

Stand. Becauſe------I'm disbanded.

Viz. How? Broke!

Stand. This very Morning, in *Hide-Park*, my brave Regiment, a thouſand Men that look'd like Lions yeſterday were ſcatter'd, and look'd as poor and ſimple as the Herd of Deer that graz'd beſide 'em.

Smug. Tal, al, deral [*Singing.*] I'll have a Bonfire this Night as high as the Monument.

Stand.

Stand. A Bonfire! Thou dry, wither'd, ill Nature; had not theſe brave Fellows Swords defended you, your Houſe had been a Bonfire e'er this about your Ears-----Did we not venture our Lives, Sir?

Smug. And did not we pay you for your Lives, Sir?------ Venture your Lives! I'm ſure we ventur'd our Money, and that's Life and Soul to me------Sir, we'll maintain you no longer.

Stand. Then your Wives ſhall, old *Acteon*: There are five and thirty ſtrapping Officers gone this Morning to live upon free Quarter in the City.

Smug. O Lord! O Lord! I ſhall have a Son within theſe nine Months born with a Leading Staff in his Hand----Sir, you are------

Stand. What, Sir?

Smug. Sir, I ſay that you are------

Stand. What, Sir?

Smug. Disbanded, Sir, that's all--------I ſee my Lawyer yonder. [*Exit.*

Viz. Sir, I'm very ſorry for your Misfortune.

Stand. Why ſo? I don't come to borrow Money of you; if you're my Friend, meet me this Evening at the *Rummer*, I'll pay my Foy, drink a Health to my King, Proſperity to my Country; and away for *Hungary* to morrow Morning.

Viz. What! you won't leave us?

Stand. What! A Soldier ſtay here! To look like an old pair of Colours in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, ragged and ruſty! No, no-----I met yeſterday a broken Lieutenant, he was aſham'd to own that he wanted a Dinner, but begg'd Eighteen-pence of me to buy a new Sheath for his Sword.

Viz. O, but you have good Friends, Collonel!

Stand. O, very good Friends! My Father's a Lord, and my elder Brother a Beau.

Viz. But your Country may perhaps want your Sword agen.

Stand. Nay, for that matter, let but a ſingle Drum beat up for Volunteers between *Ludgate* and *Charing-Croſs*, and I ſhall undoubtedly hear it at the Walls of *Buda*.

Viz. Come, come, Collonel, there are ways of making your Fortune at home-----Make your Addreſſes to the Fair, you're a Man of Honour and Courage.

Stand. Ay, my Courage is like to do me wondrous Service with the Fair: This pretty croſs Cut over my Eye will attract a Dutcheſs--------I warrant 'twill be a mighty Grace

to my Ogling.----Had I us'd the Stratagem of a certain Brother Collonel of mine, I might succeed.

Viz. What was it, pray?

Stand. Why, to save his pretty Face for the Women, he always turn'd his Back upon the Enemy.-----He was a Man of Honour for the Ladies.

Viz. Come, come, the Lovers of *Mars* and *Venus* will never fail, you must get a Mistress.

Stand. Prithee, no more on't.------You have awaken'd a Thought; from which, and the Kingdom, I wou'd have stoll'n away at once.----- To be plain, I have a Mistress.

Viz. And she's cruel.

Stand. No.

Viz. Her Parents prevent your Happiness.

Stand. Nor that.

Viz. Then she has no Fortune.

Stand. A large one; Beauty to tempt all Mankind, and Virtue to beat off their Assaults. O *Vizard!* such a Creature!---- Hey Day! Who the Devil have we here?

Viz. The Joy of the Playhouse, and Life of the Park;

(*Enter Sir* Harry Wildair, *crosses the Stage singing, with Footmen after him.*)

Sir *Harry Wildair* newly come from *Paris.*

Stand. Sir *Harry Wildair!* Did not he make a Campaign in *Flanders* some three or four Years ago?

Viz. The same.

Stand. Why, he behaved himself very bravely.

Viz. Why not? Do'st think Bravery and Gaity are inconsistent? He's a Gentleman of most happy Circumstances, born to a plentiful Estate; has had a Genteel and easie Education, free from the Rigidness of Teachers, and Pedantry of Schools. His florid Constitution being never ruffled by Misfortune, nor stinted in its Pleasures, has render'd him entertaining to others, and easie to himself.----Turning all Passion into Gaity of Humour, by which he chuses rather to rejoyce his Friends, than be hated by any; as you shall see.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha, *Vizard!*

Viz. Sir *Harry!*

Wild. Who thought to find you out of the *Rubrick* so long? I thought thy Hypocrisie had been wedded to a Pulpit-Cushion long ago.----- Sir, if I mistake not your Face, your Name is *Standard.*

Stand. Sir *Harry*, I'm your humble Servant.

Wild.

Wild. Come, Gentlemen, the News, the News o'th' Town, for I'm juſt arriv'd.

Viz. Why, in the City-end o'th' Town we're playing the Knave, to get Eſtates.

Stand. And in the Court-end playing the Fool, in ſpending 'em.

Wild. Juſt ſo in *Paris*; I'm glad we're grown ſo modiſh.

Viz. We are all ſo reform'd, that Gallantry is taken for Vice.

Stand. And Hypocriſie for Religion.

Wild. Alamode de Paris, agen.

Viz. Not one Whore between *Ludgate* and *Aldgate*.

Stand. But ten times more Cuckolds than ever.

Viz. Nothing like an Oath in the City.

Stand. That's a Miſtake; for my Major ſwore a hundred and fifty laſt night to a Merchant's Wife in her Bed-chamber.

Wild. Pſhaw, this is trifling; tell me News, Gentlemen. What Lord has lately broke his Fortune at the Groom-Porters? or his Heart at *New-Market*, for the loſs of a Race? What Wife has been lately ſuing in *Doctors-Commons* for Alimony? or, what Daughter run away with her Father's *Valet*? What Beau gave the nobleſt Ball at the *Bath*, or had the fineſt Coach in the Ring? I want News, Gentlemen.

Stand. Faith, Sir, theſe are no News at all.

Viz. But pray, Sir *Harry*, tell us ſome News of your Travels.

Wild. With all my Heart. ----- You muſt know then, I went over to *Amſterdam* in a *Dutch* Ship; I there had a *Dutch* Whore for five Stivers: I went from thence to *Landen*, where I was heartily drub'd in the Battel with the But-end of a *Swiſs* Muſket. I thence went to *Paris*, where I had half a dozen Intrigues, bought half a dozen new Suits, fought a couple of Duels, and here I am agen in *ſtatu quo*.

Viz. But we heard that you deſign'd to make the Tour of *Italy*; What brought you back ſo ſoon?

Wild. That which brought you into the World, and may perhaps carry you out of it; a Woman.

Stand. What! quit the Pleaſures of Travel for a Woman! ---

Wild. Ay, Collonel, for ſuch a Woman! I had rather ſee her *Ruell* than the Palace of *Lewis le Grand*: There's more Glory in her Smile, than in the *Jubilee* at *Rome*; and I wou'd rather kiſs her Hand than the Pope's Toe.

Viz. You, Collonel, have been very laviſh in the Beauty and Virtue of your Miſtreſs; and Sir *Harry* here, has been no leſs eloquent in the Praiſe of his: Now will I lay you both Ten Guineas

Guineas a piece, that neither of them is ſo pretty, ſo witty, or ſo vertuous, as mine.

Stand. 'Tis done.

Wild. I'll double the Stakes --- But, Gentlemen, now I think on't, how ſhall we be reſolv'd? For I know not where my Miſtreſs may be found; ſhe left *Paris* about a Month before me, and I had an Account ----

Stand. How Sir! left *Paris* about a Month before you!

Wild. Ay, but I know not where, and perhaps mayn't find her this Fortnight.

Stand. Her Name, pray, Sir *Harry*.

Viz. Ay, ay, her Name, perhaps we know her.

Wild. Her Name! Ay, ------ ſhe has the ſofteſt, whiteſt Hand that ever was made of Fleſh and Blood, her Lips ſo balmy ſweet.

Stand. But her Name, Sir.

Wild. Then her Neck and Breaſt; ---- her Breaſts do ſo heave, ſo heave. [*Singing.*

Viz. But her Name, Sir, her Quality.

Wild. Then her Shape, Collonel.

Stand. But her Name I want, Sir.

Wild. Then her Eyes, *Vizard!*

Stand. Pſhaw, Sir *Harry*, her Name, or nothing.

Wild. Then if you muſt have it, ſhe's call'd the Lady ----- But then her Foot, Gentlemen, ſhe dances to a Miracle. *Vizard*, you have certainly loſt your Wager.

Viz. Why, you have loſt your Senſes; we ſhall never diſcover the Picture, unleſs you ſubſcribe the Name.

Wild. Then her Name is *Lurewell.*

Stand. 'Sdeath, my Miſtreſs. [*Aſide.*

Viz. My Miſtreſs, by *Jupiter.* [*Aſide.*

Wild. Do you know her, Gentlemen?

Stand. I have ſeen her, Sir.

Wild. Can'ſt tell where ſhe lodges? Tell me, dear Collonel.

Stand. Your humble Servant, Sir. [*Exit* Stand.

Wild. Nay, hold Collonel, I'll follow you, and will know. [*Runs out.*

Viz. The Lady *Lurewell*, his Miſtreſs! He loves her. But ſhe loves me, --- but he's a Baronet, and I plain *Vizard*; he has a Coach and Six, and I walk a foot; I was bred in *London*, and he in *Paris*; ------ That very Circumſtance has murder'd me. ----- Then ſome Stratagem muſt be laid to divert his Pretenſions.

Re-enter

Re-enter Wildair.

Wild. Prithee, *Dick*, what makes the Collonel ſo out of Humour?

Viz. Becauſe he's out of Pay, I ſuppoſe.

Wild. 'Slife that's true; I was beginning to miſtruſt ſome Rivalſhip in the Caſe.

Viz. And ſuppoſe there were, you know the Collonel can fight, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Fight! Pſhaw! but he can't dance, ha! We contend for a Woman, *Vizard!* 'Slife, Man, if Ladies were to be gain'd by Sword and Piſtol only, what the Devil ſhould all the Beaux do?

Viz. I'll try him farther. [*Aſide.*] But wou'd not you, Sir *Harry*, fight for this Woman you ſo much admire?

Wild. Fight! Let me conſider. I love her, that's true; ---- but then I love honeſt Sir *Harry Wildair* better. The Lady *Lurewell* is divinely charming---- right---- but then a Thruſt i'th' Guts, or a *Middleſex Jury*, is as ugly as the Devil.

Viz. Ay, Sir *Harry*, 'twere a dangerous Caſt for a Beau Baronet to be tried by a parcel of greaſie, grumbling, bartering Boobies, who wou'd hang you purely becauſe you're a Gentleman.

Wild. Ay, but on t'other hand, I have Money enough to bribe the Rogues with: So, upon mature Deliberation, I wou'd fight for her.---- But no more of her. Prithee *Vizard*, can't you recommend a Friend to a pretty Miſtreſs by the by, till I can find my own? You have ſtore, I'm ſure; you cunning poaching Dogs make ſurer Game, than we that hunt open and fair. Prithee now, good *Vizard*.

Viz. Let me conſider a little. ----Now Love and Revenge inſpire my Politicks. [*Aſide.*] *Pauſes, whilſt Sir* Harry *walks ſinging.*

Wild. Pſhaw! thou'rt as long ſtudying for a new Miſtreſs, as a Drawer is piercing a new Pipe.

Viz. I deſign a new Pipe for you, and wholeſome Wine; you'll therefore bear a little Expectation.

Wild. Ha! ſayſt thou, dear *Vizard*.

Viz. A Girl of Sixteen, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Now ſixteen thouſand Bleſſings light on thee.

Viz. Pretty and Witty.

Wild. Ay, ay, but her Name, *Vizard*.

Viz. Her Name! yes, --- ſhe has the ſofteſt whiteſt Hand that ever was made of Fleſh and Blood, her Lips ſo balmy ſweet.

Wild. Well, well, but where ſhall I find her, Man?

Viz.

Viz. Find her! --- but then her Foot, Sir *Harry*; she dances to a Miracle.

Wild. Prithee don't distract me.

Viz. Well then, you must know, that this Lady is the Curiosity and Ambition of the Town; her Name's *Angelica:* She that passes for her Mother is a private Bawd, and call'd the Lady *Darling*; she goes for a Baronet's Lady, (no Disparagement to your Honour, Sir *Harry*) I assure you.

Wild. Pshaw, hang my Honour; but what Street, what House?

Viz. Not so fast, Sir *Harry*; you must have my Pasport for your Admittance, and you'll find my Recommendation in a Line or two will procure you very civil Entertainment; I suppose 20 or 30 Pieces handsomly plac'd, will gain the Point; I'll ensure her sound.

Wild. Thou dearest Friend to a Man in Necessity. --- Here, Sirrah, order my Coach about to St. *James*'s; I'll walk across the Park. [*To his Servant.*

Enter Clincher *Senior.*

Clinch. Here, Sirrah, order my Coach about to St. *James*'s, I'll walk across the Park too ---- Mr. *Vizard*, your most Devoted ---- Sir, [*to* Wildair] I admire the Mode of your Shoulder-knot, methinks it hangs very emphatically, and Carries an Air of Travel in it; your Sword-knot too is most Ornamentally modish, and bears a foreign Mien. Gentlemen, My Brother is just arriv'd in Town, so that being upon the Wing to kiss his Hands, I hope you'll pardon this abrupt Departure of, Gentlemen, your most devoted, and most faithful humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Wild. Prithee dost know him?

Viz. Know him! why 'tis *Clincher*, who was Apprentice To my Uncle *Smuggler*, the Merchant in the City.

Wild What makes him so gay?

Viz. Why, he's in Mourning for his Father, the kind old Man In *Hertfordshire* t'other Day broke his Neck a Fox-Hunting; the Son upon the News has broke his Indentures, Whip'd from behind the Counter into the Side-Box, Forswears Merchandise, where he must live by Cheating, And usurps Gentility, where he may die by Raking. He keeps his Coach, and Liveries, *Brace of Geldings*, *Leash of Mistresses*, talks of nothing but Wines, Intrigues, Plays, Fashions, and *going to the Jubilee.*

Wild. Ha, ha, ha, how many pound of Pulvil must the Fellow Use in sweetning himself from the smell of Hops

And

And Tobacco? Faugh---I'my Conscience methought,
Like *Olivia*'s Lover, he stunk of *Thames-street*. But now for *Angelica*,
That's her Name: We'll to the Princess's Chocolate House, where you shall write my Pasport, Allons. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Lady* Lurewell's *Lodgings.*

Lurewell *and her Maid* Parly.

Lure. Parly, my Pocket-Book---let me see---*Madrid*, *Venice*, *Paris*, *London*.----Ay, *London!* They may talk What they will of the hot Countries, but I find Love Most fruitful under this Climate.---- In a Month's space, Have I gain'd---let me see, *Imprimis*, Collonel *Standard*.

Par. And how will your Ladyship manage him?

Lure. As all Soldiers should be manag'd, he shall serve me Till I gain my Ends, then I disband him.

Par. But he loves you, Madam.

Lure. Therefore I scorn him; I hate all that don't love me, And slight all that do: would his whole deluding Sex Admir'd me, thus wou'd I slight them all; my Virgin and Unwary Innocence was wrong'd by faithless Man, But now glance Eyes, plot Brain, dissemble Face, Lye Tongue, and be a second *Eve* to tempt, seduce, and Damn the treacherous Kind.---Let me survey my Captives.--- The *Collonel* leads the Van, next Mr. *Vizard* he courts me, Out of the Practice of Piety, therefore is a Hypocrite: Then *Clincher* he adores me with Orangery, and is Consequently a Fool; then my old Merchant, Alderman *Smuggler*, he's a Compound of both;---out of which Medly of Lovers, if I don't make good Diversion---- What d'ye think, *Parley*?

Par. I think, Madam, I'm like to be very virtuous in your Service,
If you teach me all those Tricks that you use to your Lovers.

Lure. You're a Fool, Child! observe this, that tho' a Woman swear, forswear, lie, dissemble, backbite, be proud, vain, malicious, any thing, if she secures the main Chance, she's still Vertuous; that's a Maxim.

Par. I can't be persuaded tho', Madam, but that you really lov'd Sir *Harry Wildair* in *Paris*.

Lure. Of all the Lovers I ever had, he was my greatest Plague, for I cou'd never make him uneasie; I left him involv'd in a Duel upon my Account; I long to know whether the Fop be kill'd or not.

Enter Standard.

O Lord! no sooner talk of killing, but the Soldier is conjur'd up; you're upon hard Duty Collonel, to serve your King, your Country, and a Mistress too.

Stand. The latter, I must confess, is the hardest; for in War, Madam, we can be relieved in our Duty: but in Love who wou'd take our Post, is our Enemy; Emulation in Glory is transporting, but Rivals here intolerable.

Lure. Those that bear away the Prize in the Field, should boast the same Success in the Bed-chamber; and I think, considering the Weakness of our Sex, we shou'd make those our Companions who can be our Champions.

Stand. I once, Madam, hop'd the Honour of defending you from all Injuries thro' a Title to your lovely Person, but now my Love must attend my Fortune. This Commission, Madam, was my Pasport to the Fair; adding a Nobleness to my Passion, it stampt a Value in my Love; 'twas once the Life of Honour, but now its Hearse, and with it must my Love be buried.

Par. What! disbanded Collonel?

Stand. Yes, Mrs. *Parley*.

Par. Faugh, the nauseous Fellow, he stinks of Poverty already. [*Aside.*

Lure. His Misfortune troubles me, 'cause it may prevent my Designs. [*Aside.*

Stand. I'll chuse, Madam, rather to destroy my Passion by absence abroad, than have it starv'd at home.

Lure. I'm sorry, Sir, you have so mean an Opinion of my Affection, as to imagine it founded upon your Fortune. And to convince you of your Mistake, here I vow by all that's sacred, I own the same Affection now as before. Let it suffice, my Fortune is considerable.

Stand. No, Madam, no; I'll never be a Charge to her I love The Man that sells himself for Gold is the worst of Prostitutes.

Lure. Now were he any other Creature but a Man, I cou'd love him. [*Aside.*

Stand. This only last Request I make, that no Title recommend a Fool, Office introduce a Knave, nor a Coat a Coward to my Place in your Affections; so farewel my Country, and adieu my Love. [*Exit.*

Lure. Now the Devil take thee for being so honourable; Here, *Parly*, call him back, I shall lose half my Diversion Else. Now for a Tryal of Skill. [*Re-enter* Collonel.

Sir, I hope you'll pardon my Curiosity,
When do you take your Journey?

Stand

Stand. To morrow Morning, early, Madam.

Lure. So suddenly! which way are you design'd to travel?

Stand. That I can't yet resolve on.

Lure. Pray Sir, tell me, pray Sir; I entreat you: Why are you so obstinate?

Stand. Why are you so curious, Madam?

Lure. Because -----

Stand. What!

Lure. Because, I, I, ----

Stand. Because! What Madam? --- pray tell me.

Lure. Because I design to follow you. [*Crying.*

Stand. Follow me! By all that's great, I ne'er was proud
Before, but Love from such a Creature might
Swell the Vanity of the proudest Prince; follow me!
By Heavens thou shalt not. What! expose thee to the
Hazards of a Camp ----- Rather I'll stay and here bear
The Contempt of Fools, and worst of Forune.

Lure. You need not, shall not, my Estate for both is sufficient.

Stand. Thy Estate! No, I'll turn a Knave and purchase one my self; I'll cringe to that proud Man I undermine, and fawn on him that I wou'd bite to Death; I'll tip my Tongue with Flattery, and smooth my Face with Smiles; I'll turn Pimp, Informer, Office-broker, nay Coward, to be great; and sacrifie it all to thee, my generous Fair.

Lure. And I'll dissemble, lye, swear, jilt, any thing but I'd reward thy Love, and recompence thy noble Passion.

Stand. Sir *Harry*, ha, ha, ha; poor Sir *Harry*, ha, ha, ha. Rather kiss her Hand than the Pope's Toe, ha, ha, ha.

Lure. What Sir *Harry*, Collonel, What Sir *Harry!*

Stand. Sir *Harry Wildair*, Madam.

Lure. What! Is he come over?

Stand. Ay, and he told me ---- but I don't believe a Syllable on't.

Lure. What did he tell you?

Stand. Only call'd you his Mistress, and pretending to be extravagant in your Commendation, would vainly insinuate the Praise of his own Judgment and good Fortune in a Choice. -----

Lure. How easily is the Vanity of Fops tickled by our Sex!

Stand. Why, your Sex is the Vanity of Fops.

Lure. O' my Conscience, I believe so; this Gentleman, because he danc'd well, I pitch'd on for a Partner at a Ball in *Paris*, and ever since he has so persecuted me with Letters, Songs,

Songs, Dances, Serenading, Flattery, Foppery, and Noise, that I was forc'd to fly the Kingdom---- And I warrant you, he made you jealous.

Stand. Faith, Madam, I was a little uneasie.

Lure. You shall have a plentiful Revenge, I'll send him back all his Foolish Letters, Songs and Verses, and you your self shall carry 'em; 'twill afford you Opportunity of triumphing, and free me from his farther Impertinence; for of all Men he's my Aversion. I'll run and fetch them instantly.

Stand. Dear Madam, a rare Project! How I shall bait him like *Acteon*, with his own Dogs ----Well, Mrs. *Parley*, 'tis ordered by *Act of Parliament*, that you receive no more Pieces, Mrs. *Parley*.----

Par. 'Tis provided by the same Act, that you send no more Messages by me, good Collonel; you must not pretend to send any more Letters, unless you can pay the Postage.

Stand. Come, come, don't be mercenary; take Example by your Lady, be honourable.

Par. A lack a day, Sir, it shews as ridiculous and haughty for us to imitate our Betters in their Honour, as in their Finery; leave Honour to Nobility that can support it: We poor Folks, Collonel, have no pretence to't; and truly, I think, Sir, that your Honour shou'd be cashier'd with your Leading-staff.

Stand. 'Tis one of the greatest Curses of Poverty, to be the Jest of Chambermaids!

Enter Lureweil.

Lure. Here's the Packet, Collonel; the whole Magazine of Love's Artillery. [*Gives him the Packet.*

Stand. Which since I have gain'd, I will turn upon the Enemy; Madam, I'll bring you the News of my Victory this Evening. Poor Sir *Harry*, ha, ha, ha.

Lure. To the right about as you were, march Collonel: Ha, ha, ha.

Vain Man, who boasts of study'd Parts and Wiles!
Nature in us your deepest Art beguiles,
Stamping deep Cunning in our Frowns and Smiles.
You toil for Art, your Intellects you trace;
Woman, without a Thought, bears Policy in her Face.

The End of the first ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, Clincher *Junior*'s *Lodgings.*

Enter Clincher *opening a Letter, Servant following.*

Clin.---reads. Dear Brother,
I Will see you presently. I have sent this Lad to wait on you, he can instruct you in the Fashions of the Town; I am your affectionate Brother,
Clincher.

Very well, and what's your Name, Sir?

Dick. My Name is *Dicky*, Sir.

Clin. Dicky!

Dick. Ay, *Dicky*, Sir.

Clin. Very well, a pretty Name! And what can you do, Mr. *Dicky*?

Dick. Why, Sir, I can powder a Wig, and pick up a Whore.

Clin. O Lord! O Lord! A Whore! Why are there many Whores in this Town?

Dick. Ha, ha, ha, many Whores? There's a Question indeed; why Sir, there are above five hundred Surgeons in Town.-------Hark'e, Sir, do you see that Woman there in the Velvet Scarf, and red Knots?

Clin. Ay, Sir, what then?

Dick. Why, she shall be at your Service in three Minutes, As I'm a Pimp.

Clin. O *Jupiter Ammon!* Why she's a Gentlewoman.

Dick. A Gentlewoman! Why so are all the Whores in Town, Sir.

Enter Clincher *Senior.*

Clin. sen. Brother, you're welcome to *London!*

Clin. jun. I thought, Brother, you ow'd so much to the Memory of my Father, as to wear Mourning for his Death.

Clin. sen. Why so I do, Fool, I wear this because I have the Estate.
And you wear that, because you have not the Estate.
You have cause to mourn indeed, Brother. Well Brother, I'm glad to see you, fare you well. [*Going.*

Clin. jun. Stay, stay Brother, where are you going?

Clin. sen. How natural 'tis for a Country Booby to ask impertinent Questions. Hark'e, Sir, is not my Father dead?

Clin. jun. Ay, ay, to my Sorrow.

Clin. sen. No matter for that, he's dead, and am not I a young powder'd extravagant *English* Heir?

Clin. jun. Very right, Sir.

Clin. sen. Why then, Sir, you may be sure that I am going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Clin. jun. Jubilee! What's that?

Clin. sen. Jubilee! Why the *Jubilee* is------- faith I don't know what it is.

Dick. Why, the *Jubilee* is the same thing with our *Lord Mayor*'s Day in the City; there will be *Pageants*, and *Squibs*, and *Raree Shows*, and all that, Sir.

Clin. jun. And must you go so soon, Brother?

Clin. sen. Yes, Sir, for I must stay a Month in *Amsterdam*, to study Poetry.

Clin. jun. Then I suppose, Brother, you travel through *Muscovy* to learn Fashions, don't you, Brother?

Clin. sen. Brother! Prithee, *Robin*, don't call me Brother; Sir, will do every jot as well.

Clin. jun. O *Jupiter Ammon!* Why so?

Clin. sen. Because People will imagine that you have a spight at me---------But have you seen your Cousin *Angelica* yet, and her Mother the Lady *Darling*?

Clin. jun. No, my Dancing-Master has not been with me yet: How shall I salute them, Brother?

Clin. sen. Pshaw, that's easie, 'tis only two Scrapes, a Kiss, and your humble Servant; I'll tell you more when I come from the *Jubilee*: Come along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Lady* Darling's *House.*

Enter Wildair *with a Letter.*

Wild. *Like Light and Heat incorporate we lay,*
We blest the Night and curst the coming Day.

Well, if this Paper-kite flies sure, I'm secure of my Game -----*Humph!* The prettiest *Bordel* I have seen, a very stately genteel one [*Footmen cross the Stage.*] Hey day! Equipage too! Now for a Bawd by the *Curtesy*, and a Whore with a *Coat of Arms*-------'Sdeath, I'm afraid I've mistaken the House.

Enter Lady Darling.

No, this must be the Bawd by her Bulk.

Darl. Your Business, pray Sir?

Wild. Pleasure, Madam.

Darl. Then, Sir, you have no Business here.

Wild. This Letter, Madam, will inform you farther; Mr. *Vizard* sent it, with his humble Service to your Ladyship.

Darl. How does my Cousin, Sir?

Wild. Ay, her Cousin too, that's right Procuress agen.

Madam-----

Darl. reads. *Earnest Inclination to serve-----Sir* Harry-------- *Madam-------Court my Cousin-------Gentleman -----Fortune------*

Your Ladyship's most humble Servant,

VIZARD.

Sir, your Fortune and Quality are sufficient to recommend you any where; but what goes farther with me, is the Recommendation of so sober and pious a young Gentleman as Cousin *Vizard.*

Wild. A right sanctify'd Bawd o' my Word.

Darl. Sir *Harry*, your Conversation with Mr. *Vizard* argues you a Gentleman, free from the loose and vicious Carriage of the Town; I'll therefore call my Daughter. [*Exit.*

Wild. Now go thy way for an illustrious Bawd of *Babylon*--------She dresses up a Sin so religiously, that the Devil wou'd hardly know it of his making.

Re-enter Darling *with* Angelica.

Darl. Pray Daughter use him civilly, such Matches won't offer every Day. [*Exit.*

Wild. O all ye Powers of Love! An Angel! 'Sdeath, what Money have I got in my Pocket! I can't offer her less than twenty Guineas-----and by *Jupiter* she's worth a hundred.

Angel. 'Tis he! The very same! And his Person as agreeable as his Character of good Humour--------Pray Heav'n his Silence proceed from Respect.

Wild. How innocent she looks! How would that Modesty adorn
Vertue, when it makes even Vice look so charming!-------
By Heav'n there's such a commanding Innocence in her Looks,
That I dare not ask the Question.

Angel. Now all the Charms of real Love and feign'd Indifference assist me to engage his Heart, for mine is lost already.

Wild. Madam----I, I-----Zoons, I cannot speak to her---- But she's a Whore, and I will----Madam, in short, I, I----- O Hypocrisie, Hypocrisie, What a charming Sin art thou?

Angel. He is caught, now to secure my Conquest-------- I thought, Sir, you had Business to impart?

Wild. Business to impart! How nicely she words it! Yes, Madam; don't you, don't you love singing Birds, Madam?

Angel. That's an odd Question for a Lover---Yes, Sir.

Wild. Why then, Madam, here is a Nest of the prettiest Goldfinches that ever chirp'd in a Cage; twenty young ones, I assure you, Madam.

Angel. Twenty young ones? What then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, Madam, there are twenty young ones---- S'Life, I think twenty is pretty fair.

Angel. He's mad, sure---Sir *Harry*, when you have learn'd more Wit and Manners, you shall be welcome here agen.

Wild. Wit and Manners !----- I Gad now I conceive there is a great deal of Wit and Manners in twenty Guineas------- I'm sure 'tis all the Wit and Manners I have about me at present. What shall I do?

Enter Clincher *junior and* Dicky.

What the Devil's here? Another Cousin I warrant ye! Hark'e, Sir, can you lend me ten or a dozen Guineas instantly? I'll pay you fifteen for them in three Hours upon my Honour.

Clin. jun. These *London* Sparks are plaguy impudent! This Fellow, by his Wig and Assurance, can be no less than a Courtier.

Dick. He's rather a Courtier by his borrowing.

Clin. jun. Faith, Sir, I ha'n't above five Guineas about me.

Wild. What Business have you here then, Sir? For to my Knowledge twenty won't be sufficient.

Clin. jun. Sufficient! For what, Sir?

Wild. What Sir! Why, for that Sir, what the Devil should it be, Sir; I know your Business notwithstanding all your Gravity, Sir.

Clin. jun. My Business! Why my Cousin lives here.

Wild. I know your Cousin does live there, and *Vizard*'s Cousin, and---Cousin, and every Bodies Cousin-----Hark'e, Sir, I shall return immediately, and if you offer to touch her till I come back, I shall cut your Throat, Rascal. [*Exit.*

Clin. jun. Why the Man's mad, sure!

Dick. Mad, Sir, ay; why he's a Beau.

Clin. jun. A Beau! What's that? are all Madmen Beaux?

Dick.

Dick. No, Sir; but most Beaux are Madmen. But now for your Cousin: Remember your three Scrapes, a Kiss, and your humble Servant. [Exeunt, *as into the House.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Wildair, *Collonel following.*

Stand. Sir *Harry*, Sir *Harry.*

Wild. I'm in haste, Collonel; besides, if you're in no better Humour than when I parted with you in the Park this Morning, your Company won't be very agreeable.

Stand. You're a happy Man, Sir *Harry*, who are never out of Humour: Can nothing move your Gall, Sir *Harry*?

Wild. Nothing but Impossibilities, which are the same as nothing.

Stand. What Impossibilities?

Wild. The Resurrection of my Father to disinherit me, or an Act of Parliament against Wenching. A Man of Eight thousand Pound *per Annum* to be vext! No, no, Anger and Spleen are Companions for younger Brothers.

Stand. Suppose one call'd you Son of a Whore behind your Back.

Wild. Why, then wou'd I call him Rascal behind his Back, and so we're even.

Stand. But suppose you had lost a Mistress.

Wild. Why, then I wou'd get another.

Stand. But suppose you were discarded by the Woman you love, that wou'd surely trouble you.

Wild. You're mistaken, Collonel; my Love is neither romantically honourable, nor meanly mercenary, 'tis only a pitch of Gratitude; while she loves me, I love her; when she desists, the Obligation's void.

Stand. But to be mistaken in your Opinion, Sir, if the Lady *Lurewell* (only suppose it) had discarded you------I say, only suppose it----and had sent your Discharge by me.

Wild. Pshaw! that's another Impossibility.

Stand. Are you sure of that?

Wild. Why, 'twere a Solœcism in Nature, we're Finger and Thumb, Sir. She dances with me, sings with me, plays with me, swears with me, lies with me.

Stand. How, Sir?

Wild. I mean in an honourable way, that is, she lies for me. In short, we are as like one another as a couple of Guineas.

Stand. Now that I have rais'd you to the highest Pinacle of Vanity, will I give you so mortifying a Fall, as shall dash

your Hopes to pieces.-----I pray your Honour to peruse these Papers. [*Gives him the Packet.*

Wild. What is't, the Muster-Roll of your Regiment, Collonel?

Stand. No, no, 'tis a List of your Forces in your last Love Campaign; and, for your Comfort, all disbanded

Wild. Prithee, good Metaphorical Collonel, what d'ye mean?

Stand. Read, Sir, read; these are the *Sybils* Leaves that will unfold your Destiny.

Wild. So it be not a false Deed to cheat me of my Estate, what care I.-----[*Opening the Packet.*] *Humph!* my Hand! to the Lady *Lurewell*, --------to the Lady *Lurewell*,-----to the Lady *Lurewell*, ------What the Devil hast thou been tampering with, to conjure up these Spirits?

Stand. A certain Familiar of your Acquaintance, Sir.

Wild. [*Reading.*]-----Madam, my Passion------so natural -------your Beauty contending------Force of Charms-------- Mankind-----Eternal Admirer *Wildair*!------

I never was asham'd of my Name before.

Stand. What, Sir *Harry Wildair* out of humour! ha, ha, ha, poor Sir *Harry*; more Glory in her Smile than in the *Jubilee* at *Rome*, ha, ha, ha: But then her Foot, Sir *Harry*, she dances to a Miracle! ha, ha, ha! Fy, Sir *Harry*, a Man of your Parts write Letters not worth a keeping! What say'st thou, my dear Knight Errant? ha, ha, ha; you may seek Adventures now indeed.

Wild. [*Sings.*]----Let her wander, *&c.*

Stand. You are jilted to some Tune, Sir, blown up with false Musick, that's all.

Wild. Now, why should I be angry that a Woman is a Woman? Since Inconstancy and Falshood are grounded in their Natures, how can they help it?

Stand. Then they must be grounded in your Nature; for you and she are Finger and Thumb, Sir.

Wild. Here's a Copy of Verses too; I must turn Poet in the Devil's Name.-------Stay-------'Sdeath, what's here? This is her Hand------Oh the charming Characters! *My dear* Wildair, [*Reading.*] That's I-------*this huff bluff Collonel*-------that's he ------*is the rarest Fool in Nature*-----the Devil he is!----*and as such have I us'd him*------with all my Heart, Faith-----*I had no better way of letting you know that I lodge in* Pall-Mall, *near the* Holy Lamb.------Collonel, I'm your most humble Servant.

Stand. Hold, Sir, you sha'n't go yet; I ha'n't delivered half my Message.

Wild. Upon my Faith but you have, Collonel.

Stand.

Stand. Well, well, own your Spleen; out with it, I know you're like to burst.

Wild. I am so, by Gad, ha, ha, ha. [*Laugh and point at one another.*

Stand. Ay, with all my Heart, ha, ha. Well, well, that's forc'd, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. I was never better pleas'd in all my Life, by *Jupiter*.

Stand. Well, Sir *Harry*, 'tis Prudence to hide your Concern, when there's no help for't-----: But to be serious now, the Lady has sent you back all your Papers there----I was so just as not to look upon 'em.

Wild. I'm glad on't, Sir; for there were some things that I would not have you see.

Stand. All this she has done for my sake, and I desire you would decline any farther Pretensions for your own sake. So honest, good-natur'd Sir *Harry*, I'm your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Wild. Ha, ha, ha, poor Collonel!-----O the delight of an ingenious Mistress! what a Life and Briskness it adds to an Amour, like the Loves of mighty *Jove*, still suing in different Shapes. A *Legerdemain Mistress*, whoo, *presto*, *pass*, and she's vanish'd, then *Hey*, in an Instant in your Arms asleep. [*Going.*

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Well met, Sir *Harry*; what News from the Island of Love?

Wild. Faith, we made but a broken Voyage by your Card; but now I am bound for another Port: I told you the Collonel was my Rival.

Viz. The Collonel! curs'd Misfortune! another! [*Aside.*

Wild. But the civilest in the World; he brought me word where my Mistress lodges: The Story's too long to tell you now, for I must fly.

Viz. What! have you given over all thoughts of *Angelica*?

Wild. No, no, I'll think of her some other time. But now for the Lady *Lurewell*; Wit and Beauty calls.

That Mistress ne'er can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whose Wit can whet, where'er her Beauty cloys.
Her little amorous Frauds all Truths excel,
And make us happy, being deceiv'd so well. Exit.

Viz. solus-------The Collonel my Rival too! how shall I manage? There is but one way-----him and the Knight will I set a Tilting, where one cuts t'other's Throat, and the Survivor's hang'd: So there will be two Rivals pretty decently

dispos'd of. Since Honour may oblige them to play the Fool, why should not Necessity engage me to play the Knave. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Lurewell's *Lodgings.*

Lurewell *and* Parly.

Lure. Has my Servant brought me the Money from my Merchant?

Par. No, Madam, he met Alderman *Smuggler* at *Charing-Cross*, who has promis'd to wait on you himself immediately.

Lure. 'Tis odd, that this old Rogue shou'd pretend to love me, and at the same time cheat me of my Money.

Par. 'Tis well, Madam, if he don't cheat you of your Estate; for you say, the Writings are in his Hands.

Lure. But what Satisfaction can I get of him?

Enter Smuggler.

Mr. Alderman, your Servant; have you brought me any Money, Sir?

Smug. Faith, Madam, Trading is very dead; what with paying the Taxes, raising the Customs, Losses at Sea abroad, and maintaining our Wives at home, the Bank is reduc'd very low.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, these Evasions won't serve your turn; I must have Money, Sir,-----I hope you don't design to cheat me.

Smug. Cheat you, Madam! have a care what you say: I'm an Alderman, Madam! cheat you, Madam! I have been an honest Citizen these five and thirty Years!

Lure. An honest Citizen! bear witness, *Parly!* I shall trap him in more Lies presently.------Come, Sir, tho' I am a Woman, I can take a course.

Smug. What course, Madam? You'll go to Law, will ye? I can maintain a Suit of Law, be it right or wrong, these forty Years, I'm sure of that, thanks to the honest Practice of the Courts.

Lure. Sir, I'll blast your Reputation, and so ruin your Credit.

Smug. Blast my Reputation! he, he, he: Why, I'm a Religious Man, Madam! I have been very instrumental in the Reformation of Manners: Ruin my Credit! ah, poor Woman. There is but one way, Madam,------you have a sweet leering Eye.

Lure. You instrumental in the Reformation! How?

Smug. I whipt all the Whores, Cut and Long-Tail, out of the Parish.---------Ah! that leering Eye! *Then I voted for pulling down*

down the Play-houſe : ---- Ah! that Ogle, that Ogle! --- *Then my own pious Example:* -- Ah! that Lip, that Lip!

Lure. Here's a religious Rogue for you now! --- As I hope to be ſav'd, I have a good mind to beat the old Monſter.

Smug. Madam, I have brought you about a hundred and fifty Guineas, (a great deal of Money as times go) and----

Lure. Come, give it me.

Smug. Ah! that Hand, that Hand, that pretty, ſoft, white ----I have brought it, you ſee; but the Condition of the Obligation is ſuch, that whereas that leering Eye, that pouting Lip, that pretty ſoft Hand, that ----you underſtand me; you underſtand, I'm ſure you do, you little Rogue. ---

Lure. Here's a Villain now, ſo covetous, that he won't Wench upon his own Coſt, but would bribe me with my own Money. I will be reveng'd. --- Upon my word, Mr. Alderman, you make me bluſh; what d'ye mean, pray?

Smug. See here, Madam. [*Puts a Piece of Money in his Mouth.*] *Buſs and Guinea, Buſs and Guinea, Buſs and Guinea.*

Lure. Well, Mr. Alderman, you have ſuch pretty yellow Teeth, and green Gums, that I will, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Smug. Will you indeed, he, he, he, my little Cocket; and when? and where? and how?

Lure. 'Twill be a difficult point, Sir, to ſecure both our Honours; you muſt therefore be diſguis'd, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Pſhaw! no matter, I am an old Fornicator, I'm not half ſo religious as I ſeem to be. You little Rogue; why, I'm diſguis'd as I am; our Sanctity is all outſide, all Hypocriſie.

Lure. No Man is ſeen to come into this Houſe after Nightfall; you muſt therefore ſneak in, when 'tis dark, in Woman's Cloths.

Smug. I gad ſo, cod ſo ----- I have a Suit a purpoſe, my little Cocket; I love to be diſguis'd; I cod, I make a very handſome Woman, I cod I do.

Enter Servant, whiſpers Lurewell.

Lure. Oh! Mr. Alderman, ſhall I beg you to walk into next Room? here are ſome Strangers coming up.

Smug. Buſs and Guinea firſt; ah, my little Cocket; [*Exit.*

Enter Wildair.

Wild. *My Life, my Soul, my all that Heaven can give.*

Lure. *Death's Life with thee, without thee Death to live.* Welcome, my dear Sir *Harry*, I ſee you got my Directions.

Wild. Directions! in the moſt charming manner, thou dear *Machiavel* of Intrigue.

Lure. Still briſk and airy, I find, Sir *Harry*.

Wild.

Wild. The ſight of you, Madam, exalts my Air, and makes Joy lighten in my Face.

Lure. I have a thouſand Queſtions to ask you, Sir *Harry*; How d'ye like *France*?

Wild. Ah! eſt le pus beau pais du monde.

Lure. Then what made you leave it ſo ſoon?

Wild. Madam, vous voyez que je vous ſuy partout.

Lure. O Monſieur, je vouz ſuis fort obligee.----- But where's the Court now?

Wild. At *Marli*, Madam.

Lure. And where my Count, *Le Valier*?

Wild. His Body's in the Church of *Noſtre Dame*; I don't know where his Soul is.

Lure. What Diſeaſe did he die of?

Wild. A *Duel*, Madam; I was his *Doctor.*

Lure. How d'ye mean?

Wild. As moſt Doctors do, I kill'd him.

Lure. En Cavallier, my dear Knight Errant, well, and how; And how, what Intrigues, What Gallantries are carrying on in the *Beau Monde*?

Wild. I ſhould ask you that Queſtion, Madam, ſince your Ladyſhip makes the *Beau Monde* wherever you come.

Lure. Ah! Sir *Harry*, I've been almoſt ruin'd, peſter'd to death here, by the inceſſant Attacks of a mighty Collonel; he has beſieg'd me as cloſe as our Army did *Namur.*

Wild. I hope your Ladyſhip did not ſurrender tho'.

Lure. No, no, but was forc'd to capitulate; but ſince you are come to raiſe the Siege, we'll dance, and ſing, and laugh.

Wild. And love and kiſs---- *Montrez moy votre Chambre.*

Lure. Attande, attande, un peu------I remember, Sir *Harry*, you promis'd me in *Paris*, never to ask that impertinent Queſtion agen.

Wild. Pſhaw, Madam, that was above two Month's ago; beſides, Madam, Treaties made in *France* are never kept.

Lure. Wou'd you marry me, Sir *Harry*?

Wild. Oh! *Le marriage eſt une grand male* ------- but I will marry you.

Lure. Your Word, Sir, is not to be rely'd on; if a Gentleman will forfeit his Honour in Dealings of Buſineſs, we may reaſonably ſuſpect his Fidelity in an Amour.

Wild. My Honour in Dealings of Buſineſs! why, Madam, I never had any Buſineſs in all my Life.

Lure. Yes, Sir *Harry*, I have heard a very odd Story, and am ſorry that a Gentleman of your Figure ſhould undergo the Scandal.

Wild

Wild. Out with it, Madam.

Lure. Why, the Merchant, Sir, that transmitted your Bills of Exchange to you in *France*, complains of some indirect and dishonourable Dealings.

Wild. Who, old *Smuggler!*

Lure. Ay, ay, you know him I find,

Wild. I have no less than Reason, I think; why the Rogue has cheated me of above five hundred Pound within these three Years.

Lure. 'Tis your Business then to acquit your self publickly; for he spreads the Scandal every where.

Wild. Acquit my self publickly! --------Here Sirrah, my Coach; I'll drive instantly into the City, and cane the old Villain round the *Royal-Exchange*; he shall run the Gauntlet through a thousand brusht Beavers and formal Cravats.

Lure. Why, he is in the House now, Sir.

Wild. What, in this House?

Lure. Ay, in the next Room.

Wild. Then, Sirrah, lend me your Cudgel.

Lure. Sir *Harry*, you won't raise a Disturbance in my House?

Wild. Disturbance; Madam, no, no, I'll beat him with the Temper of a Philosopher: Here, Mrs. *Parly*, shew me the Gentleman. [Exit *with* Parly.

Lure. Now, shall I get the old Monster well beaten, and Sir *Harry* pester'd next Term with Bloodsheds, Batteries, Costs and Damages, Sollicitors and Attornies; and if they don't seize him out of his good Humour, I'll never plot agen. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to another Room in the same House.*

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. O, this damn'd Tide-waiter! A Ship and Cargo worth five thousand Pound! why, 'tis richly worth five hundred Perjuries.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Dear Mr. Alderman, I'm your most devoted and humble Servant.

Smug. My best Friend, Sir *Harry*, you're welcome to *England.*

Wild. I'll assure you, Sir, there's not a Man in the King's Dominions I'm gladder to meet.

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you Travellers have the most obliging ways with you.

Wild. There is a Business, Mr. Alderman, fall'n out, which you

you may oblige me infinitely by----- I am very ſorry that I'm forc'd to be troubleſome; but Neceſſity, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Ay, Sir, as you ſay, Neceſſity ------- But upon my word, Sir, I am very ſhort of Money at preſent, but---

Wild. That's not the matter, Sir, I'm above an Obligation that way; but the Buſineſs is, I'm reduc'd to an indiſpenſible Neceſſity of being oblig'd to you for a Beating ---- Here, take this Cudgel.

Smug. A Beating, Sir *Harry*! ha, ha, ha; I beat a Knight Baronet; an Alderman turn Cudgel-Player! ha, ha, ha.

Wild. Upon my word, Sir, you muſt beat me, or I cudgel you; take your choice.

Smug. Pſhaw, pſhaw, you jeſt.

Wild. Nay, 'tis as ſure as Fate: ſo, Alderman, I hope you'll pardon my Curioſity.

Smug. Curioſity! Duce take your Curioſity, Sir; what d'ye mean.

Wild. Nothing at all; I'm but in jeſt, Sir.

Smug. O, I can take any thing in jeſt; but a Man might imagine by the ſmartneſs of the Stroak, that you were in down-right earneſt.

Wild. Not in the leaſt, Sir; [*Strikes him.*] not in the leaſt indeed, Sir.

Smug. Pray, good Sir, no more of your Jeſts; for they are the bluntest Jeſts that I ever knew.

Wild. [*Strikes.*] I heartily beg your pardon, with all my Heart, Sir.

Smug. Pardon, Sir! well, Sir, that is Satisfaction enough from a Gentleman: but ſeriouſly now, if you paſs any more of your Jeſts upon me, I ſhall grow angry.

Wild. I humbly beg your Permiſſion to break one or two more. [*Striking him*

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you'll break my Bones: Are you mad Sir? Murder, Felony, Manſlaughter. [Wild. *knocks him down*

Wild. Sir, I beg you ten thouſand Pardons; but I am abſolutely compell'd to't, upon my Honour, Sir, nothing can be more averſe to my Inclinations, than to jeſt with my honeſt dear, loving, obliging Friend, the Alderman. [*Striking him a this while,* Smuggler *tumbles over and over, and ſhakes out his Pocket-Book on the Floor*; Lurewell *enters, takes it up.*

Lure. The old Rogue's Pocket-book; this may be of uſe. [*Aſide.* O Lord, Sir *Harry*'s murdering the poor old Man.----

Smug. O dear, Madam, I was beaten in jeſt, 'till I am murder'd in good earneſt,

Lure. Well, well, I'll bring you off, *Senior --- Frapez, Frapez*

Smug

Smug. O! For Charity's ſake, Madam, reſcue a poor Citizen.

Lure. O you barbarous Man! Hold, hold, *Frapez, plus rudement*,

Frapez, I wonder you are not aſham'd, [*Holding* Wild.
A poor reverend honeſt Elder ------ [*Helps* Smug. *up.*
It makes me weep to ſee him in this Condition, poor Man!
Now the Devil take you, Sir *Harry*------For not beating
Him harder: Well, my Dear, you ſhall come at Night and
I'll make you amends. [*Here Sir* Harry *takes Snuff.*

Smug. Madam, I will have amends before I leave the Place, Sir;
How durſt you uſe me thus?

Wild. Sir?

Smug. Sir, I ſay that I will have Satisfaction.

Wild. With all my Heart. [*Throws Snuff into his Eyes.*

Smug. O! Murder, Blindneſs, Fire; O Madam, Madam, Let me ſome Water, Water, Fire, Fire, Water.
[*Exit with* Lurewell.

Wild. How pleaſant is reſenting an Injury without Paſſion? 'Tis the Beauty of Revenge.

Let Statesmen plot, and under Buſineſs groan,
And ſettling publick Quiet loſe their own;
Let Soldiers drudge and fight for Pay or Fame,
For when they're ſhot, I think 'tis much the ſame.
Let Scholars vex their Brains with Mood and Tenſe,
And mad with Strength of Reaſon, Fools commence,
Loſing their Wits in ſearching after Senſe;
Their Summum Bonum *they muſt toil to gain,*
And ſeeking Pleaſure, ſpend their Life in Pain,
I make the moſt of Life, no Hour miſpend,
Pleaſure's the Means, and Pleaſure is my End.
No Spleen, no Trouble ſhall my time deſtroy,
Life's but a Span; I'll every Inch enjoy. [Exit.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Standard *and* Vizard.

Stand. I Bring him word where ſhe lodg'd! I the civileſt Rival in the World! 'Tis impoſſible.

Viz. I ſhall urge it no farther, Sir; I only thought, Sir,
That my Character in the World might add Authority
To my Words without ſo many Repetitions.

Stand. Pardon me, dear *Vizard* ------ Our Belief ſtruggle hard,
Before it can be brought to yield to the Diſadvantage
Of what we love; 'tis ſo great an Abuſe to our Judgment
That it makes the Faults of our Choice our own Failing.
But what ſaid Sir *Harry*?

Viz. He pitied the poor credulous Collonel, laugh'd heartily Flew away with all the Raptures of a Bridegroom, repeatin theſe Lines.

A Miſtreſs ne'er can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whoſe Wit can whet whene'er her Beauty cloys.

Stand. A Miſtreſs ne'er can pall! By all my Wrongs he Whores her! And I'm made their Property. Vengeance! *Vizard*, you muſt carry a Note for me to Sir *Harry*.

Viz. What! a Challenge! I hope you don't deſign to fight

Stand. What! Wear the Livery of my King, and pocket a Affront! 'Twere an Abuſe to his Sacred Majeſty, a Soldier's Sword, *Vizard*, ſhould ſtart of it ſelf to Redreſs it's Maſter's Wrong.

Viz. However, Sir, I think it not proper for me to carr any ſuch Meſſage between Friends.

Stand. I have ne'er a Servant here, what ſhall I do?

Viz. There's *Tom Errand*, the Porter, that plies at th *Blew-Poſts*,
And who knows Sir *Harry* and his Haunts very well,
You may ſend a Note by him.

Stand. Here, you, Friend.

Viz. I have now ſome Buſineſs, and muſt take my Leav I wou'd adviſe you nevertheleſs againſt this Affair.

Stand. No whiſpering now, nor telling of Friends to pr vent us. He that diſappoints a Man of an honourable R veng

renge, may love him fooliſhly like a Wife, but never value him as a Friend.

Viz. Nay, the Devil take him that parts you, ſay I. [*Exit.*

Enter Porter running.

Err. Did your Honour call a Porter?

Stand. Is your Name *Tom Errand*?

Err. People call me ſo, an't like your Worſhip-------.

Stand. D'ye know Sir *Harry Wildair*?

Err. Ay, very well Sir, he's one of my Maſters; many a ound Half-Crown have I had of his Worſhip, he's newly ome home from *France*, Sir.

Stand. Go to the next Coffee-Houſe, and wait for me. O Woman, Woman, how bleſt is Man, when favour'd by your miles, and how accurſt when all thoſe Smiles are found But wanton Baits to ſooth us to Deſtruction.

Thus our chief Joys with baſe Allays are curſt,
And our beſt things, when once corrupted, worſt. [Exit.

Enter Wildair *and* Clincher *ſenior following.*

Clinch. ſen. Sir, Sir, Sir, having ſome Buſineſs of Importance o communicate to you, I would beg your Attention to a tri- ing Affair that I wou'd impart to you.

Wild. What is your trifling Buſineſs of Importance, pray veet Sir?

Clinch. ſen. Pray Sir, are the Roads deep between this and *aris*?

Wild. Why that Queſtion, Sir?

Clinch. ſen. Becauſe I deſign to go to the *Jubilee*, Sir; I un- erſtand that you are a Traveller, Sir; there is an Air of Tra- l in the Tie of your Cravat, Sir, there is indeed, Sir ------ ſuppoſe, Sir, you bought this Lace in *Flanders*.

Wild No, Sir, this Lace was made in *Norway*.

Clinch. ſen. Norway, Sir!

Wild. Yes Sir, of the Shavings of Deal-boards.

Clinch. ſen. That's very ſtrange now, faith ----- Lace made f the Shavings of Deal-boards! I Gad, Sir, you Travellers e very ſtrange things abroad, very incredible things abroad, deed. Well, I'll have a Cravat of that very ſame Lace be- re I come home.

Wild. But, Sir, what Preparations have you made for your urney?

Clinch. ſen. A Caſe of Pocket-piſtols for the Bravo's----and ſwimming Girdle.

Wild

Wild. Why theſe, Sir?

Clinch. ſen. O Lord! Sir, I'll tell you --- ſuppoſe us in *Rome* now; away goes me I to ſome Ball --- for I'll be a mighty Bean. Then, as I ſaid, I go to ſome Ball, or ſome Bear-baiting, 'tis all one you know ---- then comes a fine *Italian Bona Roba*, and plucks me by the Sleeve, *Seigniour Angle*, *Seigniour Angle*, ------- ſhe's a very fine Lady, obſerve that ------ *Seigniour*, *Angle*, ſays ſhe, ----- *Seigniora*, ſays I, and trips after her to the Corner of a Street, ſuppoſe it *Ruſſel-ſtreet* here, or any other Street; then you know, I muſt invite her to the Tavern, I can do no leſs. ------ There up comes her Bravo; the *Italian* grows ſaucy, and I give him an *Engliſh* Douſe of the Face. I can box, Sir, box tightly; I was a Prentice, Sir, ----- but then, Sir, he whips out his *Stilleto*, and I whips out my *Bull Dog* ------ ſlaps him through, trips down Stairs, turns the Corner of *Ruſſel-ſtreet* again, and whips me into the Ambaſſador's Train, and there I'm ſafe as a Beau behind the Scenes.

Wild. Is your Piſtol charg'd, Sir?

Clinch. ſen. Only a Brace of Bullets, that's all, Sir; I deſign to ſhoot ſeven *Italians* a Week, Sir.

Wild. Sir, you won't have Provocation.

Clin. ſen. Provocation, Sir! Zauns, Sir, I'll kill any Man for treading upon my Corn, and there will be a deviliſh Throng of People there; they ſay that all the Princes in *Italy* will be there.

Wild. And all the Fops and Fidlers in *Europe* ------ but the uſe of your ſwimming Girdle, pray Sir?

Clin. ſen. O Lord, Sir! That's eaſie. Suppoſe the Ship caſt away; now, whilſt other fooliſh People are buſie at their Prayers, I whip on my ſwimming Girdle, clap a Month's Proviſion into my Pocket, and ſails me away like an Egg in a Duck's Belly. ----- And heark'e, Sir, I have a new Project in my Head. Where d'ye think my ſwimming Girdle ſhall carry me upon this Occaſion? 'Tis a new Project.

Wild. Where, Sir?

Clin. ſen. To *Civita Vecchia*, Faith and Troth, and ſo ſave the Charges of my Paſſage. Well, Sir, you muſt pardon me now, I'm going to ſee my Miſtreſs. [*Exit*

Wild. This Fellow's an accompliſh'd Aſs before he goes abroad. Well! This *Angelica* has got into my Heart, and I can't get her out of my Head. I muſt pay her t'other Viſit. [*Exit*

SCEN

SCENE, *Lady* Darling's *Houſe.*

Angelica *ſola.*

Angel. Unhappy State of Woman! whoſe chief Virtue is but Ceremony, and our much boaſted Modeſty but a ſlaviſh Reſtraint. The ſtrict Confinement on our Words makes our Thoughts ramble more; and what preſerves our outward Fame, deſtroys our inward Quiet.------'Tis hard that Love ſhou'd be deny'd the Privilege of Hatred; that Scandal and Detraction ſhou'd be ſo much indulg'd, yet ſacred Love and Truth debarr'd our Converſation.

Enter Darling, Clincher *jun. and* Dicky.

Darl. This is my Daughter, Couſin.

Dick. Now, Sir, remember your three Scrapes.

Clin. ſaluting Angelica.] One, two, three, [*Kiſſes her.*] Your humble Servant. Was not that right, *Dicky*?

Dick. Ay, faith Sir, but why don't you ſpeak to her?

Clin. jun. I beg your Pardon, *Dicky*, I know my Diſtance. Wou'd you have me ſpeak to a Lady at the firſt ſight?

Dick. Ay, Sir, by all means, the firſt Aim is the ſureſt.

Clin. jun. Now for a good Jeſt, to make her laugh heartily---By *Jupiter Ammon* I'll go give her a Kiſs.

[*Goes towards her.*

Enter Wildair, *interpoſing.*

Wild. 'Tis all to no purpoſe, I told you ſo before; your pitiful five Guineas will never do-------you may march, Sir, for as far as five hundred Pounds will go, I'll out-bid you.

Clin. jun. What the Devil! The Mad-man's here again.

Darl. Bleſs me, Couſin! What d'ye mean? Affront a Gentleman of his Quality in my Houſe!

Clin. jun. Quality! Why, Madam, I don't know what you mean by your Madmen, and your Beaux, and your Quality.-------They're all alike I believe.

Darl. Pray, Sir, walk with me into the next Room.

[*Exit* Darl. *leading* Clin. Dicky *follows.*

Angel. Sir, if your Converſation be no more agreeable than 'twas the laſt time, I wou'd adviſe you to make it as ſhort as you can.

Wild. The Offences of my laſt Viſit, Madam, bore their Puniſhment in the Commiſſion; and have made me as uneaſie till I receive Pardon, as your Ladyſhip can be till I ſue for it.

Angel. Sir *Harry*, I did not well underſtand the Offence, and muſt therefore proportion it to the Greatneſs of your

Apology; if you wou'd therefore have me think it light, take no great pains in an Excuſe.

Wild. How ſweet muſt the Lips be that guard that Tongue! Then, Madam, no more of paſt Offences, let us prepare for Joys to come; let this ſeal my Pardon. [*Kiſſes her Hand.*] And this [*Again.*] initiate me to farther Happineſs.

Angel. Hold, Sir,-------one Queſtion, Sir *Harry*, and pray anſwer plainly, D'ye love me?

Wild. Love you! Does Fire aſcend? Do Hypocrites diſſemble? Uſurers love Gold, or great Men Flattery? Doubt theſe, then queſtion that I love.

Angel. This ſhews your Gallantry, Sir, but not your Love.

Wild. View your own Charms, Madam, then judge my Paſſion; your Beauty raviſhes my Eye, your Voice my Ear, and your Touch has thrill'd my melting Soul.

Angel. If your Words be real, 'tis in your Pow'r to raiſe an equal Flame in me.

Wild. Nay, then-----I ſeize-----

Angel. Hold, Sir, 'tis alſo poſſible to make me deteſt and ſcorn you worſe than the moſt profligate of your deceiving Sex.

Wild. Ha! A very odd turn this. I hope, Madam, you only affect Anger, becauſe you know your Frowns are becoming.

Angel. Sir *Harry*, you being the beſt Judge of your own Deſigns, can beſt underſtand whether my Anger ſhou'd be real or diſſembled; think what ſtrict Modeſty ſhou'd bear, then judge of my Reſentments.

Wild. Strict Modeſty ſhou'd bear! Why faith, Madam, I believe the ſtricteſt Modeſty may bear fifty Guineas, and I don't believe 'twill bear one Farthing more.

Angel. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Wild. Nay, Madam, what do you mean? if you go to that. I think now fifty Guineas is a very fine Offer for your ſtrict Modeſty, as you call it.

Angel. 'Tis more charitable, Sir *Harry*, to charge the Impertinence of a Man of your Figure, on his Defect in Underſtanding, than on his want of Manners--------I'm afraid you're mad, Sir.

Wild. Why, Madam, you're enough to make any Man mad. 'Sdeath, are you not a------

Angel. What, Sir?

Wild. Why, a Lady of-------ſtrict Modeſty, if you will have it ſo.

Angel. I ſhall never hereafter truſt common Report, which

repreſented you, Sir, a Man of Honour, Wit, and Breeding; for I find you very deficient in them all. [*Exit.*

Wild. ſolus. Now I find that the ſtrict Pretences which the Ladies of Pleaſure make to ſtrict Modeſty, is the reaſon why thoſe of Quality are aſham'd to wear it.

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Ah! Sir *Harry*, have I caught you? Well, and what Succeſs?

Wild. Succeſs! 'Tis a Shame for you young Fellows in Town here, to let the Wenches grow ſo ſaucy: I offer'd her fifty Guineas, and ſhe was in her Airs preſently. I cou'd have had two Counteſſes in *Paris* for half the Money, and *Je vous remercie* into the Bargain.

Viz. Gone in her Airs, ſay you? And did not you follow her?

Wild. Whither ſhould I follow her?

Viz. Into her Bed-chamber, Man; ſhe went on purpoſe. You a Man of Gallantry, and not underſtand that a Lady's beſt pleas'd when ſhe puts on her Airs, as you call it!

Wild. She talk'd to me of ſtrict Modeſty, and Stuff.

Viz. Certainly moſt Women magnifie their Modeſty, for the ſame reaſon that Cowards boaſt their Courage, becauſe they have leaſt on't. Come, come, Sir *Harry*, when you make your next Aſſault, incourage your Spirits with brisk *Burgundy*; if you ſucceed, 'tis well; if not, you have a fair Excuſe for your Rudeneſs. I'll go in, and make your Peace for what's paſt. Oh! I had almoſt forgot------Coll. *Standard* wants to ſpeak with you about ſome Buſineſs.

Wild. I'll wait upon him preſently, d'ye know where he may be found?

Viz. In the Piazza of *Covent-Garden*, about an Hour hence, I promiſed to ſee him, and there you may meet him; to have your Throat cut. [*Aſide.*
I'll go in and intercede for you.

Wild. But no foul Play with the Lady, *Vizard.* [*Exit.*

Viz. No fair Play, I can aſſure you. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Street before* Lurewell's *Lodgings*; Clincher *ſen.* *and* Lurewell *coqueting in the Balcony.*

Enter Standard.

Stand. How weak is Reaſon in Diſputes of Love? That daring Reaſon which ſo oft pertends to queſtion Works of high Omnipotence, yet poorly truckles to our weakeſt Paſſions, and yields implicite Faith to fooliſh Love, paying blind

Zeal to faithless Womens Eyes. I've heard her Falshood with such pressing Proofs, that I no longer shou'd distrust it. Yet still my Love wou'd baffle Demonstration, and make Impossibilities seem probable. [*Looks up.*] Ha! That Fool too! What, stoop so low as that Animal!-----'Tis true, Women once fall'n, like Cowards in Despair, will stick at nothing, there's no Medium in their Actions. They must be bright as Angels, or black as Fiends. But now for my Revenge, I'll kick her Cully before her Face, call her a Whore, curse the whole Sex, and so leave her. [*Goes in.*

Lurewell *comes down with* Clincher. *The Scene changes to a Dining-Room.*

Lure. O Lord, Sir, 'tis my Husband! What will become of you?

Clin. Eh! Your Husband! Oh, I shall be murder'd: What shall I do? Where shall I run? I'll creep into an Oven; I'll climb up the Chimney; I'll fly; I'll swim;------ I wish to the Lord I were at the *Jubilee* now.------

Lure. Can't you think of any thing, Sir?

Enter Tom Errand.

What do you want, Sir?

Err. Madam, I am looking for Sir *Harry Wildair*; I saw him come in here this Morning; and did imagine he might be here still.

Lure. A lucky hit! Here, Friend, change Cloaths with this Gentleman, quickly, strip.

Clin. Ay, ay, quickly, strip: I'll give you half a Crown. Come, here: So. [*They change Cloaths.*

Lure. Now slip you [*To* Clinch] down-stairs, and wait at the Door till my Husband be gone; and get you in there [*To the Porter*] till I call you.

[*Puts* Errand *into the next Room.*

Enter Standard.

Oh, Sir! Are you come? I wonder, Sir, how you have the Confidence to approach me after so base a Trick?

Stand. O Madam, all your Artifices won't prevail.

Lure. Nay, Sir, your Artifices won't avail. I thought, Sir, that I gave you Caution enough against troubling me with Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Company when I sent his Letters back by you; yet you, forsooth, must tell him where I lodg'd, and expose me again to his impertinent Courtship.

Stand. I expose you to his Courtship!

Lure. I'll lay my Life you'll deny it now; Come, come, Sir; a pitiful Lie is as scandalous to a Red Coat as an Oath

to a Black. Did not Sir *Harry* himself tell me, that he found out by you where I lodg'd?

Stand. You're all Lies: First, your Heart is false, your Eyes are double; one Look belies another: And then your Tongue does contradict them all.----Madam, I see a little Devil just now hammering out a Lie in your *Pericranium.*

Lure. As I hope for Mercy, he's in the right on't. [*Aside.*] Hold, Sir, you have got the Play-house Cant upon your Tongue; and think, that Wit may privilege your Railing: But I must tell you, Sir, that what is Satyr upon the Stage, is ill Manners here.

Stand. What is feign'd upon the Stage, is here in Reality real Falshood. Yes, yes, Madam,------I expos'd you to the Courtship of your Fool *Clincher*, too: I hope your Female Wiles will impose that upon me------also------

Lure. Clincher! Nay, now you're stark mad. I know no such Person.

Stand. O Woman in Perfection! not know him! 'Slife, Madam, can my Eyes, my piercing jealous Eyes, be so deluded? Nay, Madam, my Nose could not mistake him; for I smelt the Fop by his *Pulvilio* from the Balcony down to the Street.

Lure. The Balcony! Ha, ha, ha, the Balcony! I'll be hang'd but he has mistaken Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Footman with a new *French* Livery, for a Beau.

Stand. 'Sdeath, Madam, what is there in me that looks like a Cully! Did I not see him?

Lure. No, no, you cou'd not see him; you're dreaming, Collonel. Will you believe your Eyes, now that I have rubb'd them open!------Here, you, Friend.

Enter Errand *in* Clincher's *Cloaths.*

Stand. This is Illusion all; my Eyes conspire against themselves. 'Tis Legerdemain.

Lure. Legerdemain! Is that all your Acknowledgment for your rude Behaviour?------Oh, what a Curse is it to love as I do!------But don't presume too far, Sir, on my Affection: For such ungenerous Usage will soon return my tir'd Heart, ----Be gone, Sir, [*To the Porter*] to your impertinent Master, and tell him I shall never be at leisure to receive any of his troublesome Visits;-------Send to me to know, when I should be at home!----Be gone, Sir;-----I am sure he has made me an unfortunate Woman. [*Weeps.*

Stand. Nay, then there is no certainty in Nature; and Truth is only Falshood well disguis'd.

Lure. Sir, had not I own'd my fond foolish Passion, I shou'd not have been subject to such unjust Suspicions: But 'tis an ungrateful Return. [*Weeping.*

Stand. Now, where are all my firm Resolves? I will believe her just. My Passion rais'd my Jealousie; then why mayn't Love be as blind in finding Faults, as in excusing them?----I hope, Madam, you'll pardon me, since Jealousie that magnify'd my Suspicion, is as much the Effect of Love as my Easiness in being satisfy'd.

Lure. Easiness in being satisfy'd! You Men have got an insolent way of extorting Pardon, by persisting in your Faults. No, no, Sir, cherish your Suspicions, and feed upon your Jealousie: 'Tis fit Meat for your squeamish Stomach.

With me all Women shou'd this Rule pursue:
Who thinks us false, shou'd never find us true. [*Exit* in a Rage.

Enter Clincher *in the Porter's Cloaths.*

Clin. Well, Intriguing is the prettiest, pleasantest thing, for a Man of my Parts:-----How shall we laugh at the Husband, when he is gone?----How sillily he looks! He's in labour of Horns already.-----To make a Collonel a Cuckold! 'Twill be rare News for the Alderman. [*Aside.*

Stand. All this Sir *Harry* has occasion'd; but he's brave, and will afford me just Revenge:------O! this is the Porter I sent the Challenge by:------Well, Sir, have you found him?

Clin. What the Devil does he mean now?

Stand. Have you given Sir *Harry* the Note, Fellow?

Clin. The Note! What Note?

Stand. The Letter, Blockhead, which I sent by you to Sir *Harry Wildair*; have you seen him?

Clin. O Lord, what shall I say now? Seen him? Yes, Sir---No, Sir.----I have, Sir.-----I have not, Sir.

Stand. The Fellow's mad. Answer me directly, Sirrah, or I'll break your Head.

Clin. I know, Sir *Harry* very well, Sir; but as to the Note, Sir, I can't remember a word on't: Truth is, I have a very bad Memory.

Stand. O Sir, I'll quicken your Memory. [*Strikes him.*

Clin. Zauns, Sir, hold;-----I did give him the Note.

Stand. And what Answer?

Clin. I mean I did not give him the Note.

Stand. What, d'ye banter, Rascal? [*Strikes him again.*

Clin. Hold, Sir, hold: He did send an Answer.

Stand. What was't, Villain?

Clin.

Clin. Why, truly Sir I have forgot it : I told you that I had a very treacherous Memory.

Stand. I'll engage you ſhall remember me this Month, Raſcal. [*Beats him off, and* Exit.

Enter Lurewell *and* Parly.

Lure. Forthoon, forthoon, forthoon: This is better than I expected; but Fortune ſtill helps the Induſtrious.

Enter Clincher.

Clin. Ah ! The Devil take all Intriguing, ſay I, and him who firſt invented Canes.------That curs'd Collonel has got ſuch a knack of beating his Men, that he has left the Mark of a Collar of Bandileers about my Shoulders.

Lure. O my poor Gentleman ! And was it beaten ?

Clin. Yes, I have been beaten : But where's my Cloaths ? my Cloaths ?

Lure. What, you won't leave me ſo ſoon, my Dear, will ye ?

Clin. Will ye ? If ever I peep into a Collonel's Tent agen, may I be forc'd to run the Gauntlet.--------But my Cloaths, Madam.

Lure. I ſent the Porter down-ſtairs with them : Did not you meet him ?

Clin Meet him ! No, not I.

Par. No ! He went out of the Back-door, and is run clear away, I'm afraid.

Clin. Gone, ſay you ! and with my Cloaths ! my fine *Jubilee* Cloaths !-------O, the Rogue, the Thief !------I'll have him hang'd for Murder.-------But, how ſhall I get home in this Pickle.

Par. I'm afraid, Sir, the Collonel will be back preſently; for he dines at home.

Clin. O, then I muſt ſneak off ! Was ever Man ſo manag'd ; to have his Coat well thraſh'd, and loſe his Coat too ? [*Exit.*

Lure. Thus the Noble Poet ſpoke Truth :

Nothing ſuites worſe with Vice than want of Senſe :
Fools are ſtill wicked at their own Expence.

Par. Methinks, Madam, the injuries you have ſuffer'd by Men, muſt be very great, to raiſe ſuch heavy Reſentments againſt the whole Sex.

Lure. The greateſt injury that Woman cou'd ſuſtain ; they robb'd me of that Jewel, which preſerv'd, exalts our Sex almoſt to Angels ; but deſtroy'd, debaſes us below the worſt of Brutes, Mankind.

Par. But I think, Madam, your Anger shou'd be only confin'd to the Author of your Wrongs.

Lure. The Author! Alas, I know him not, which makes my Wrongs the greater.

Par. Not know him! 'Tis odd, Madam, that a Man should rob you of that same Jewel you mention'd, and you not know him.

Lure. Leave trifling;-------'tis a Subject that always sours my Temper: But since, by thy faithful Service, I have some reason to confide in your Secresie, hear the strange Relation. -------Some twelve, twelve Years ago, I liv'd at my Father's House in *Oxfordshire*, blest with Innocence, the ornamental, but weak Guard of blooming Beauty: I was then just Fifteen, an Age fatal to the Female Sex: Our Youth is tempting, our Innocence credulous, Romances moving, Love powerful, and Men are-----Villains. Then it hapned, that three young Gentlemen from the University coming into the Country, and being benighted, and Strangers, call'd at my Father's: He was very glad of their Company, and offer'd them the Entertainment of his House.

Par. Which they accepted, no doubt: Oh! these strouling Collegians are never abroad, but upon some Mischief.

Lure. They had some private Frolick or Design in their Heads, as appear'd by their not naming one another, which my Father perceiving, out of Civility, made no enquiry into their Affairs; two of them had a heavy, pedantick, University Air, a sort of disagreeable Scholastick Boorishness in their Behaviour; but the third!

Par. Ay! the third, Madam;------the third of all things, they say, is very Critical.

Lure. He was------but in short, Nature cut him out for my undoing;-----he seem'd to be about Eighteen.

Par. A fit Match for your Fifteen as cou'd be.

Lure. He had a genteel Sweetness in his Face, a graceful Comeliness in his Person, and his Tongue was fit to sooth soft Innocence to ruine. His very Looks were witty, and his expressive Eyes spoke softer, prettier things, than Words cou'd frame.

Par. There will be Mischief by and by; I never heard a Woman talk so much of Eyes, but there were Tears presently after.

Lure. His Discourse was directed to my Father, but his Looks to me. After Supper I went to my Chamber, and read *Cassandra*, then went to Bed, and dreamt of him all Night, rose in the Morning, and made Verses, so fell desperately in Love.------My Father was so well pleas'd with his Conver-

Conversation, that he beg'd their Company next Day; they consented, and next Night, *Parly*----

Par. Ay, next Night, Madam, ---- next Night (I'm afraid) was a Night indeed.

Lure. He brib'd my Maid, with his Gold, out of her Honesty; and me, with his Rhetorick, out of my Honour.----- She admitted him to my Chamber, and there he vow'd, and swore, and wept, and sigh'd ---- and conquer'd. [*Weeps.*

Par. Alack-a-day, poor Fifteen! [*Weeps.*

Lure. He swore that he wou'd come down from *Oxford* in a Fortnight, and marry me.

Par. The old Bait! the old Bait!---- I was cheated just so my self; [*Aside.*] But had not you the Wit to know his Name all this while?

Lure. Alas! what Wit had Innocence like mine? He told me, that he was under an Obligation to his Companions of concealing himself then, but that he wou'd write to me in two Days, and let me know his Name and Quality. After all the binding Oaths of Constancy, joining Hands, exchanging Hearts, I gave him a Ring with this Motto, *Love and Honour*, then we parted, but I never saw the dear Deceiver more.

Par. No, nor never will, I warrant you.

Lure. I need not tell my Griefs. which my Father's Death made a fair pretence for; he left me sole Heiress and Executrix to three thousand Pounds a Year: At last, my Love for this single Dissembler turn'd to a hatred of the whole Sex; and resolving to divert my Melancholy, and make my large Fortune subservient to my Pleasure and Revenge, I went to travel, where, in most Courts of *Europe*, I have done some Execution. Here I will play my last Scene; then retire to my Country-House, live solitary, and die a Penitent.

Par. But don't you still love this dear Dissembler?

Lure. Most certainly: 'Tis Love of him that keeps my Anger warm, representing the Baseness of Mankind full in view; and makes my Resentments work. -------- We shall have that old impotent Lecher, *Smuggler*, here to Night; I have a Plot to swinge him, and his precise Nephew, *Vizard*.

Par. I think, Madam, you manage every body that comes in your way.

Lure. No, *Parly*, those Men, whose Pretensions I found just and honourable, I fairly dismiss'd, by letting them know my firm Resolutions never to marry. But those Villains that wou'd attempt my Honour, I've seldom fail'd to manage.

Par.

Par. What d'ye think of the Collonel, Madam? I suppose his Designs are honourable.

Lure. That Man's a Riddle; there's something of Honour in his Temper that pleases: I'm sure he loves me too, beause he's soon jealous, and soon satisfied. But he's a Man still. ------When I once try'd his Pulse about Marriage, his Blood ran as low as a Coward's. He swore indeed, that he lov'd me, but cou'd not marrry me, forsooth, because he was engag'd elsewhere. So poor a Pretence made me disdain his Passion, which otherwise might have been uneasie to me.----But hang him, I have teiz'd him enough.----Besides, *Parly*, I begin to be tir'd of my Revenge; ---- But this Buss and Guinea I must maul once more. I'll hansel his Woman's Cloaths for him. Go, get me Pen and Ink; I must write to *Vizard* too.

Fortune, this once assist me as before;
Two such Machines can never work in vain,
As thy propitious Wheel, and my projecting Brain.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

Wildair *and* Standard *meeting.*

Stand. I Thought, Sir *Harry*, to have met you e'er this in a more convenient Place; but since my Wrongs were without Ceremony, my Revenge shall be so too. Draw, Sir.

Wild. Draw, Sir! What shall I draw?

Stand. Come, come, Sir, I like your facetious Humour well enough; it shews Courage and Unconcern. I know you brave; and therefore use you thus. Draw your Sword.

Wild. Nay, to oblige you, I will draw; but the Devil take me if I fight.-----Perhaps, Collonel, this is the prettiest Blade you have seen.

Stand. I doubt not but the Arm is good; and therefore think both worth my Resentment. Come, Sir.

Wild. But, prithee Collonel, dost think that I am such a Madman, as to send my Soul to the Devil, and my Body to the Worms upon every Fool's Errand?

Stand. I hope you're no Coward, Sir.

Wild.

Wild. Coward, Sir, I have eight thousand Pounds a Year, ir.

Stand. You fought in *Flanders*, to my knowledge.

Wild. Ay, for the same reason that I wore a red Coat; beause 'twas fashionable.

Stand. Sir, you fought a *French* Count in *Paris*.

Wild. True, Sir! he was a Beau, like my self. Now you're Soldier, Collonel, and Fighting's your Trade; and I think t downright Madness to contend with any Man in his Profession.

Stand. Come, Sir, no more dallying: I shall take very unseemly Methods, if you don't shew your self a Gentleman.

Wild. A Gentleman! Why there agen now? A Gentleman! tell you once more, Collonel, that I am a Baronet, and have ight thousand Pounds a Year. I can dance, sing, ride, fence, nderstand the Languages. Now, I can't conceive how running you through the Body shou'd contribute one jot more to ny Gentility. But, pray Collonel, I had forgot to ask you: What's the Quarrel?

Stand. A Woman, Sir.

Wild. Then I put up my Sword. Take her.

Stand. Sir, my Honour's concern'd.

Wild. Nay, if your Honour be concern'd with a Woman, get it out of her Hands as soon as you can. An honourable Lover is the greatest Slave in Nature; some will say, the greatest Fool. Come, come, Collonel, this is something about the Lady *Lurewell*, I warrant; I can give you Satisfaction in that Affair.

Stand. Do so then immediately.

Wild. Put up your Sword first; you know I dare fight: But I had much rather make you a Friend than an Enemy. I can assure you, this Lady will prove too hard for one of your Temper. You have too much Honour, too much in Conscience, to be a Favourite with the Ladies.

Stand. I'm assur'd, Sir, she never gave you any Encouragement. ----

Wild. A Man can never hear Reason with a Sword in his Hand. Sheath your Weapon; and then if I don't satisfie you, sheath it in my Body.

Stand. Give me but Demonstration of her granting you any Favour, and 'tis enough.

Wild. Will you take my Word?

Stand. Pardon me, Sir, I cannot.

Wild. Will you believe your own Eyes?

Stand. 'Tis ten to one whether I shall or no, they have deceiv'd me already.

Wild. That's hard. ----- But some means I shall devise for your Satisfaction. ----- We must fly this Place, else that cluster of Mob will overwhelm us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mob, Tom Errand's *Wife hurrying in* Clincher senior, *in* Errand's *Cloaths.*

Wife. O, the Villain, the Rogue, he has murder'd my Husband: Ay, my poor *Timothy!* [*Crying.*

Clin. Dem your *Timothy*; ------ your Husband has murder'd me, Woman; for he has carry'd away my fine *Jubilee* Cloaths.

Wife. Ay, you Cut-Throat, have you not got his Cloaths upon your Back there? ---- Neighbours, don't you know poor *Timothy*'s Coat and Apron?

Mob. Ay, ay, 'tis the same.

First Mob. What shall we do with him, Neighbours?

Second Mob. We'll pull him in pieces.

First Mob. No, no; then we may be hang'd for Murder: but we'll drown him.

Clin. Ah, good People, pray don't drown me; for I never learn't to swim in all my Life. Ah, this plaguy intriguing!

Mob. Away with him, away with him to the *Thames.*

Clin. Oh, if I had but my *Swimming Girdle*, now.

Enter Constable.

Const. Hold, Neighbours, I command the Peace.

Wife. O, Mr. Constable, here's a Rogue that has murder'd my Husband, and robb'd him of his Cloaths.

Const. Murder and Robbery! then he must be a Gentleman. Hands off there; he must not be abus'd. ----- Give an Account of your self: Are you a Gentleman?

Clin. No, Sir, I am a Beau.

Const. Then you have kill'd no body, I'm persuaded. How came you by these Cloaths, Sir?

Clin. You must know, Sir, that walking along, Sir, I don't know how, Sir; I can't tell where, Sir; and ---- so the Porter and I chang'd Cloaths, Sir.

Const. Very well, the Man speaks Reason and like a Gentleman.

Wife. But pray, Mr. Constable, ask him how he chang'd Cloaths with him.

Const. Silence, Woman, and don't disturb the Court. ----- Well, Sir, how did you change Cloaths?

Clin. Why, Sir, he pull'd off my Coat, and I drew off his: So I put on his Coat, and he puts on mine.

Const.

Const. Why Neighbour, I don't find that he's guilty: Search im! and if he carries no Arms about him, we'll let him go.

[*They search his Pockets, and pull out his Pistols.*

Clin. O *Gemini*? My *Jubilee* Pistols!

Const. What, a Case of Pistols! Then the Case is plain. peak, what are you, Sir? Whence came you, and whither o you?

Clin. Sir, I came from *Russel-street*, and am going to the *ubilee*.

Wife. You shall go to the Gallows, you Rogue.

Const. Away with him, away with him to *Newgate*, raight.

Clin. I shall go to the *Jubilee* now indeed. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Wildair *and* Standard.

Wild. In short, Collonel, 'tis all Nonsense: Fight for a Woman! Hard by is the Lady's House; if you please, we'll wait on her together: You shall draw your Sword, I'll draw my Snuff-Box: You shall produce your Wounds receiv'd in War; I'll relate mine by *Cupid*'s Dart: ------ You shall look big; I'll ogle; ------- You shall swear; I'll sigh: ------- You shall *sa*, *sa*, and I'll *Coupee*; and if she flies not to my Arms like a Hawk to its Perch, my Dancing-Master deserves to be damn'd.

Stand. With the generality of Women, I grant you, these Arts may prevail.

Wild. Generality of Women! Why there agen you're out. They're all alike, Sir; I never heard of any one that was particular, but one.

Stand. Who was she, pray?

Wild. Penelope, I think she's call'd; and that's a Poetical Story too. When will you find a Poet in our Age make a Woman so chaste?

Stand. Well, Sir *Harry*, your facetious Humour can disguise Falshood, and make Calumny pass for Satyr; But you have promis'd me ocular Demonstration that she favours you: Make that good, and I shall then maintain Faith and Female to be as inconsistent as Truth and Falshood.

Wild. Nay, by what you have told me, I am satisfied that he imposes on us all; and *Vizard* too seems what I still suspected him: But his Honesty once mistrusted, spoils his Knavery: ------ But will you be convinc'd, if our Plot succeeds?

Stand. I rely on your Word and Honour, Sir *Harry*; which if I doubted, my Distrust wou'd cancel the Obligation of their Security.

Wild.

Wild. Then meet me half an Hour hence at the *Rummer*. You must oblige me by taking a hearty Glass with me toward the fitting me out for a certain Project, which this Night I undertake.

Stand. I guess by the Preparation, that Woman's the Design.

Wild. Yes, faith. ----- I am taken dangerously ill with two foolish Maladies, Modesty and Love; the first I'll cure with *Burgundy*, and my Love by a Night's Lodging with the Damsel. A sure Remedy. *Probatum est.*

Stand. I'll certainly meet you, Sir. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Clincher junior *and* Dicky.

Clin. Ah! *Dicky*, this *London* is a sad Place, a sad vicious Place: I wish that I were in the Country agen: And this Brother of mine! I'm sorry he's so great a Rake: I had rather see him dead than see him thus.

Dic. Ay, Sir, He'll spend his whole Estate at this same Jubilee. Who, d'ye think, lives at this same Jubilee?

Clin. Who, pray?

Dic. The Pope.

Clin. The Devil he does! My Brother go to the Place where the Pope dwells! He's bewitch'd sure!

Enter Tom Errand *in* Clincher senior's *Cloaths.*

Dic. Indeed, I believe he is, for he's strangely alter'd.

Clin. Alter'd! Why he looks like a Jesuit already.

Err. This Lace will sell. What a Blockhead was the Fellow to trust me with his Coat! If I can get cross the Garden, down to the Water-side, I'm pretty secure. [*Aside.*

Clin. Brother! ------ Alaw! O *Gemini!* Are you my Brother?

Dic. I seize you in the King's Name, Sir.

Err. O Lord! Shou'd this prove some Parliament Man now!

Clin. Speak, you Rogue, what are you?

Err. A poor Porter, Sir, and going of an Errand.

Dic. What Errand? Speak, you Rogue.

Err. A Fool's Errand, I'm afraid.

Clin. Who sent you?

Err. A Beau, Sir.

Dic. No, no, the Rogue has murder'd your Brother, and stript him of his Cloaths.

Clin. Murder'd my Brother! O *Crimini!* O my poor Jubilee, Brother! ------ Stay, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I'm Heir tho': Speak, Sirrah, have you kill'd him? Confess that you have kill'd him, and I'll give you Half a Crown.

Err.

Err. Who I, Sir? Alack-a-day, Sir, I never kill'd any Man, ut a Carrier's Horſe once.

Clin. Then you ſhall certainly be hang'd; but confeſs that ou kill'd him, and we'll let you go.

Err. Telling the Truth hangs a Man, but confeſſing a Lye an do no harm; beſides, if the worſt come to the worſt, I can ut deny it agen ----- Well, Sir, ſince I muſt tell you, I did ill him.

Clin. Here's your Money, Sir,------- But are you ſure you ill'd him dead?

Err. Sir, I'll ſwear it before any Judge in *England.*

Dic. But are you ſure that he's *Dead in Law?*

Err. Dead in Law? I can't tell whether he be *Dead in Law.* ut he's as dead as a Door-Nail; for I gave him ſeven knocks n the Head with a Hammer.

Dic. Then you have the Eſtate by Statute.

Any Man that's knock'd o'th' Head is *Dead in Law.*

Clin. But are you ſure he was *Compos Mentis* when he was ill'd?

Err. I ſuppoſe he was, Sir; for he told me nothing to the ontrary afterwards.

Clin. Hey! ------ Then I go to the *Jubilee* ------ Strip, Sir, ſtrip.

y *Jupiter Ammon*, ſtrip.

Dic. Ah! Don't ſwear, Sir. [*Puts on his Brother's Cloaths.*

Clin. Swear Sir, Zoons, han't I got the Eſtate, Sir? Come, ir, now I'm in Mourning for my Brother.

Err. I hope you'll let me go now, Sir.

Clin. Yes, yes, Sir; but you muſt do me the Favour to wear poſitively before a Magiſtrate, that you kill'd him dead, hat I may enter upon the Eſtate without any Trouble. By *upiter Ammon*, all my Religion's gone, ſince I put on theſe ne Cloaths ---- Hey, call me a Coach ſome body.

Err. Ay, Maſter, let me go, and I'll call one immediately.

Clin. No, no; *Dicky*, carry this Spark before a Juſtice, and when he has made Oath, you may diſcharge him.

And I'll go ſee *Angelica.* [*Exeunt* Dick *and* Errand.

Now that I'm an elder Brother, I'll court, and ſwear, and aunt, and rake, and go to the *Jubilee* with the beſt of them.

[*Exit.*

SCENE, Lurewell's *Houſe.*

Enter Lurewell *and* Parly.

Lure. Are you ſure [illegible] had my Letter?

Par.

Par. Yes, yes, Madam; one of your Ladyship's Footmen gave it to him in the Park, and he told the Bearer, with all Transports of Joy, that he wou'd be punctual to a Minute.

Lure. Thus most Villains, some time or other, are punctual to their Ruine; and Hypocrisie, by imposing on the World, at last deceives it self. Are all things prepared for his Reception?

Par. Exactly to your Ladyship's Order; the Alderman too is just come, dress'd and cook'd up for Iniquity.

Lure. Then he has got Woman's Cloaths on.

Par. Yes, Madam, and has pass'd upon the Family for your Nurse.

Lure. Convey him into that Closet, and put out the Candles, and tell him, I'll wait on him presently. [*As* Parly *goes to put out the Candle, some body knocks.*

Lure. This must be some Clown without Manners, or a Gentleman above Ceremony. Who's there?

Wild. Sings.

Thus Damon *knock'd at* Celia's *Door,*
He sigh'd, and begg'd, and wept, and swore,
The Sign was so,
[knocks]
She answer'd, No
[knocks thrice.]
No, no, no.
Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd,
No, Damon, *no, I am afraid;*
Consider, Damon, *I'm a Maid.*
Consider,
No,
I'm a Maid.
No, &c.
At last his Sighs and Tears made way,
She rose, and softly turn'd the Key;
Come in, said she, but do not stay.
I may conclude
You will be rude,
But if you are, you may.
Enters. [*Exit* Parly.

Lure. 'Tis too early for Serenading, Sir *Harry.*

Wild. Wheresoever Love is, there Musick is proper, there's an

an harmonious Consent in their Natures, and when rightly joyn'd, they make up the Chorus of Earthly Happiness.

Lure. But, Sir *Harry*, what Tempest drives you here at this Hour?

Wild. No Tempest, Madam, but as fair Weather as ever enrich'd a Citizen's Wife to Cuckold her Husband in fresh Air. Love, Madam.

[Wild. *taking her by the Hand.*

Lure. As pure and white as Angels soft Desires, Is't not so?

Wild. Fierce, as when ripe consenting Beauty fires.

Lure. O Villain! What Privilege has Man to our Destruction, that thus they hunt our Ruine? [*Aside.*] If this be a Love Token, [Wild. *drops a Ring, she takes it up*] your Mistresses Favours hang very loose about you, Sir.

Wild. I can't justly, Madam, pay your Trouble of taking it up by any thing, but desiring you to wear it.

Lure. You Gentlemen have the cunningest ways of playing the Fool, and are so industrious in your Profuseness. Speak seriously, am I beholding to Chance or Design for this Ring?

Wild. To Design, upon my Honour, and I hope my Design will succeed. [*Aside.*

Lure. And what shall I give you for such a fine thing? [*Both sing.*

Wild. You'll give me another, you'll give me another fine thing.

Lure. Shall I be free with you, Sir *Harry*?

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam, so I may be free with you.

Lure. Then plainly, Sir, I shall beg the Favour to see you some other time, for at this very Minute I have two Lovers in the House.

Wild. Then to be as plain, I must be gone this Minute, for must see another Mistress within these two Hours.

Lure. Frank and free.

Wild. As you with me----Madam, your most humble Serant. [*Exit.*

Lure. Nothing can disturb his Humour. Now for my Merchant and *Vizard.* [*Exit and takes the Candles with her.*

Enter Parly, *leading in* Smuggler, *dress'd in Woman's Cloaths.*

Par. This way, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Well, Mrs. *Parly*,------I'm oblig'd to you for this Trouble, here are a couple of Shillings for you. Times are hard, very hard indeed, but next time I'll steal a pair of Silk Stockings from my Wife, and bring them to you-------What are you fumbling about my Pockets for---?

Par. Only ſetling the Pleats of your Gown; here, Sir, get into this Cloſet, and my Lady will wait on you preſently.

[*Puts him into the Cloſet, runs out, and returns with* Vizard.

Viz. Where would'ſt thou lead me, my dear auſpicious little Pilot?

Par. You're almoſt in Port, Sir, my Lady's in the Cloſet, and will come out to you immediately.

Viz. Let me thank thee as I ought. [*Kiſſes her.*

Par. Pſhaw, who has hir'd me beſt? A couple of Shillings or a couple of Kiſſes.

Viz. Propitious Darkneſs guides the Lovers Steps, and Night that ſhadows outward Senſe, lights up our inward Joy. Night! The great awful Ruler of Mankind, which, like the *Perſian* Monarch hides its Royalty to raiſe the Veneration of the World. Under thy eaſie Reign Diſſemblers may ſpeak Truth; all ſlaviſh Forms and Ceremonies laid aſide, and generous Villany may act without Conſtraint.

Smug. [*Peeping out of the Cloſet.*] Bleſs me! What Voice is this?

Viz. Our hungry Appetites, like the wild Beaſts of Prey, now ſcour abroad, to gorge their craving Maws; the Pleaſure of Hypocriſie, like a chain'd Lyon, once broke looſe, wildly indulges its new Freedom, ranging through all unbounded Joys.

Smug. My Nephew's Voice, and certainly poſſeſs'd with an Evil Spirit; he talks as prophanely, as an Actor poſſeſs'd with a Poet.

Viz. Ha! I hear a Voice; Madam,-----my Life, my Happineſs, where are you, Madam?

Smug. Madam! He takes me for a Woman too, I'll try him. Where have you left your Sanctity, Mr. *Vizard*?

Viz. Talk no more of that ungrateful Subject-----I left it where it has only Buſineſs, with Day-light; 'tis needleſs to wear a Mask in the dark.

Smug. O the Rogue, the Rogue;----The World takes you for a very ſober, virtuous Gentleman.

Viz. Ay, Madam, that adds Security to all my Pleaſures -------with me a Cully-Squire may ſquander his Eſtate, and ne'er be thought a Spend-thrift----With me a holy Elder may zealouſly be drunk, and toaſt his tuneful Noſe in Sack, to make it hold forth clearer-------But what is moſt my Praiſe the formal Rigid, ſhe that rails at Vice and Men, with me ſecures her looſeſt Pleaſures, and her ſtricteſt Honour------ſhe who with ſcornful Mien, and virtuous Pride, diſdains

the

the Name of Whore, with me can wanton, and laugh at the deluded World.

Smug. How have I been deceiv'd! Then you are very great among the Ladies.

Viz. Yes, Madam, they know that like a Mole in the Earth, I dig deep but inviſible; not like thoſe fluttering noiſie Sinners, whoſe Pleaſure is the Proclamation of their Faults; thoſe empty Flaſhes who no ſooner kindle, but they muſt blaze to alarm the World. But come, Madam, you delay our Pleaſures.

Smug. He ſurely takes me for the Lady *Lurewell*----ſhe has made him an Appointment too------but I'll be reveng'd of both----Well, Sir, what are thoſe you are ſo intimate with?

Viz. Come, come, Madam, you know very well--------thoſe who ſtand ſo high, that the Vulgar envy even their Crimes, whoſe Figure adds Privilege to their Sin, and makes it paſs unqueſtion'd; fair, high, pamper'd Females, whoſe ſpeaking Eyes, and piercing Voice, wou'd arm the Statue of a *Stoick*, and animate his cold Marble with the Soul of an *Epicure*, all raviſhing, lovely, ſoft, and kind, like you.

Smug. I'm very lovely and ſoft indeed, you ſhall find me much harder than you imagine, Friend------Well, Sir, but I ſuppoſe your Diſſimulation has ſome other Motives beſides Pleaſure.

Viz. Yes, Madam, the honeſteſt Motive in the World, Intereſt---------you muſt know, Madam, that I have an old Uncle, Alderman *Smuggler*, you have ſeen him, I ſuppoſe.

Smug. Yes, yes, I have ſome ſmall Acquaintance with him.

Viz. 'Tis the moſt knaviſh, preciſe, covetous old Rogue, that ever died of a Gout

Smug. Ah! The young Son of a Whore. Well, Sir, and what of him?

Viz. Hell hungers not more for wretched Souls, than he for ill-got Pelf----------and yet (what's wonderful) he that wou'd ſtick at no profitable Villany himſelf, loves Holineſs in another--he prays all *Sunday* for the Sins of the Week paſt---he ſpends all Dinner-time in too tedious Graces, and what he deſigns a Bleſſing to the Meat, proves a Curſe to his Family-----he's the moſt------

Smug. Well, well, Sir, I know him very well.

Viz. Then, Madam, he has a ſwinging Eſtate, which I deſign to purchaſe as a Saint, and ſpend like a Gentleman. He got it by cheating, and ſhou'd loſe it by Deceit. By the

pretence of my Zeal and Sobriety, I'll cozen the old Miſer, one of theſe Days, out of a Settlement, and Deed of Conveyance------

Smug. It ſhall be a Deed to convey you to the Gallows, then, ye young Dog. [*Aſide.*

Viz. And no ſooner he's dead, but I'll rattle over his Grave with a Coach and Six, to inform his covetous Ghoſt how genteelly I ſpend his Money.

Smug I'll prevent you Boy, for I'll have my Money bury'd with me. [*Aſide.*

Viz. Bleſs me, Madam! Here's a Light coming this way, I muſt fly immediately, when ſhall I ſee you, Madam?

Smug. Sooner than you expect, my Dear.

Viz. Pardon me, dear Madam, I wou'd not be ſeen for the World. I wou'd ſooner forfeit my Life, nay my Pleaſure, than my Reputation. [*Exit.*

Smug. Reputation! Reputation! That poor Word ſuffers a great deal---------Well! Thou art the moſt accompliſh'd Hypocrite that ever made a grave plodding Face over a Diſh of Coffee and a Pipe of Tobacco; he owes me for ſeven Years Maintenance, and ſhall pay me by ſeven Years Impriſonment; and when I die, I'll leave him to the Fee-ſimple of a Rope and a Shilling. Who are theſe? I begin to be afraid of ſome Miſchief-----I wiſh that I were ſafe within the City Liberties-----I'll hide my ſelf. [*Stands Cloſe.*

Enter Butler, *with other Servants and Lights.*

But. I ſay there are two Spoons wanting, and I'll ſearch the whole Houſe----Two Spoons will be no ſmall Gap in my Quarters Wages----

Serv. When did you miſs 'em, *James*?

But. Miſs them! Why I miſs them now; in ſhort they muſt be among you, and if you don't return them, I'll go to the Cunning-Man to Morrow Morning; my Spoons I want, and my Spoons I will have.

Serv. Come, come, ſearch about. [*Search and diſcover* Smuggler.
Ah! Who's this?

But. Hark'e, good Woman, what makes you hide your ſelf? What are you aſham'd of?

Smug. Aſham'd of! O Lord, Sir, I'm an honeſt old Woman that never was aſham'd of any thing.

But. What are you, a Midwife then? Speak, did not you ſee a couple of ſtray Spoons in your Travels?

Smug. Stray Spoons?

But. Ay, ay, ſtray Spoons; in ſhort you ſtole them, and I'll

I'll ſhake your old Limbs to pieces, if you don't deliver them preſently.

Smug. Bleſs me; a Reverend Elder of Seventy Years old accus'd for *Petty Larceny!*------Why ſearch me, good People, ſearch me; and if you find any Spoons about me, you ſhall burn me for a Witch.

But. Ay, we will ſearch you Miſtreſs.

[*They ſearch and pull the Spoons out of his Pockets.*

Smug. Oh! the Devil, the Devil!

But. Where, where is he? Lord bleſs us! ſhe is a Witch in good earneſt, may be.

Smug. O, it was ſome Devil, ſome *Covent-Garden*, or St. *James*'s Devil, that put them in my Pocket.

But. Ay, ay, you ſhall be hang'd for a Thief, burnt for a Witch, and then carted for a Bawd. Speak, what are you?

Enter Lurewell.

Smug. I'm the Lady *Lurewell*'s Nurſe.

Lure. What Noiſe is this?

But. Here is an old *Succubus*, Madam, that has ſtole two Silver Spoons, and ſays ſhe's your Nurſe.

Lure. My Nurſe! O the impudent old Jade, I never ſaw the wither'd Creature before.

Smug. Then I am finely caught. O Madam! Madam, don't you know me? don't you remember Buſs and Guinea?

Lure. Was ever ſuch Impudence? I know thee! why thou'rt as Brazen as a Bawd in the Side-Box.-------Take her before a Juſtice, and then to *Newgate*, away.

Smug. O! conſider, Madam, that I'm an Alderman.

Lure. Conſider, Sir, that you're a Compound of Covetouſneſs, Hypocriſie, and Knavery, and muſt be puniſh'd accordingly.-----You muſt be in Pettecoats, Gouty Monſter, muſt ye! You muſt Buſs and Guinea too; you muſt tempt a Lady's Honour, old Satyr, away with him. [*Hurry him off.*

Still may our Sex thus Frauds of Men oppoſe,
Still may our Arts delude theſe tempting Foes.
May Honour rule, and never fall betray'd,
But Vice be caught in Nets for Virtue laid.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *Lady* Darling's *House.*

Darling *and* Angelica.

Darl. DAughter, since you have to deal with a Man of so peculiar a Temper, you must not think the general Arts of Love, can secure him; you may therefore allow such a Courtier some Encouragement extraordinary, without reproach to your Modesty.

Ang. I am sensible, Madam, that a formal Nicety makes our Modesty sit awkard, and appears rather a Chain to enslave, than Bracelet to adorn us;-------it shou'd shew, when unmolested, easie and innocent as a Dove, but strong and vigorous as a Faulcon, when assaulted.

Darl. I'm afraid, Daughter, you mistake Sir *Harry*'s Gaiety for Dishonour.

Ang. Tho' Modesty, Madam, may wink, it must not sleep, when powerful Enemies are abroad-------I must confess, that of all Men's, I wou'd not see Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Faults; nay, I cou'd wrest most suspicious Words a thousand ways, to make them look like Honour------But, Madam, in spight of Love I must hate him, and curse those Practices which taint our Nobility, and rob all virtuous Women of the bravest Men.-----

Darl. You must certainly be mistaken, *Angelica*, for I'm satisfy'd Sir *Harry*'s Designs are only to court, and marry you.

Ang. His pretence, perhaps, was such; but Women now, like Enemies, are attack'd; whether by Treachery, or fairly Conquer'd, the Glory of Triumph is the same.----Pray, Madam, by what means were you made acquainted with his Designs?

Darl. Means, Child! why, my Cousin *Vizard*, who, I'm sure, is your sincere Friend, sent him. He brought me this Letter from my Cousin.---[*Gives her the Letter, which she opens.*

Ang. Ha! *Vizard!* then I'm abus'd in earnest.-------Wou'd Sir *Harry*, by his Instigation, fix a base Affront upon me? No, I can't suspect him of so ungenteel a Crime--------This Letter shall trace the Truth.------ [*Aside.*] My Suspicions, Madam, are much clear'd; and I hope to satisfie your Ladyship in my Management, when next I see Sir *Harry*.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here's a Gentleman below calls himself *Wildair*.

Darl.

Darl. Conduct him up. Daughter, I won't doubt your Diſcretion. [*Exit* Darling.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. O, the Delights of Love and *Burgundy!*------Madam, I have toaſted your Ladyſhip fifteen Bumpers ſucceſſively, and ſwallow'd *Cupids* like Loches to every Glaſs.

Ang. And what then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, Madam, the Wine has got into my Head, and the *Cupids* into my Heart; and unleſs by quenching quick my Flame, you kindly eaſe the Smart, I'm a loſt Man, Madam.

Ang. Drunkenneſs, Sir *Harry*, is the worſt Pretence a Gentleman can make for Rudeneſs: for the Excuſe is as ſcandalous as the Fault.---------Therefore, pray conſider who you are ſo free with, Sir; a Woman of Condition, that can call half a dozen Footmen upon Occaſion.

Wild. Nay, Madam, if you have a mind to toſs me in a Blanket, half a dozen Chamber-maids would do better Service.----------Come, come, Madam, tho'. the Wine makes me liſp, yet has it taught me to ſpeak plainer. By all the Duſt of my ancient Progenitors, I muſt this Night quarter my Coat of Arms with yours.

Ang. Nay then, who waits there? [*Enter Footmen.* Take hold of that Mad-man, and bind him.

Wild. Nay, then *Burgundy*'s the Word, and Slaughter will enſue. Hold,----do you know, Scoundrels, that I have been drinking victorious *Burgundy*? [*Draws.*

Servants. We know you're drunk, Sir.

Wild. Then, how have you the Impudence, Raſcals, to aſſault a Gentleman with a couple of Flasks of Courage in his Head?

Servants. Sir, we muſt do as our young Miſtreſs commands us.

Wild. Nay, then have among ye, Dogs.

[*Throws Money among them: They ſcramble and take it up. He pelting them out, ſhuts the Door, and returns.*

Raſcals, Poultrons,---------I have charm'd the Dragon, and now the Fruit's my own.

Ang. O, the mercenary Wretches! This was a Plot to betray me.

Wild. I have put the whole Army to flight: And, now take the General Priſoner. [*Laying hold on her.*

Ang. I conjure you, Sir, by the ſacred Name of Honour, by your dead Father's Name, and the fair Reputation of your

Mother's Chastity, that you offer not the least Offence.------ Already you have wrong'd me past Redress.

Wild. Thou art the most unaccountable Creature.

Ang. What Madness, Sir *Harry*? what wild Dream of loose Desire cou'd prompt you to attempt this Baseness? View me well.-----The Brightness of my Mind, methinks, should lighten outwards, and let you see your Mistake in my Behaviour. I think it shines with so much Innocence in my Face, that it should dazzle all your vicious Thoughts: Think not I am defenceless 'cause alone. Your very self is Guard against your self: I'm sure, there's something generous in your Soul; my Words shall search it out, and Eyes shall fire it for my own Defence.

Wild. [*Mimicking.*] Tal tidum, ti dum, tall ti didi, didum. A Million to one now, but this Girl is just come flush from reading the *Rival Queens*.--------I gad, I'll at her in her own Cant.------

O my Statyra, O my angry Dear, turn thy Eyes on me, behold thy Beau in Buskins.

Ang. Behold me, Sir; view me with a sober Thought, free from those Fumes of Wine that throw a Mist before your Sight, and you shall find that every Glance from my reproaching Eyes, is arm'd with sharp Resentment, and with a virtuous Pride that looks Dishonour dead.

Wild. This is the first Whore in *Heroicks* that I have met with; [*Aside.*] Look ye, Madam, as to that slender Particular of your Virtue, we sha'n't quarrel about it; you may be as virtuous as any Woman in *England*, if you please; you may say your Pray'rs all the time:----------But pray, Madam, be pleas'd to consider what is this same Virtue that you make such a mighty Noise about: Can your Virtue bespeak you a Front Row in the Boxes? No; for the Players can't live upon Virtue. Can your Virtue keep you a Coach and Six? No, no; your Virtuous Women walk a-Foot.--------Can your Virtue hire you a Pew in a Church? Why, the very Sexton will tell you, No. Can your Virtue stake for you at Picquet? No: Then, what business has a Woman with Virtue ?-----Come, come, Madam, I offer'd you fifty Guineas,-----there's a hundred.--------The Devil! Virtuous still! Why, 'tis a hundred, five score, a hundred Guineas.

Ang. O Indignation! Were I a Man, you durst not use me thus; but the mean, poor Abuse you throw on me, reflects upon your self; our Sex still strikes an awe upon the Brave, and only Cowards dare affront a Woman.

Wild. Affront! S'death, Madam, a hundred Guineas will

set

ſet you up at Baſſet, a hundred Guineas will furniſh out your Lodgings with China; a hundred Guineas will give you an Air of Quality; a hundred Guineas will buy you a rich Eſcritore for your *Billet deux*, or a fine *Common Prayer Book* for your Virtue. A hundred Guineas will buy a hundred fine things, and fine things are for fine Ladies; and fine Ladies are for fine Gentlemen; and fine Gentlemen are -----I Gad, this *Burgundy* makes a Man ſpeak like an Angel.---Come, come, Madam, take it, and put it to what uſe you pleaſe.

Ang. I'll uſe it as I wou'd the baſe unworthy Giver, thus: [*Throws down the Purſe and ſtamps upon it.*

Wild. I have no mind to meddle in State Affairs; but theſe Women will make me a Parliament Man 'ſpight of my Teeth, on purpoſe to bring in a Bill againſt their Extortion. She tramples under-foot that Deity which all the World adores, ----O the blooming Pride of beautiful Eighteen; Pſhaw, I'll talk to her no longer; I'll make my Markets with the old Gentlewoman; ſhe knows Buſineſs better;--[*Goes to the Door.*] Here, you, Friend, pray deſire the old Lady to walk in.---Hearkee, by Gad, Madam, I'll tell your Mother.

Enter Darling.

Darl. well, Sir *Harry*, and how d'ye like my Daughter, pray?

Wild. Like her, Madam!------Hearkee, will you take it? Why, faith, Madam!----take the Money, I ſay, or I gad, all's out.

Ang. All ſhall out; Sir, you're a Scandal to the Name of Gentleman.

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam:-----In ſhort, Madam, your Daughter has us'd me ſomewhat too familiarly, tho' I have treated her like a Woman of Quality.

Darl. How, Sir?

Wild. Why, Madam, I have offer'd her a hundred Guineas.

Darl. A hundred Guineas! upon what Score?

Wild. Upon what Score! Lord, Lord, how theſe old Women love to hear Bawdy. Why, faith, Madam, I have ne'er a double Entendre ready at preſent, but I'll ſing you a Song.

Behold the Goldfinches, tall al de rall,
And a Man of my Inches, tall al de rall,
You ſhall take um, believe me, tall al de ral,
If you will give me your tall al de rall.

A modiſh Minuet, Madam, that's all.

Darl. Sir, I don't underſtand you.

Wild.

Wild. Ay, she will have it in plain terms; then, Madam, in downright *English*, I offer'd your Daughter a hundred Guineas, to -----

Ang. Hold, Sir, stop your abusive Tongue, too loose for modest Ears to bear.------ Madam, I did before suspect that his Designs were base, now they're too plain; this Knight, this mighty Man of Wit and Humours, is made a Tool to a Knave: *Vizard* has sent him of a Bully's Errand, to affront a Woman; but I scorn the Abuse, and him that offer'd it.

Darl. How, Sir, come to affront us! D'ye know who we are, Sir?

Wild. Know who you are! Why, your Daughter there is, Mr. *Vizard*'s Cousin, I suppose:----- And for you, Madam, -------now to call her Procures Alamode *France*. [*Aside.*] *J'estime votre Occupation.*-----

Darl. Pray, Sir, speak *English*.

Wild. Then to define her Office, Alamode *Londres!* [*Aside.*] I suppose your Ladyship to be one of those civil, obliging, discreet, old Gentlewomen, who keep their visiting Days for the Entertainment of their presenting Friends, whom they treat with Imperial Tea, a private Room, and a Pack of Cards. Now I suppose you do understand me.

Darl. This is beyond Sufferance; but say, thou abusive Man, what Injury have you ever receiv'd from me or mine, thus to engage you in this scandalous Aspersion?

Ang. Yes, Sir, what Cause, what Motives, could induce you thus to debase your self below your Rank?

Wild. Hey day, Now dear *Roxana*, and you my fair *Statyra*, be not so very Heroick in your Styles; *Vizard*'s Letter may resolve you, and answer all the impertinent Questions you have made me.

Both Women. We appeal to that.

Wild. And I'll stand to't; he read it to me, and the Contents were pretty plain I thought.

Ang. Here, Sir, peruse it, and see how much we are injur'd, and you deceiv'd.

Wild. [*Opening the Letter.*] But hold, Madam, [To *Darling.*] before I read, I'll make some Condition: ------ Mr. *Vizard* says here, that I won't scruple 30 or 40 Pieces. Now, Madam, if you have clapt in another Cypher to the Account, and made it 3 or 4 hundred, by Gad, I will not stand to't.

Ang. Now, can't I tell whether Disdain or Anger be the most just Resentment for this Injury.

Darl. The Letter, Sir, shall answer you.

Wild. Well then [*Reads.*]

Out of my earnest Inclination to serve your Ladyship, and my Cousin Angelica, ------ Ay, ay, the very Words, I can say it by Heart. ----- *I have sent Sir* Harry Wildair ---- *to court my Cousin.* ------ What the Devil's this? *Sent Sir* Harry Wildair *to court my Cousin!* --- He read to me quite a different thing. ------ *He's a Gentleman of great Parts and Fortune.* ----- He's a Son of a Whore, and a Rascal. ----- *And wou'd make your Daughter very Happy* [*Whistles.*] *in a Husband.* [*Looks foolish, and hums a Song.*] Oh, poor Sir *Harry!* what have the angry Stars design'd?

Ang. Now, Sir, I hope you need no Instigation to redress our Wrongs, since even the Injury points the way.

Darl. Think, Sir, that our Blood for many Generations, has run in the purest Channel of unsully'd Honour.

Wild. Ay, Madam. [*Bows to her.*

Ang. Consider what a tender Blossom is Female Reputation, which the least Air of foul Detraction blasts.

Wild. Yes, Madam [*Bows to t'other.*

Darl. Call then to mind your rude and scandalous Behaviour.

Wild. Right, Madam. [*Bows again.*

Ang. Remember the base Price you offer'd me. [*Exit.*

Wild. Very true, Madam; was ever Man so catechiz'd?

Darl. Then think that *Vizard*, Villain *Vizard*, caus'd all his, yet lives: that's all; farewel. [*Going.*

Wild. Stay, Madam, [*To* Darling] one Word; is there no other way to redress your Wrongs, but by fighting?

Darl. Only one, Sir, which if you can think of, you may do; you know the Business I entertain'd you for.

Wild. I understand you, Madam. [*Exit* Darling.] Here am I brought to a very pretty Dilemma, I must commit Murder, or commit Matrimony; which is best now? A License from *Doctors Commons*, or a Sentence from the *Old Baily*? If I kill my Man, the Law hangs me: If I marry my Woman, I shall hang my self. ---- But, Dam it, ---- Cowards dare fight; I'll marry, that's the most daring Action of the two: So my dear Cousin *Angelica*, have at you.

SCENE *Newgate*, Clincher senior *solus.*

Clin. How severe and melancholy are *Newgate* Reflections? Last Week my Father died; yesterday I turn'd Beau; to day I am laid by the Heels, and to morrow shall be hung by the Neck. ------ I was agreeing with a Bookseller about printing an Account of my Journey through *France* to *Italy*; but now, the

the Hiſtory of my Travels thro' *Holbourn* to *Tyburn*,---*The laſt and dying Speech of Beau* Clincher, *that was going to the* Jubilee. ----- *Come a Half-penny a piece.* A ſad Sound, a ſad Sound, faith. 'Tis one way to have a Man's Death make a great Noiſe in the World.

Enter Smuggler *and* Goaler.

Smug. Well, Friend, I have told you who I am: So ſend theſe Letters into *Thames-ſtreet*, as directed; they are to Gentlemen that will bail me. [Exit *Goaler.*]
Eh! this *Newgate* is a very populous Place: Here's Robbery and Repentance in every Corner. ---- Well, Friend, what are you? a Cut-Throat or a Bum-Bailiff?

Clin. What are you, Miſtreſs? a Bawd or a Witch? Hearkee, if you are a Witch, d'ye ſee, I'll give you a hundred Pounds to mount me on a Broomſtaff, and whip me away to the *Jubilee.*

Smug. The *Jubilee!* O, you young Rake-hell, what brought you here?

Clin. Ah, you old Rogue, what brought you here, if you go to that?

Smug. I knew, Sir, what your powdering, your prinking, your dancing, and your friſking, wou'd come to.

Clin. And I knew what your Cozening, your Extortion, and your Smugling wou'd come to.

Smug. Ay, Sir, you muſt break your Indentures, and run to the Devil in a full Bottom Wig, muſt you?

Clin. Ay, Sir, and you muſt put off your Gravity, and run to the Devil in Petticoats: ---- You deſign to ſwing in Maſquerade, Maſter, d'ye?

Smug. Ay, you muſt go to Plays too, Sirrah: Lord, Lord! What Buſineſs has a Prentice at a Play-houſe, unleſs it be to hear his Maſter made a Cuckold, and his Miſtreſs a Whore? 'Tis ten to one now, but ſome malicious Poet has my Character upon the Stage within this Month: 'Tis a hard matter now, that an honeſt ſober Man can't ſin in private for this plaguy Stage. I gave an honeſt Gentleman five Guineas my ſelf towards writing a Book againſt it: And it has done no good, we ſee.

Clin. Well, well, Maſter, take Courage! our Comfort is, we have liv'd together, and ſhall die together, only with this difference, that I have liv'd like a Fool, and ſhall die like a Knave; and you have liv'd like a Knave, and ſhall die like a Fool.

Smug. No, Sirrah! I have ſent a Meſſenger for my Cloaths, and ſhall get out immediately, and ſhall be upon your Jury

y and by. ----- Go to Prayers you Rogue, go to Prayers.
[*Exit* Smug.

Clin. Prayers! 'tis a hard taking, when a Man muſt ſay Grace to the Gallows. ----- Ah, this curſed Intriguing! Had ſwung handſomely in a ſilken Garter now, I had died in ny Duty; but to hang in Hemp, like the Vulgar, 'tis very ngenteel.

Enter Tom Errand.

A Reprieve! a Reprieve! thou dear, dear. --- damn'd Rogue, Where have you been? Thou art the moſt welcome ----- Son of a Whore; where's my Cloaths?

Err. Sir, I ſee where mine are: Come, Sir, ſtrip, Sir, ſtrip.

Clin. What, Sir, will you abuſe a Gentleman?

Err. A Gentleman! Ha, ha, ha, d'ye know where you are, Sir? We're all Gentlemen here; ----- I ſtand up for Liberty nd Property. ----- *Newgate's* a Common-wealth. No Courier has Buſineſs among us; come, Sir.

Clin. Well, but ſtay, ſtay till I ſend for my own Cloaths: ſhall get out preſently.

Err. No, no, Sir! I'll ha' you into the Dungeon, and unaſe you.

Clin. Sir, you can't maſter me; for I'm twenty thouſand rong. [Exeunt *ſtruggling.*

SCENE, *changes to Lady* Darling's *Houſe.*

Enter Wildair *with Letters, Servants following.*

Wild. Here fly all around, and bear theſe as directed; you o *Weſtminſter*, ---- you to St. *James's*, and you into the City. ---- Tell all my Friends, a Bridegroom's Joy invites their reſence. Look all of ye like Bridegrooms alſo: All appear vith hoſpitable Looks, and bear a Welcome in your Faces. ---- Tell 'em I'm marry'd. If any ask to whom, make no Reply; but tell 'em that I'm marry'd, that Joy ſhall crown the Day, and Love the Night. Begone, fly.

Enter Standard.

A thouſand Welcomes, Friend; my Pleaſure's now complete, ſince I can ſhare it with my Friend: Brisk Joy ſhall ound from me to you. Then back agen; and, like the Sun, row warmer by Reflection.

Stand. You're always pleaſant, Sir *Harry*; but this tranſends your ſelf: Whence proceeds it?

Wild. Canſt thou not gueſs, my Friend? Whence flows ll Earthly Joy? What is the Life of Man, and Soul of leaſure? ----- *Woman.* ---- What fires the Heart with Tranſport,

port, and the Soul with Raptures? *Lovely Woman* ----- What is the Maſter-ſtroke and Smile of the Creation, but *charming, vertuous Woman*? ----- When Nature in the general Compoſition, firſt brought Woman forth, like a fluſh'd Poet, raviſh'd with his Fancy, with Extaſie; the bleſt, the fair Production.----- Methinks, my Friend, you reliſh not my Joy. What is the Cauſe?

Stand. Canſt thou not gueſs? ------- What is the Bane of Man, and Scourge of Life, but *Woman*? ----- What is the Heatheniſh Idol Man ſets up, and is damn'd for worſhipping. *Treacherous Woman*? ------ What are thoſe, whoſe Eyes, like Baſilisks, ſhine beautiful for ſure Deſtruction, whoſe Smiles are dangerous as the Grin of Fiends, but *falſe deluding Woman*? ----Woman! whoſe Compoſition inverts Humanity; their Body's Heavenly, but their Souls are Clay.

Wild. Come, come, Collonel, this is too much: I know your Wrongs receiv'd from *Lurewell*, may excuſe your Reſentments againſt her. But 'tis unpardonable to charge the Failings of a ſingle Woman upon the whole Sex. -----I have found one, whoſe Vertues-----

Stand. So have I, Sir *Harry*; I have found one, whoſe Pride's above yielding to a Prince. And if Lying, Diſſembling, Perjury and Falſhood, be no Breaches in a Woman's Honour, ſhe's as innocent as Infancy.

Wild. Well, Collonel, I find your Opinion grows ſtronger by Oppoſition; I ſhall now therefore wave the Argument, and only beg you for this Day to make a Shew of Complaiſance at leaſt.--- Here comes my charming Bride.

Enter Darling *and* Angelica.

Stand. [Saluting *Angelica.*] I wiſh you, Madam, all the Joys of Love and Fortune.

Enter Clincher junior.

Clin. Gentlemen and Ladies, I'm juſt upon the Spur, and have only a Minute to take my Leave.

Wild. Whither are you bound, Sir?

Clin. Bound, Sir! I'm going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Darl. Bleſs me, Couſin! how came you by theſe Cloaths?

Clin. Cloaths! Ha, ha, ha: the rareſt Jeſt! Ha, ha, ha, I ſhall burſt, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I ſhall burſt.

Darl. What's the matter, Couſin?

Clin. The matter! Ha, ha, ha: Why, an honeſt Porter, ha, ha, ha, has knock'd out my Brother's Brains, ha, ha, ha.

Wild. A very good Jeſt, i'faith, ha, ha, ha.

Clin. Ay, Sir, but the beſt Jeſt of all is, he knock'd out his Brains with a Hammer, and ſo he is as dead as a Door-nail, ha, ha, ha. *Darl.*

Darl. And do you laugh, Wretch?

Clin. Laugh! ha, ha, ha, let me ſee e'er a younger Brother in *England* that won't laugh at ſuch a Jeſt.

Ang. You appear'd a very ſober pious Gentleman ſome Hours ago.

Clin. Pſhaw, I was a Fool then: But now, Madam, I'm a Wit: I can rake now, ---- As for your part, Madam, you might have had me once: ------ But now, Madam, if you ſhou'd chance fall to eating Chalk, or gnawing the Sheets, 'tis none of my Fault ---- Now, Madam ---- I have got an Eſtate, and I muſt go to the *Jubilee*.

Enter Clincher ſenior *in a Blanket.*

Clin. ſen. Muſt you ſo, Rogue, muſt ye? ---- You will go to the *Jubilee*, will you?

Clin. jun. A Ghoſt, a Ghoſt! ------ Send for the Dean and Chapter preſently.

Clin. ſen. A Ghoſt! No, no, Sirrah, I'm an Elder Brother; Rogue.

Clin. jun. I don't care a Farthing for that; I'm ſure you're dead in Law.

Clin. ſen. Why ſo, Sirrah. why ſo?

Clin. jun. Becauſe, Sir, I can get a Fellow to ſwear he knock'd out your Brains.

Wild. An odd way of ſwearing a Man out of his Life!

Clin. jun. Smell him, Gentlemen, he has a deadly Scent about him. -----

Clin. ſen. Truly the Apprehenſions of Death may have made me favour a little ------- O Lord, ------ the Collonel! The Apprehenſion of him may make me favour worſe, I'm afraid.

Clin. jun. In ſhort, Sir, were you a Ghoſt, or Brother, or Devil, I will go to the *Jubilee*, by *Jupiter Ammon*.

Stand. Go to the *Jubilee!* Go to the *Bear-Garden* ----- the Travel of ſuch Fools as you doubly injure our Country, you expoſe our Native Follies, which ridicules us among Strangers, and return fraught only with their Vices, which you vend here for faſhionable Gallantry; a travelling Fool is as dangerous as a home-bred Villain --- Get you to your Native Plough and Cart, converſe with Animals, like your ſelves, Sheep and Oxen; Men are Creatures you don't underſtand.

Wild. Let 'em alone, Collonel, their Folly will be now diverting. Come, Gentlemen, we'll diſpute this Point ſome other time; I hear ſome Fiddles tuning, let's hear how they can entertain us: Be pleas'd to ſit.

Here

Here Singing and Dancing. After which a Servant whispers Wildair.

Wild. Madam, shall I beg you to entertain the Company in the next Room for a Moment? [*To* Darling.

Darl. With all my Heart ---- Come, Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt omnes but* Wildair.

Wild. A Lady to enquire for me! Who can this be?

Enter Lurewell.

O! Madam, this Favour is beyond my Expectation, to come uninvited to dance at my Wedding ---- What d'ye gaze at, Madam?

Lure. A Monster ----- if thou'rt marry'd thou'rt the most perjur'd Wretch that e'er avouch'd Deceit.

Wild. Hey day! Why, Madam, I'm sure I never swore to marry you, I made indeed a slight Promise, upon Condition of your granting me a small Favour, but you would not consent, you know.

Lure. How he upbraids me with my Shame--- Can you deny your binding Vows when this appears a Witness 'gainst your Falshood. [*Shews a Ring.*] Methinks the Motto of this Sacred Pledge shou'd flash Confusion in your guilty Face ------ read, read here the binding words of Love and Honour, Words not unknown to your perfidious Eyes. ---- tho' utter Strangers to your treacherous Heart.

Wild. The Woman's stark staring mad, that's certain.

Lure. Was it maliciously design'd to let me find my Misery when past Redress; to let me know you, only to know you false?--- had not curs'd Chance shew'd me the surprizing Motto, I had been happy ---- The first Knowledge I had of you was fatal to me, and this second worse.

Wild. What the Devil's all this! ----- Madam, I'm not at leisure for Raillery at present, I have weighty Affairs upon my Hands; the Business of Pleasure, Madam, any other time ---- [*Going.*

Lure. Stay, I conjure you stay.

Wild. Faith I can't, my Bride expects me; but hark'e, when the Honey-Moon is over, about a Month or two hence, I may do you a small Favour. [*Exit*

Lure. Grant me some wild Expressions, Heav'ns, or I shall burst ---- Woman's Weakness, Man's Falshood, my own Shame, and Love's Disdain, at once swell up my Breast ---- Words, Words, or I shall burst. [*Going*

Enter

Enter Standard.

Stand. Stay, Madam, you need not shun my Sight; for if ou are perfect Woman, you have Confidence to out-face a rime, and bear the Charge of Guilt without a Blush.

Lure. The Charge of Guilt! What? Making a Fool of you? 've don't, and glory in the Act, the height of Female Justice ere to make you all hang or drown; dissembling to the Pre-udice of Men is Virtue; and every Look, or Sign, or Smile, r Tear that can deceive is meritorious.

Stand. Very pretty Principles truly-----if there be Truth in Woman, 'tis now in thee-------Come, Madam, you know hat you're discovered, and being sensible you can't escape, ou wou'd now turn to Bay.

That Ring, Madam, proclaims you guilty.

Lure. O Monster, Villain, perfidious Villain! Has he old you?

Stand. I'll tell it you, and loudly too.

Lure. O name it not--------yes, speak it out, 'tis so just a unishment for putting Faith in Man, that I will bear it all; nd let credulous Maids that trust their Honour to the Tongues f Men, thus hear their Shame proclaim'd--------Speak now, vhat his busie Scandal, and your improving Malice both dare tter.

Stand. Your Falshood can't be reach'd by Malice nor by atyr; your Actions are the justest Libel on your Fame----- our Words, your Looks, your Tears, I did believe in spight f common Fame. Nay, 'gainst my own Eyes, I still main-ain'd your Truth. I imagin'd *Wildair*'s boasting of your Fa-ours to be the pure Result of his own Vanity: At last he rg'd your taking Presents of him, as a convincing Proof of which you yesterday from him receiv'd that Ring-------which Ring, that I might be sure he gave it, I lent it him for that urpose.

Lure. Ha! You lent him for that Purpose!

Stand. Yes, yes, Madam, I lent him for that Purpose----- o denying it-----I know it well, for I have worn it long, nd desire you now, Madam, to restore it to the just Owner.

Lure. The just Owner! Think, Sir, think but of what Im-ortance 'tis to own it; if you have Love and Honour in our Soul, 'tis then most justly yours, if not, you are a Robber, and have stol'n it basely.

Stand. Ha---------your Words, like meeting Flints, have struck a Light to shew me something strange-----but tell me instantly, is not your real Name *Manly*?

Lure. Answer me first, did not you receive this Ring about twelve years ago?

Stand. I did.

Lure. And were not you about that time entertain'd two Nights at the House of Sir *Oliver Manly* in *Oxfordshire*?

Stand. I was, I was. [*Runs to her and embraces her.*] The blest Remembrance fires my Soul with Transport-----I know the rest----------you are the charming She, and I the happy Man.

Lure. How has blind Fortune stumbled on the right!----- But where have you wander'd since?-----'twas cruel to forsake me.

Stand. The Particulars of my Fortune were too tedious now: But to discharge my self from the Stain of Dishonour, I must tell you, that immediately upon my return to the University, my Elder Brother and I quarrell'd: My Father, to prevent farther Mischief, posts me away to travel: I writ to you from *London*, but fear the Letter came not to your Hands.

Lure. I never had the least account of you, by Letter or otherwise.

Stand. Three Years I liv'd abroad, and at my return, found you were gone out of the Kingdom; tho' none cou'd tell me whither: Missing you thus, I went to *Flanders*, serv'd my King till the Peace commenc'd; then fortunately going on Board at *Amsterdam*, one Ship transported us both to *England*. At the first sight I lov'd, tho' ignorant of the hidden Cause---------You may remember, Madam, that talking once of Marriage, I told you I was engag'd; to your dear self I meant.

Lure. Then Men are still most generous and brave-------- and to reward your Truth, an Estate of Three Thousand Pounds a Year waits your Acceptance; and if I can satisfie you in my past Conduct, and the Reasons that engag'd me to deceive all Men, I shall expect the honourable Performance of your Promise, and that you wou'd stay with me in *England*.

Stand. Stay! not Fame, nor Glory, e'er shall part us more. My Honour can be no where more concern'd than here.

Enter

Enter Wildair, Angelica, *both* Clinchers.

Oh! Sir *Harry*, Fortune has acted Miracles, the Story's ſtrange and tedious, but all amounts to this, That Woman's Mind is charming as her Perſon, and I am made a Convert too to Beauty.

Wild. I wanted only this to make my Pleaſure perfect.

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. So Gentlemen and Ladies, is my Gracious Nephew *Vizard* among ye?

Wild. Sir, he dares not ſhew his Face among ſuch honourable Company, for your Gracious Nephew is-------

Smug. What, Sir? Have a care what you ſay.

Wild. A Villain, Sir.

Smug. With all my Heart---------I'll pardon you the beating me for that very Word. And pray, Sir *Harry*, when you ſee him next, tell him this News from me, that I have diſinherited him, that I will leave him as poor as a disbanded Quarter-maſter. And this is the poſitive and ſtiff Reſolution of Threeſcore and Ten; an Age that ſticks as obſtinately to its purpoſe, as of the old Faſhion of its Cloak.

Wild. You ſee, Madam, [*To* Angel.] how induſtriouſly Fortune has puniſh'd his Offence to you.

Angel. I can ſcarcely, Sir, reckon it an Offence, conſidering the happy Conſequence of it.

Smug. O! Sir *Harry*, he is as hypocritical-------

Lure. As your ſelf, Mr. Alderman: How fares my good old Nurſe, pray Sir?

Smug. O Madam, I ſhall be even with you before I part with your Writings and Money, that I have in my Hands.

Stand. A word with you, Mr. Alderman; do you know this Pocket-Book.

Smug. O Lord, it contains an Account of all my ſecret Practices in Trading [*Aſide.*] How came you by it, Sir?

Stand. Sir *Harry* here duſted it out of your Pocket, at this Lady's Houſe Yeſterday: It contains an Account of ſome ſecret Practices in your Merchandizing; among the reſt the Counterpart of an Agreement with a Correſpondent at *Bourdeaux*, about tranſporting *French* Wine in *Spaniſh* Casks------ Firſt return this Lady all her Writings, then I ſhall conſider whether I ſhall lay your Proceedings before the Parliament

or not whoſe Juſtice will never ſuffer your ſmuggling to go unpuniſh'd.

Smug. O my poor Ship and Cargo!

Clin ſen. Hark'e, Maſter, you had as good come along with me to the *Jubilee*, now.

Angel. Come, Mr. Alderman, for once let a Woman adviſe: Wou'd you be thought an honeſt Man, baniſh Covetouſneſs, that worſt Gout of Age; Avarice is a poor pilfering Quality of the Soul, and will as certainly cheat, as a Thief wou'd ſteal--------Wou'd you be thought a Reformer of the Times, be leſs ſevere in your Cenſures, leſs rigid in your Precepts, and more ſtrict in your Example.

Wild. Right, Madam, Virtue flows freer from Imitation, than Compulſion; of which, Collonel, your Converſion and mine are juſt Examples.

In vain are muſty Morals taught in Schools,
By rigid Teachers, and as rigid Rules,
Where Virtue with a frowning Aſpect ſtands,
And frights the Pupil from its rough Commands.
But Woman----------
Charming Woman can true Converts make,
We love the Precepts for the Teacher's ſake.
Virtue in them appear ſo bright, ſo gay,
We hear with Tranſport, and with Pride obey.

The End of the fifth ACT.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE:

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

NO W all depart each his reſpective Way,
To ſpend an Evening's Chat upon the Play;
Some to Hippolito's; *one homeward goes,*
And one with loving ſhe retires to th' Roſe.
The am'rous Pair in all things frank and free,
Perhaps may ſave the Play, in number Three.
The tearing Spark, if Phillis *ought gainſays,*
Breaks th' Drawer's Head, kicks her, and murders Bayes.
To Coffee *ſome retreat to ſave their Pockets,*
Others, more generous, damn the Play at Lockets,
But there, I hope, the Author's Fears are vain,
Malice ne'er ſpoke in generous Champain.
That Poet merits an ignoble Death,
Who fears to fall over a brave Monteth.
The Privilege of Wine we only ask,
You'll taſte again, before you damn the Flask.
Our Author fears not you; but thoſe he may,
Who in cold Blood murder a Man in Tea.
Thoſe Men of Spleen who fond the World ſhould know it,
Sit down, and for their Twopence *damn a Poet.*
Their Criticiſm's good, that we can ſay for't,
They underſtand a Play-----too well to pay for't.
From Box to Stage, from Stage to Box they run,
Firſt ſteal the Play, then damn it when they've done.
But now, to know what Fate may us betide,
Among our Friends, in Cornhil *and* Cheapſide:
But thoſe, I think, have but one Rule for Plays;
They'll ſay they're good, if ſo the World but ſays.
If it ſhould pleaſe them and their Spouſes know it,
They ſtrait enquire what kind of Man's the Poet.

EPILOGUE.

But from Side-box we dread a fearful Doom,
All the good natur'd Beaux are gone to Rome.
The Ladies Cenſure I'd almoſt forgot,
Then for a Line or two t'engage their Vote:
But that way's old, below our Author's Aim,
No leſs than his whole Play is Compliment to them.
For their ſakes then the Play can't miſs ſucceeding,
Tho' Criticks may want Wit, they have good Breeding,
They won't, I'm ſure, forfeit the Ladies Graces,
By ſhewing their ill-nature to their Faces;
Our Buſineſs with good Manners may be done,
Flatter us here, and damn us when you're gone

Sr Harry Wild Aire.

E. Knight Inven.t

M. Vdr G

Sir *HARRY WILDAIR:*

Being the SEQUEL of the

Trip to the Jubilee.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

LONDON:

Printed for JAMES KNAPTON, 1714.

To the Right Honourable the

Earl of *Albemarle*, &c.

Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter.

My LORD,

MY Pen is both a Novice in Poetry, and a Stranger at Court, and can no more raiſe it ſelf to the Stile of *Panegyrick*, than it can ſtoop to the *Art of Flattery*; but if in the plain and ſimple Habit of Truth, it may preſume to mix with that Crowd of Followers that daily attend upon your Lordſhip's Favour, pleaſe to behold a Stranger, with this difference, that he pays more Homage to your Worth, than Adoration to your Greatneſs.

This Diſtinction, my Lord, will appear too nice, and *Metaphyſical* to the World, who know your Lordſhip's Merit and Place to be ſo inſeparable, that they can only differ as the Cauſe from the Effect; and this, my Lord, is as much beyond Diſpute, as that your Royal Maſter, who has made the noble Choice, is the moſt wiſe, and moſt diſcerning Prince in the Univerſe.

To preſent the World with a lively Draught of your Lordſhip's Perfections, I ſhould enumerate the Judgment, Conduct, Piety and Courage of our great and gracious King, who can only place his Favours on thoſe ſhining Qualifications for which his Majeſty is ſo eminently remarkable himſelf; but this, my Lord, will prove the Buſineſs of voluminous *Hiſtory*, and your Lordſhip's Character muſt attend the Fame of your great Maſter in the *Memoires* of Futurity, as your faithful Service has hitherto accompanied the noble Actions of his Life.

The greateſt Princes in all Ages, have had their Friends and Favourites, with them to communicate and debate their Thoughts, ſo to exerciſe and ripen their Judgments; or ſometimes to eaſe their Cares by imparting them. The great *Auguſtus*, we read in his Project of ſettling the unweildy *Roman* Conqueſts on a fix'd Baſis of Government, had the Deſign laid, not in his Counſel, but his Cloſet; there we find him with his two Friends *Mecænas* and *Agrippa*, his Favourite Friends, Perſons of ſound Judgment, and unqueſtionable Fidelity;

there the great Question is freely and reasonably debated, without the noise of Faction, and constraint of Formality; and there was laid that prodigious Scheme of Government, that soon recovered their bleeding Country, heal'd the Wounds of the Civil War, blest the Empire with a lasting Peace, and stil'd its Monarch, *Pater Patriæ*.

The Parallel, my Lord, is easily made; we have our *Cæsar* too, no less renowned than the foremention'd *Augustus*; he first asserted our Liberties at home against Popery and Thraldom, headed our Armies abroad with Bravery and Success, gave Peace to *Europe*, and Security to our Religion. And you, my Lord, are his *Mecænas*, the private Counsellor to those great Transactions which have made *England* so formidable to its Enemies, that (which I blush to own) it is grown jealous of its Friends.

But here, my Lord, appears the particular Wisdom and Circumspection of your Lordship's Conduct, that you so firmly retain the Favour of your Master without the Envy of the Subject; your Moderation and even Deportment between both, has secur'd to your Lordship the Ear of the King, and the Heart of the People; the Nation has voted you their *Good Angel* in all Suits and Petitions to their Prince, and their Success fills the three Kingdoms with daily Praises of your Lordship's Goodness, and his Majesty's Grace and Clemency.

And now, my Lord, give me leave humbly to beg, that among all the good Actions of your Lordship's high and happy Station, the encouragement of Arts and Literature may not be solely excluded from the influence of your Favour. The Polite *Mecænas*, whom I presum'd to make a Parallel to your Lordship in the Favour of his Prince, had his *Virgil*, and his *Horace*, and his Time was mostly divided between the Emperor and the Poet; he so manag'd his Stake of Royal Favour, that as *Augustus* made him great, so the Muses fix'd him immortal; and *Maro*'s Excellency, my Lord, will appear the less Wonder, when we consider that his Pen was so cherish'd with Bounty, and inspir'd by Gratitude.

But I can lay no Claim to the Merits of so great a Person for my Access to your Lordship; I have only this to recommend me without Art void of Rhetorick, that I am a true Lover of my King, and pay an unfeigned Veneration to all those who are his trusty Servants, and faithful Ministers; which infers that I am, my Lord, with all Submission,

Your Lordship's most devoted,
and most obedient humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

PROLOGUE.

OUR Authors have, in moſt their late Eſſays,
Prologu'd their own, by damning other Plays;
Made great Harangues to teach you what was fit
To paſs for Humour and go down for Wit.
Athenian *Rules muſt form an* Engliſh *Piece,*
And Drury-Lane *comply with ancient* Greece.
Exactneſs *only, ſuch as* Terence *writ,*
Muſt pleaſe our maſqu'd Lucretias *in the Pit.*
Our Youthful Author ſwears he cares not a Pin
For Voſſius, Scaliger, Hedelin, *or* Rapin:
He leaves to learned Pens ſuch labour'd Lays,
You are the Rules by which he writes his Plays.
From muſty Books let others take their View,
He hates dull Reading, but he ſtudies You.
Firſt, from you Beaux, his Leſſon is Formality,
And in your Footmen there,-----moſt nice Morality;
To pleaſure them his Pegaſus *muſt fly,*
Becauſe they judge, and lodge, three Stories high.
From the Front-Boxes he has pick'd his Stile,
And learns, without a Bluſh, to make 'em Smile;
A Leſſon only taught us by the Fair;
A waggiſh Action-----but a modeſt Air.
Among his Friends here in the Pit, he reads
Some Rules that every modiſh Writer needs.
He learns from ev'ry Covent-Garden *Critick's Face,*
The modern Forms of Action, Time, *and* Place.
The Action he's aſham'd to name,-------d'ye ſee,
The Time *is* Seven, *the* Place *is* Number Three.
The Maſques *he only reads by paſſant Looks,*
He dares not venture far into their Books.
Thus then the Pit *and* Boxes *are his* Schools,
Your Air, your Humour, his Dramatick Rules.
Let Criticks cenſure then, and hiſs like Snakes,
He gains his Ends, if his light Fancy takes
St. James's *Beaux, and* Covent-Garden *Rakes.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir *Harry Wildair*,	Mr. *Wilks.*
Col. *Standard*,	Mr. *Mills.*
Fireball, a Sea Captain,	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Monſ. *Marquis*, a ſharping Refugee,	Mr. *Cibber.*
Beau-Banter.	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Clincher, the Jubilee-Beau turn'd Politician,	Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Dicky, Servant to *Wildair*,	Mr. *Norris.*
Shark, Servant to *Fireball*,	Mr. *Fairbank.*
Ghoſt,	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Lord *Bellamy*,	Mr. *Simpſon.*

WOMEN.

Lady *Lurewell*,	Mrs. *Verbruggen*
Angelica,	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Parly,	Mrs. *Lucas.*

Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, St. *JAMES's.*

THE SECOND PART OF THE *CONSTANT COUPLE:* OR, A Trip to the Jubilee.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball *meeting*

Stand. AH! Brother *Fireball!* Welcome aſhore. What! Heart whole? Limbs firm, and Frigate ſafe?

Fire. All, all, as my Fortune and Friends cou'd wiſh.

Stand. And what News from the *Baltick*?

Fire. Why, yonder are three or four young Boys i'th' North, hat have got Globes and Sceptres to play with: They fell to Loggerheads about their Play-things; the *Engliſh* came in like *Robin Goodfellow*, cry'd *Boh*, and made 'em be quiet.

Stand.

Stand. In the next place then, you're to congratulate my Succeſs: You have heard, I ſuppoſe, that I've marry'd a fine Lady with a great Fortune.

Fire. Ay, ay, 'twas my firſt News upon my Landing, that Collonel *Standard* had marry'd the fine Lady *Lurewell* ----- A fine Lady indeed! A very fine Lady! ---- But Faith, Brother, I had rather turn Skipper to an *Indian Canoo*, than manage the Veſſel you're Maſter of.

Stand. Why ſo, Sir?

Fire. Becauſe ſhe'll run adrift with every Wind that blows: She's all Sail and no Ballaſt ------- Shall I tell you the Character I have heard of a fine Lady? A fine Lady can laugh at the Death of her Husband, and cry for the Loſs of a Lap Dog. A fine Lady is angry without a Cauſe, and pleas'd without a Reaſon. A fine Lady has the Vapours all the Morning, and the Cholick all the Afternoon. The Pride of a fine Lady is above the Merit of an underſtanding Head; yet her Vanity will ſtoop to the Adoration of a Peruke. And in fine, a fine Lady goes to Church for Faſhion's ſake, and to the Baſſet-Table with Devotion; and her Paſſion for Gaming exceeds her Vanity of being thought vertuous, or the Deſire of acting the contrary. ------- We Seamen ſpeak plain Brother.

Stand. You Seamen are like your Element, always tempeſtuous, too ruffling to handle a fine Lady.

Fire. Say you ſo? Why then, give me thy Hand, honeſt *Frank*; and let the World talk on, and be damn'd.

Stand. The World talk, ſay you? What does the World talk?

Fire. Nothing, nothing at all ----- They only ſay what's uſual upon ſuch Occaſions: That your Wife's the greateſt Coquet about the Court, and your Worſhip the greateſt Cuckold about the City: That's all.

Stand. How, how, Sir?

Fire. That ſhe's a Coquet, and you a Cuckold.

Stand. She's an Angel in her ſelf, and a Paradiſe to me.

Fire. She's an *Eve* in her ſelf, and a Devil to you.

Stand. She's all Truth, and the World a Liar.

Fire. Why then, I gad, Brother, it ſhall be ſo; I'll back again to *White*'s, and whoever dares mutter Scandal of my Brother and Siſter, I'll daſh his Ratifia in's Face, and call him a Liar. [*Going*

Stand. Hold, hold, Sir. The World is too ſtrong for us: Were Scandal and Detraction to be throughly reveng'd, we muſt murder all the Beaux, and poiſon half the Ladies

Thoſe

Thoſe that have nothing elſe to ſay, muſt tell Stories; Fools over *Burgundy*, and Ladies over *Tea*, muſt have ſomething that's ſharp to reliſh their Liquor; Malice is the piquant Sauce of ſuch Converſation; and without it, their Entertainment wou'd prove mighty inſipid.----Now, Brother, why ſhou'd we pretend to quarrel with all Mankind?

Fire. Becauſe all Mankind quarrel with us.

Stand. The worſt reaſon in the World.------- Wou'd you pretend to devour a Lion, becauſe a Lion wou'd devour you?

Fire. Yes, if I cou'd.

Stand. Ay, that's right; if you cou'd! But ſince you have neither Teeth nor Paws for ſuch an Encounter, lie quietly down, and perhaps the furious Beaſt may run over you.

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir! But, I ſay, that whoever abuſes my Brother's Wife, tho' at the back of the King's Chair, he's a Villain.

Stand. No, no, Brother, that's a Contradiction; there's no ſuch thing as Villainy at Court. Indeed, if the Practice of Courts were found in a ſingle Perſon, he might be ſtill'd Villain with a vengeance; but Number and Power authorizes every thing, and turns the Villain upon their Accuſers. In ſhort, Sir, every Man's Morals, like his Religion now adays, pleads Liberty of Conſcience; every Man's Conſcience is his Convenience, and we know no Convenience but Preferment.------As for inſtance, who would be ſo complaiſant as to thank an Officer for his Courage, when that's the Condition of his Pay? And who can be ſo ill-natur'd, as to blame a Courtier for eſpouſing that which is the very tenure of his Livelihood?

Fire. A very good Argument in a very damnable Cauſe!------But, Sir, my Buſ'neſs is not with the Court, but with you: I deſire you, Sir, to open your Eyes; at leaſt, be pleas'd to lend an Ear to what I heard juſt now at the *Chocolate-Houſe*.

Stand. Brother.

Fire, Well, Sir.

Stand. Did the Scandal pleaſe you when you heard it?

Fire. No.

Stand. Then why ſhou'd you think it ſhou'd pleaſe me? Be not more uncharitable to your Friends than to your ſelf, ſweet Sir: If it made you uneaſie, there's no queſtion but it will torment me, who am ſo much nearer concern'd.

Fire. But wou'd you not be glad to know your Enemies?

Stand. Pſhaw! If they abus'd me they are my Friends, my intimate Friends, my Table-Company, and Pot-Companions.

Fire.

Fire. Why then, Brother, the Devil take all your Acquaintance. You were ſo rally'd, ſo torn ! there was a hundred Ranks of ſneering white Teeth drawn upon your Misfortunes at once ; which ſo mangl'd your Wife's Reputation, that ſhe can never patch up her Honour while ſhe lives.

Stand. And their Teeth were very white, you ſay.

Fire. Very white ! Blood, Sir, I ſay, they mangl'd your Wife's Reputation.

Stand. And I ſay, that if they touch my Wife's Reputation with nothing but their Teeth, her Honour will be ſafe enough.

Fire. Then you won't hear it.

Stand. Not a Syllable. Liſtning after Slander is laying Nets for Serpents, which, when you have caught, will ſting you to Death : Let 'em ſpit their Venom among themſelves, and it hurts no body.

Fire. Lord ! Lord ! How Cuckoldom and Contentment go together ! ------ Fye, fye, Sir ! conſider you have been a Soldier, dignify'd by a noble Poſt ; diſtinguiſh'd by brave Actions, an Honour to your Nation, and a Terror to your Enemies. ----- Hell ! that a Man who has ſtorm'd *Namur*, ſhou'd become the Jeſt of a Coffee-Table ----- The whole Houſe was clearly taken up with the two important Queſtions, Whether the Collonel was a Cuckold ? or *Kid* a Pyrate ?

Stand. This I can't bear. [*Aſide.*

Fire. Ay, (ſays a ſneering Coxcomb) the Collonel has made his Fortune with a Witneſs ; he has ſecur'd himſelf a good Eſtate in this Life, and a Reverſion in the World to come. Then (replies another) I preſume he's oblig'd to your Lordſhip's Bounty for the latter part of the Settlement. There are others, (ſays a third) that have play'd with my Lady *Lurewell* at Piquet, beſides my Lord ; I have capotted her my ſelf two or three times in an Evening.

Stand. O Matrimonial Patience, aſſiſt me.

Fire. Matrimonial Patience ! Matrimonial Peſtilence ! ------ Shake off theſe drowzy Chains that fetter your Reſentments. If your Wife has wrong'd ye, pack her off, and let her Perſon be as publick as her Character : If ſhe be honeſt, revenge her Quarrel. ------- I can ſtay no longer : This is my Hour of Attendance at the *Navy-Office* ; I'll come and dine with you ; in the mean time, Revenge ; think on't. [*Exit* Fireball.

Stand. [*Solus*] How eaſie is it to give Advice, and how difficult to obſerve it ! *If your Wife has wrong'd ye, pack her off.* Ay, but how ? The Goſpel drives the Matrimonial Nail, and the Law clinches it ſo very hard, that to draw it again wou'd

vou'd tear the Work to pieces.------That her Intentions have vrong'd me, here's a young Bawd can witneſs.

Enter Parley, *running croſs the Stage.*

Here, here, Mrs. *Parley*, Whither ſo faſt?

Par. Oh Lord! my Maſter!------Sir, I was running to Mamoiſelle *Furbelo*, the *French* Milliner, for a new *Burgundy* for ny Lady's Head.

Stand. No, Child, you're employ'd about an old faſhion'd Garniture for your Maſter's Head, if I miſtake not your Erand.

Par. Oh, Sir! there's the prettieſt Faſhion lately came over! o airy, ſo *French*, and all that!------The Pinners are double uffled with twelve Pleats of a ſide, and open all from the ace; the Hair is frizl'd all up round the Head, and ſtands s ſtiff as a Bodkin. Then the Favourites hang looſe upon the emples, with a languiſhing Lock in the middle. Then the aule is extremely wide, and over all is a Cor'net rais'd very igh, and all the Lappets behind.---------I muſt fetch it preently.

Stand. Hold a little, Child, I muſt talk with you.

Par. Another time, Sir, my Lady ſtays for it.

Stand. One Queſtion firſt: What Wages does my Wife ive you?

Par. Ten Pound a Year, Sir; which God knows is little nough, conſidering how I ſlave from Place to Place upon er Occaſions. But then, Sir, my Perquiſites are conſiderable; make above two hundred Pound a Year by her Old Cloaths.

Stand. Two hundred Pound a Year of her Old Cloaths! What then muſt her New one's coſt?------But what do you et by viſiting Gallants and Picket?

Par. About a hundred Pound more.

Stand. A Hundred Pound more! Now who can expect to ind a Lady's Woman honeſt, when ſhe gets ſo much by being Jade?-----What Religion are you of, Mrs. *Parley*?

Par. I can't tell.

Stand. What was your Father?

Par. A Mountebank.

Stand. Where were you born?

Par. In *Holland*.

Stand. Were you ever Chriſten'd?

Par. No.

Stand. How came that?

Par. My Parents were *Anabaptiſts*: they dy'd before I was lipt; I then forſook their Religion, and ha' got ne'er a new one ſince.

Stand. I'm very ſorry, Madam, that I had not the Honour to know the Worth of your Extraction ſooner, that I might have paid you the Reſpect due to your Quality.

Par. Sir, your humble Servant.

Stand. Have you any Principles?

Par. Five hundred.

Stand. Have you loſt your Maidenhead?-------[*She puts on her Maſque, and nods.*] Do you love Money?

Par. Yaw, Mijn Heer.

Stand. Well, Mrs. *Parley*, now you have been ſo free with me, I tell you what you muſt truſt to in return: Never to come near my Houſe again. Be gone, Monſter, fly,-------Hell and Furies! never Chriſten'd! Her Father a Mountebank!

Par. Lord, Sir, you need not be ſo furious. Never Chriſten'd! What then? I may be a very good Chriſtian for all that I ſuppoſe.--------Turn me off! Sir, you ſha'n't. Meddle with your Fellows; 'tis my Lady's Buſineſs to order her Women.

Stand. Here's a young Whore for you now! A ſweet Companion for my Wife! Where there's ſuch a helliſh Confident there muſt be damnable Secrets--------Be gone, I ſay.-----My Wife ſhall turn you away.

Par. Sir, ſhe wo'n't turn me away, ſhe ſha'n't turn me away, nor ſhe can't turn me away. Sir, I ſay, ſhe dare not turn me away.

Stand. Why, you Jade? Why?

Par. Becauſe I'm the Miſtreſs, not ſhe.

Stand. You the Miſtreſs!

Par. Yes, I know all her Secrets; and let her offer to turn me off if ſhe dares.

Stand. What Secrets do you know.

Par. Humph!-------Tell a Wife's Secrets to her Husband -------Very pretty, Faith!------Sure, Sir, you don't think me ſuch a *Jew*: Tho' I was never Chriſten'd, I have more Religion than that comes to.

Stand. Are you faithful to your Lady for Affection or Intereſt?

Par. Shall I tell you a Chriſtian Lie, or a Pagan Truth?

Stand. Come, Truth for once.

Par. Why then, Intereſt, Intereſt. I have a great Soul which nothing can gain but a great Bribe.

Stand. Well, tho' thou art a Devil, thou art a very honeſt one-------Give me thy Hand, Wench. Should not Intereſt make you faithful to me as much as to others?

Par.

Par. Honeſt to you! Marry for what? you gave me indeed two pitiful Pieces the Day you were marry'd, bnt not a Stiver ſince. One Gallant gives me Ten Guineas, another a Watch, another a pair of Pendants, a fourth a Diamond Ring; and my Noble Maſter gives me--------his Linen to mend.-------Faugh!--------I'll tell you a Secret, Sir: Stinginеſs to Servants makes more Cuckolds, than ill-nature to Wives.

Stand. And am I a Cuckold, *Parley*?

Par. No, faith, not yet; tho' in a very fair way of having the Dignity conferr'd upon you very ſuddenly.

Stand. Come, Girl, you ſhall be my Penſioner; you ſhall have a glorious Revenue; for every Guinea that you get for keeping of a Secret, I'll give you two for revealing it: You ſhall find a Husband once in your Life out-do all your Gallants in Generoſity. Take their Money, Child, take all their Bribes: give 'em Hopes, make 'em Aſſignations; ſerve your Lady faithfully, but tell all to me. By which means, ſhe will be kept Chaſte; you will grow Rich, aud I ſhall preſerve my Honour.

Par. But what Security ſhall I have for Performance of Articles?

Stand. Ready Payment, Child.

Par. Then give me Earneſt.

Stand. Five Guineas. [*Giving her Money.*

Par. Are they right? No *Gray*'s-*Inn* Pieces amongſt 'em. --------All right as my Leg-------Now, Sir, I'll give you an Earneſt of my Service. Who d'ye think is come to Town?

Stand. Who?

Par. Your old Friend Sir *Harry Wildair.*

Stand. Impoſſible?

Par. Yes, faith, and as gay as ever.

Stand. And has he forgot his Wife ſo ſoon?

Par. Why, ſhe has been dead now above a Year.-------- He appear'd in the Ring laſt Night with ſuch Splendor and Equipage, that he eclips'd the Beaux, dazzl'd the Ladies, and made your Wife dream all Night of Six *Flanders* Mares, Seven *French* Liveries, a Wig like a Cloak, and a Hat like a Shittlecock.

Stand. What are a Woman's Promiſes and Oaths?

Par. Wind, Wind, Sir.

Stand. When I marry'd her, how heartily did ſhe condemn her light preceding Conduct, and for the future vow'd her ſelf a perfect Pattern of Conjugal Fidelity!

Par. She might as ſafely ſwear, Sir, That this day ſe'night,

at four a Clock, the Wind will blow fair for *Flanders*. 'Tis presuming for any of us all to promise for our Inclinations a whole Week. Besides, Sir, my Lady has got the knack of Coquetting it ; and once a Woman has got that in her Head, she will have a touch on't every where else.

Stand. An Oracle, Child. But now I must make the best of a bad Bargain; and since I have got you on my side, I have some Hopes, that by constant Disappointment and Crosses in her Designs, I may at last tire her into good Behaviour.

Par. Well, Sir, the Condition of the Articles being duly perform'd, I stand to the Obligation; and will tell you farther, That by and by Sir *Harry Wildair* is to come to our House to Cards, and that there is a Design laid to cheat him of his Money.

Stand. What Company will there be besides?

Par. Why, the old Set at the Basset-Table; my Lady *Lovecards*, and the usual Company: They have made up a Bank of Fifteen Hundred *Louis-d'Ors* among 'em; the whole Design lies upon Sir *Harry*'s Purse, and the *French* Marquis, you know, constantly *Taillés*.

Stand. Ay, the *French* Marquis ; that's one of your Benefactors, *Parley*;------the Persecution of *Basset* in *Paris* furnish'd us with that *Refugee*, but the Character of such a Fellow ought not to reflect on those who have been real Sufferers for their Religion.---But take no notice. Be sure only to inform me of all that passes.-----There's more Earnest for you : Be rich and faithful. [*Exit* Standard.

Par. [*Solus.*] I am now not only Woman to the Lady *Lurewell*, but Steward to her Husband, in my double Capacity of knowing her Secrets, and commanding his Purse. A very pretty Office in a Family ; *For every Guinea that I get for keeping a Secret, he'll give me two for revealing it.*---------My comings in, at this rate, will be worth a Master in *Chancery*'s Place, and many a poor *Templer* will be glad to marry me with half my Fortune. [*Going.*

Enter Dicky, *meeting her.*

Dick. Here's a Man much fitter for your purposes.

Par. Bless me! Mr. *Dicky!*

Dick. The very same in Longitude and Latitude; not a bit diminish'd, not a Hair's Breadth increas'd.----------Dear Mrs. *Parley*, give me a Buss, for I'm almost starv'd.

Par. Why so hungry, Mr. *Dicky*?

Dick. Why, I ha'n't tasted a bit this Year and half, Woman ; I have been wandring about all over the World, following my Master, and come home to dear *London* but two Days

Days ago. Now the Devil take me, if I had not rather kiſs an *Engliſh* pair of Pattins, than the fineſt Lady in *France*.

Par. Then you're over-joy'd to ſee *London* again?

Dick Oh! I was juſt dead of a Conſumption, till the ſweet Smoke of *Cheapſide*, and the dear Perfume of *Fleet-Ditch*, made me a Man again.

Par. But how came you to live with Sir *Harry Wildair*?

Dick. Why, ſeeing me a handſome Perſonable Fellow, and well qualify'd for a Livery, he took a Fancy to my Figure, that was all.

Par. And what's become of your old Maſter?

Dick. Oh! hang him, he was a Blockhead, and I turn'd him off, I turn'd him away.

Par. And were not you very ſorry for the Loſs of your Miſtreſs, Sir *Harry*'s Lady? They ſay, ſhe was a very good Woman.

Dick. Oh! the ſweeteſt Woman that ever the Sun ſhin'd upon. I cou'd almoſt weep when I think of her.

[*Wiping his Eyes.*

Par. How did ſhe die, pray? I cou'd never hear how 'twas.

Dick. Give me a Buſs then, and I'll tell ye.

Par. You ſhall have your Wages when your Work's done.

Dick. Well then--------Courage!--------Now for a doleful Tale.--------You know that my Maſter took a freak to go ſee that fooliſh *Jubilee* that made ſuch a Noiſe among us here; and no ſooner ſaid than done; away he went, he took his fine *French* Servants to wait on him; and left me, the poor *Engliſh* Puppy, to wait upon his Lady at home here.------- Well, ſo far, ſo good----------But ſcarce was my Maſter's back turn'd, when my Lady fell to ſighing, and pouting, and whining, and crying; and in ſhort, fell ſick upon't.

Par. Well, well, I know all this already; and that ſhe pluck'd up her Spirits at laſt, and went to follow him.

Dick. Very well. Follow him we did, far and far, and farther than I can tell, till we came to a Place call'd *Montpelier*, in *France*; a goodly Place truly.---------But, Sir *Harry* was gone to *Rome*; there was our Labour loſt.-----But, to be ſhort, my poor Lady, with the Tireſomneſs of Travelling, fell ſick-----and dy'd.

Par. Poor Woman!

Dick. Ay, but that was not all. Here comes the worſt of

the Story.---Thoſe curſed barbarous Devils, the *French*, wou'd not let us bury her.

Par. Not bury her!

Dick. No, ſhe was a Heretick Woman, and they wou'd not let her Corps be put in their holy Ground----Oh! damn their holy Ground for me.

Par. Now had not I better be an honeſt Pagan, as I am, than ſuch a Chriſtian as one of theſe?-----But how did you diſpoſe the Body.

Dick. Why there was one Charitable Gentlewoman that us'd to viſit my Lady in her Sickneſs: She contriv'd the matter ſo, that ſhe had her bury'd in her own private Chapel. This Lady and my ſelf carry'd her out upon our own Shoulders through a Back-door at the Hour of Midnight, and laid her in a Grave that I dug for her with my own Hands; and if we had been catch'd by the Prieſts, we had gone to the Gallows without the Benefit of Clergy.

Par. Oh! the Devil take 'em. But what did they mean by a Heretick Woman?

Dick. I don't know; ſome ſort of a *Cannibal*, I believe. I know there are ſome *Cannibal* Women here in *England*, that come to the Play-houſes in Maſques; but let them have a care how they go to *France*. (For they are all Hereticks, I believe) But I'm ſure my good Lady was none of theſe.

Par. But how did Sir *Harry* bear the News?

Dick. Why, you muſt know, that my Lady, after ſhe was bury'd ſent me-----

Par. How! after ſhe was bury'd!

Dick. Pſhaw! Why Lord, Miſtreſs, you know what I mean: I went to Sir *Harry* all the way to *Rome*; and where d'ye think I found him?

Par. Where?

Dick. Why, in the middle of a Monaſtery among a hundred and fifty Nuns, playing at Hot-cockles. He was ſurpriz'd to ſee honeſt *Dicky*, you may be ſure. But when I told him the ſad Story, he roar'd out a whole Volley of *Engliſh* Oaths upon the Spot, and ſwore that he would ſet Fire on the Pope's Palace for the Injury done to his Wife. He then flew away to his Chamber, lock'd himſelf up for three Days; we thought to have found him dead; but inſtead of that, he call'd for his beſt Linnen, fine Wig, gilt Coach; and laughing very heartily, ſwore again he wou'd be reveng'd, and bid them drive to the Nunnery; and he was reveng'd to ſome purpoſe.

Par. How, how, dear Mr. *Dicky*?

Dick. Why, in the matter of five Days he got six Nuns with Child, and left 'em to provide for their Heretick Baſtards------Ah plague on 'em, they hate a dead Heretick, but they love a piping hot warm Heretick with all their Hearts.---So away we came; and thus did he jog on, revenging himſelf at this rate through all the Catholick Countries that we paſs'd, till we came home; and now, Mrs. *Parley*, I fancy he has ſome Deſigns of Revenge too upon your Lady.

Par. Who cou'd have thought that a Man of his light airy Temper wou'd have been ſo revengeful?

Dick. Why, faith, I'm a little malicious too: Where's the Buſs you promis'd me, you Jade?

Par. Follow me, you Rogue. [*Runs off.*

Dick. Allons. [*Follows.*

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Lady's Apartment.*

Enter two Chamber-maids.

1 *Cham.* ARE all things ſet in order? The Toilet fix'd, the Bottles and Combs put in Form, and the Chocolate ready?

2 *Cham.* 'Tis no great matter whether they be right or not; for right or wrong we ſhall be ſure of our Lecture; I wiſh, for my part, that my time were out.

1 *Cham.* Nay, 'tis a hundred to one but we may run away before our time be half expir'd; and ſhe's worſe this Morning than ever.----Here ſhe comes.

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Ay, there's a couple of you indeed! But how, how in the Name of Negligence cou'd you two contrive to make a Bed as mine was laſt Night? A Wrinkle on one ſide, and a Rumple on t'other; the Pillows awry, and the Quilt askew.-------I did nothing but tumble about, and fence with the Sheets all Night long.------Oh!--------my Bones ake this Morning as if I had lain all Night on a pair of *Dutch* Stairs.-------Go bring Chocolate.--------And, d'ye hear? Be ſure to ſtay an Hour or two at leaſt.------Well! Theſe *Engliſh* Ani-

mals are ſo unpoliſh'd! I wiſh the Perſecution wou'd rage a little harder, that we might have more of theſe *French Refugees* among us.

Enter the Maids with Chocolate.

Theſe Wenches are gone to *Smyrna* for this Chocolate.---- And what made you ſtay ſo long?

Cham. I thought we did not ſtay at all, Madam.

Lure. Only an Hour and half by the floweſt Clock in *Chriſtendom*------And ſuch Salvers and Diſhes too! The Lard be merciful to me; what have I committed, to be plagu'd with ſuch Animals?-----Where are my new Japan Salvers? -------Broke, o' my Conſcience! All to pieces, I'll lay my Life on't.

Cham. No, indeed, Madam, but your Husband-------

Lure. How! Husband, Impudence! I'll teach you Manners. [*Gives her a Box on the Ear.*] Husband! Is that your *Welſh* Breeding? Ha'n't the Coll. a Name of his own?

Cham. Well then, the Coll. He us'd 'em this Morning, and we ha'n't got 'em ſince.

Lure. How, the Coll. uſe my Things! How dare the Coll. uſe any thing of mine?-------But his Campaign Education muſt be pardon'd ------And I warrant they were fiſted about among his dirty Levee of Disbanded Officers?--------Faugh! The very Thoughts of them Fellows with their eager Looks, Iron Swords, ty'd up Wigs, and tuck'd in Cravats makes me ſick as Death.---Come let me ſee.---[*Goes to take the Chocolate, and ſtarts back.*] Heav'ns protect me from ſuch a Sight! Lord, Girl! When did you waſh your Hands laſt? And have you been pawing me all this Morning with them dirty Fiſts of yours? [*Runs to the Glaſs.*]----I muſt dreſs all over again----- Go, take it away, I ſhall ſwoon elſe.------Here, Mrs Monſter, call up my Taylor; and d'ye hear? You Mrs. Hobbyhorſe, ſee if my Company be come to Cards yet.

Enter the Taylor.

Oh, Mr. *Remnant!* I don't know what ails theſe Stays you have made me; but ſomething is the matter, I don't like 'em.

Rem. I am very ſorry for that, Madam. But what Fault does your Ladyſhip find?

Lure. I don't know where the Fault lies; but in ſhort, I don't like 'em; I can't tell how; the things are well enough made, but I don't like 'em.

Rem. Are they too wide, Madam?

Lure. No.

Rem.

Rem. Too ſtraight, perhaps.

Lure. Not at all! they fit me very well; but --- Lard bleſs me; Can't you tell where the Fault lies?

Rem. Why truly, Madam, I can't tell? ---- But your Ladyſhip, I think, is a little too ſlender for the Faſhion.

Lure. How! Too ſlender for the Faſhion, ſay you?

Rem. Yes, Madam! there's no ſuch thing as a good Shape worn among the Quality: Your fine Waſtes are clear out, clear out, Madam.

Lure. And why did not you plump up my Stays to the faſhionable Size?

Rem. I made 'em to fit you, Madam.

Lure. Fit me! fit my Monkey ----- What, d'ye think I wear Cloaths to pleaſe my ſelf? Fit me! fit the Faſhion, pray; no matter for me ---- I thought ſomething was the matter, I wanted Quality-Air. ---- Pray, Mr. *Remnant*, let me have a Bulk of Quality, a ſpreading Countour. I do remember now, the Ladies in the Apartments, the Birth Night, were moſt of 'em two Yards about. ----- Indeed, Sir, if you contrive my things any more with your ſcanty Chamber-maid's-Air, you ſhall work no more for me.

Rem. I ſhall take care to pleaſe your Ladyſhip for the future. [*Exit.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my Maſter deſires ----

Lure. Hold, hold, Fellow; for Gad's ſake hold; If thou touch my Cloaths with that Tobacco Breath of thine, I ſhall poyſon the whole Drawing-Room. Stand at the Door pray, and ſpeak. [Ser. *goes to the Door and ſpeaks.*

Ser. My Maſter, Madam, deſires ----

Lure. Oh hideous! Now the Raſcal bellows ſo loud, that he tears my Head to pieces. ---- Here, Awkardneſs, go take the Booby's Meſſage, and bring it to me.

[*Maid goes to the Door, whiſpers and returns.*

Cham. My Maſter deſires to know how your Ladyſhip reſted laſt Night, and if you are pleas'd to admit of a Viſit this Morning?

Lure. Ay, ---- Why this is civil, ---- 'Tis an inſupportable Toil tho' for Women of Quality to model their Husbands to good Breeding.

Enter Standard.

Stand. Good morrow my deareſt Angel. How have you reſted laſt Night?

Lure. Lard, Lard, Coll! What a Room have you made me here with your dirty Feet! Bleſs me, Sir! Will you never be

be reclaim'd from your ſlovenly Campaign Airs ? 'Tis the moſt unmannerly thing in Nature to make a ſliding Bow in a Lady's Chamber with dirty Shoes ; it writes Rudeneſs upon the Boards.

Stand. A very odd kind of Reception this, truly.---- I'm very ſorry, Madam, that the Offences of my Feet ſhould create an Averſion to my Company : But for the future I ſhall honour your Ladyſhip's Apartment as the Sepulchre at *Jeruſalem*, and always come in bare-foot.

Lure. Sepulchre at *Jeruſalem !* Your Compliment, Sir, is very far fetch'd : But your Feet indeed have a very travelling Air.

Stand. Come, come, my Dear, no ſerious Diſputes upon Trifles, ſince you know I never contend with you in Matters of Conſequence. You are ſtill Miſtreſs of your Fortune, and Marriage has only made you more abſolute in your Pleaſure, by adding one faithful Servant to your Deſires.--- Come, clear your Brow of that uneaſie Chagrin, and let that pleaſing Air take place that firſt enſnar'd my Heart. I have invited ſome Gentlemen to Dinner, whoſe Friendſhips deſerve a welcome Look. Let their Entertaiment ſhew how bleſs'd you have made me by a plentiful Fortune, and the Love of ſo agreeable a Creature.

Lure. Your Friends, I ſuppoſe, are all Men of Quality.

Stand. Madam, they are Officers and Men of Honour.

Lure. Officers, and Men of Honour ! That is, they will daub the Stairs with their Feet, ſtain all the Rooms with their Wine, talk Bawdy to my Woman, rail at the Parliament, then at one another, fall to cutting of Throats, and break all my China.

Stand. Admitting that I kept ſuch Company ; 'tis unkind in you, Madam, to talk ſo ſeverely of my Friends ---- But my Brother, my Dear, is juſt come from his Voyage, and will be here to pay his Reſpects to you.

Lure. Sir, I ſhall not be at Leiſure to entertain a Perſon of his *Wapping* Education, I can aſſure you.

Enter Parley, *and whiſpers her.*

Sir, I have ſome Buſineſs with my Woman ; you may entertain your Sea Monſter by your ſelf ; you may command a Diſh of Pork and Peaſe, with a Bowl of Punch, I ſuppoſe ; and ſo Sir, much good may do you.--- Come *Parley.*

[*Exeunt* Lure. *and* Par.

Stand. Hell and Furies !

Enter.

Enter Fireball.

Fire. With all my Heart.------ Where's your Wife, Brother? ------Ho'now Man, what's the matter? -----Is Dinner ready?

Stand. No.----I don't know.---- Hang it, I'm ſorry that I invited you:---- For you muſt know that my Wife is very much out of Order; taken dangerous ill of a ſudden.----So that-----

Fire. Pſhaw! Nothing, nothing but a Marriage Qualm; breeding Children, or breeding Miſchief? Where is ſhe, Man? Prithee let me ſee her; I long to ſee this fine Lady you have got.

Stand. Upon my word ſhe's very ill, and can't ſee any Body.

Fire. So ill that ſhe can't ſee any Body! What, ſhe's not in Labour ſure! I tell you, I will ſee her.-----Where is ſhe? [*Looking about.*

Stand. No, no, Brother; ſhe's gone abroad to take the Air.

Fire. What the Devil! dangerous ſick, and gone out! So ſick, that ſhe'll ſee no body within, yet gone abroad to ſee all the World!----Ay, you have made your Fortunes with a Vengeance!------ Then, Brother, you ſhall dine with me at *Locket*'s; I hate theſe Family-Dinners, where a Man's oblig'd to, O Lard, Madam; No Apology, dear Sir.------ 'Tis very good indeed, Madam.---- For your ſelf, dear Madam.------Where between the rub'd Floor under foot, the China in one Corner, and the Glaſſes in another, a Man can't make two ſtrides without hazard of his Life. Commend me to a Boy and a Bell; Coming, coming Sir. Much Noiſe, no Attendance, and a dirty Room, where I may eat like a Horſe, drink like a Fiſh, and ſwear like a Devil. Hang your Family Dinners; come along with me.

As they are going out, enter Banter; *who ſeeing them, ſeems to retire.*

Stand. Who's that? Come in, Sir. Your Buſineſs, pray Sir?

Bant. Perhaps, Sir, it may not be ſo proper to inform you; for you appear to be as great a Stranger here as my ſelf.

Fire. Come, come away, Brother; he has ſome Buſineſs with your Wife.

Ban. His Wife! Gadſo! A pretty Fellow, a very pretty Fellow, a likely Fellow, and a handſome Fellow; I find nothing like a Monſter about him; I wou'd fain ſee his Forehead ho'.---- Sir, your humble Servant.

Stand.

Stand. Your's Sir. --------- But why d'ye ſtare ſo in my Face?

Ban. I was told, Sir, that the Lady *Lurewell*'s Husband had ſomething very remarkable over his Eyes, by which he might be known.

Fire. Mark that, Brother. [*In his Ear.*

Stand. Your Information, Sir, was right; I have a croſs Cut over my left Eye that's very remarkable. ----- But pray, Sir, by what Marks are you to be known?

Ban. Sir, I am dignify'd and diſtinguiſh'd by the Name and Title of *Beau Banter*; I'm younger Brother to Sir *Harry Wildair*; and I hope to inherit his Eſtate with his Humour, for his Wife, I'm told, is dead, and has left no Child.

Stand. Oh, Sir! I'm your very humble Servant; you're not unlike your Brother in the Face; but methinks, Sir, you don't become his Humour altogether ſo well; for what's Nature in him looks like Affectation in you.

Ban. Oh, Lard, Sir! 'tis rather Nature in me what is acquir'd by him; he's beholding to his Education for his Air: Now where d'ye think my Humour was eſtabliſh'd?

Stand. Where?

Ban. At *Oxford.*

Stand. } At *Oxford!*
Fire. }

Ban. Ay: There have I been ſucking my dear *Alma Mater* theſe ſeven Years: Yet, in Defiance to Legs of Mutton, ſmall Beer, crabbed Books, and four-fac'd Doctors, I can dance a Minuet, court a Miſtreſs, play at Piquet, or make a Paroli, with any *Wildair* in *Chriſtendom*. In ſhort, Sir, in ſpight of the Univerſity, I'm a pretty Gentleman. ---- Collonel, where's your Wife?

Fire. [*Mimicking him.*] *In ſpight of the Univerſity I'm a pretty Gentleman.* --- Then *Collonel*, *where is your Wife*? ---- Hark ye young *Plato*, Whether wou'd you have, your Noſe ſlit, or your Ears cut?

Ban. Firſt tell me, Sir, which would you chuſe, to be run through the Body, or ſhot through the Head?

Fire. Follow me, and I'll tell ye.

Ban. Sir, my Servants ſhall attend ye, if you have no Equipage of your own.

Fire. Blood, Sir!

Stand. Hold, Brother, hold; he's a Boy.

Ban. Look ye, Sir, I keep half a dozen Footmen that have no Buſineſs upon Earth but to anſwer impertinent Queſtions: Now, Sir, if your fighting Stomach can digeſt theſe

these six brawny Fellows for a Breakfast, their Master, perhaps, may do you the Favour to run you through the Body for a Dinner.

Fire. Sirrah, will you fight me? I receiv'd just now six Month's Pay, and by this Light, I'll give you the half on't for one fair Blow at your Skull.

Ban. Down with your Money, Sir.

Stand. No, no, Brother; if you are so free of your Pay, get into the next Room: there you'll find some Company at Cards, I suppose, you may find Opportunity for your Revenge; my House protects him now.

Fire. Well, Sir, the time will come. [*Exit.*

Ban. Well said, Brazen-head.

Stand. I hope, Sir, you'll excuse the Freedom of this Gentleman; his Education has been among the boisterous Elements, the Wind and Waves.

Ban. Sir, I value neither him, nor his Wind and Waves neither; I'm privileg'd to be very impertinent, being an *Oxonian*, and oblig'd to fight no Man, being a *Beau*.

Stand. Sir, I admire the Freedom of your Condition. --- But pray, Sir, have you seen your Brother since he came last over?

Ban. I ha'n't seen my Brother these seven Years, and scarcely heard from him but by report of others. About a Month ago he was pleas'd to honour me with a Letter from *Paris*, importing his Design of being in *London* very soon, with a desire of meeting me here. Upon this, I chang'd my Cap and Gown for a long Wig and Sword, and came up to *London* to attend him, went to his House, but that was all in Sables for the Death of his Wife; there I was told, that he design'd to change his Habitation, because he wou'd avoid all Remembrances that might disturb his Quiet. You are the first Person that has told me of his Arrival, and I expect that you may likewise inform me where to wait on him.

Stand. And I suppose, Sir, this was the Bus'ness that occasion'd me the Honour of this Visit.

Ban. Partly this, and partly an Affair of greater Consequence. You must know, Sir, that tho' I have read ten thousand Lies in the University, yet I have learn'd to speak the Truth my self; and to deal plainly with you, the Honour of this Visit, as you were pleas'd to term it, was design'd to the Lady *Lurewell*.

Stand. My Wife, Sir!

Ban. My Lady *Lurewell*, I say, Sir.

Stand. But I say my Wife, Sir.---What!

Ban.

Ban. Why, look ye, Sir; you may have the Honour of being call'd the Lady *Lurewell*'s Husband; but you will never find in any Author, either ancient or modern, that she's call'd Mr. *Standard*'s Wife. 'Tis true, you're a handsome young Fellow: she lik'd you, she marry'd you ; and tho' the Priest made you both one Flesh, yet there's no small Distinction in your Blood. You are still a disbanded Collonel, and she is still a Woman of Quality, I take it.

Stand. And you are the most impudent young Fellow I ever met with in all my Life, I take it.

Ban. Sir, I'm a Master of Arts, and I plead the privilege of my standing.

Enter a Servant, and whispers Banter.

Ser. Sir, the Gentleman in the Coach below, says, he'll be gone unless you come presently.

Bant. I had forgot---Coll. your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Stand. Sir, you must excuse me for not waiting on you down stairs.----An impudent young Dog. [Exit *another way.*

SCENE *changes to another Apartment in the same House.*

Enter Lurewell, Ladies, Monsr. Marquis *and* Fireball, *as losing Gamesters, one after another, tearing their Cards, and flinging 'em about the Room.*

Lure. Ruin'd! Undone! Destroy'd!

1 *La.* Oh Fortune! Fortune! Fortune!

2 *La.* What will my Husband say?

Monsr. Oh *Malheur! malheur ! malheur !*

Fire. Blood and Fire, I have lost six Months Pay.

Monsr. A hundred and ten Pistoles, sink me.

Fire. Sink you! sink me, that have lost two hundred and ten Pistoles.-----Sink you indeed!

Lure. But why wou'd you hazard the Bank upon one Card?

Monsr. Because me had lose by de Card tree times before.------Look, dere Madam, de very next Card had been out. Oh *Morbleu! qui sa* ?

Lure. I rely'd altogether on your setting the Cards; you us'd to *Tailee* with Success.

Monsr. Morbleu, Madam, me nevre lose before: But dat Monsieur Sir *Arry*, dat Chevalier *Wildair* is de Devil.------Vere is de Chevalier ?

Lure. Counting our Money within yonder.----Go, go, be gone; and bethink your self of some Revenge.------Here he comes.

Enter

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Fifteen hundred and ſeventy *Louis d'Ors!* ---- Tall dall de rall. [*Sings.*] Look ye, Gentlemen, any body may dance to this Tune; ------ Tall dall de rall. I dance to the Tune of fifteen hundred Pound, the moſt elevated Piece of Muſick that ever I heard in my Life; they are the prettieſt Caſtagnets in the World. [*Chinks the Money.*] Here Waiters, there's Cards and Candles for you. [*Gives the Servants Money*] Mrs. *Parley*, ------- here's Hoods and Scarfs for you: [*Gives her Money.*] And here's fine Coaches, ſplendid Equipage, lovely Women, and victorious *Burgundy* for me. ------ Oh ye charming Angels! the Loſers ſorrow, and the Gainers joy: Get ye into my Pocket. ---- Now, Gentlemen and Ladies, I am your humble Servant ------- You'll excuſe me, I hope; the ſmall Devotion here that I pay to my good Fortune ----- Ho'now! Mute! ----- Why, Ladies, I know that Loſers have leave to ſpeak; but I don't find that they're privileg'd to be dumb. ----- *Monſieur!* Ladies! Captain! [*Claps the Captain on the Shoulder.*

Fire. Death and Hell! Why d'ye ſtrike me, Sir? [*Drawing.*

Wild. To comfort you, Sir. ----- Your Ear, Capt. ----- The King of *Spain* is dead.

Fire. The King of *Spain* dead!

Wild. Dead as *Julius Cæſar*; I had a Letter on't juſt now.

Fire. Tall dall de rall. [*Sings.*] Look ye, Sir, pray ſtrike me again if you pleaſe. ----- See here, Sir, you have left me but one ſolitary Guinea in the World. [*Puts it in his Mouth.*] Down it goes i'faith. ----- Allons for the *Thatch'd Houſe* and the *Mediterranean*. ----- Tall dall de rall. [*Exit.*

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. ------ Bravely reſolv'd, Captain.

Lure. Bleſs me, Sir *Harry!* I was afraid of a Quarrel. I'm ſo much concern'd! ---

Wild. At the loſs of your Money, Madam. But why, why ſhould the Fair be afflicted? Your Eyes, your Eyes, Ladies, much brighter than the Sun, have equal Power with him, and can transform to Gold whate'er they pleaſe. The Lawyer's Tongue, the Soldier's Sword, the Courtier's Flattery, and the Merchant's Trade, are Slaves that dig the Golden Mines for you. Your Eyes unty the Miſer's knotted Purſe. [*To one Lady.*] Melt into Coin the Magiſtrate's maſſy Chain. ------ Youth mints for you Hereditary Lands. [*To another.*] ----- And Gameſters only win when they can loſe to you. [*To Lurewell.*] ------- This Luck is the moſt Rhetorical thing in Nature.

Lure. I have a great mind to forſwear Cards as long as I live.

1 *La.* And I. [*Exit.*

2 *La.* And I. [*Crying, and Exit.*

Wild. What, forſwear Cards! Why, Madam, you'll ruin our Trade.——I'll maintain, that the Money at Court circulates more by the Baſſet-Bank, than the Wealth of the Merchants by the Bank of the City. Cards ! the great Miniſters of Fortune's Power ; that blindly ſhuffle out her thoughtleſs Favours, and make a Knave more pow'rful than a King.—— What Adoration do theſe Pow'rs receive [*Lifting up a Card.*] from the bright Hands and Fingers of the Fair, always lift up to pay Devotion here ! And the pleaſing Fears, the anxious Hopes, and dubious Joy that entertain our Mind! The Capot at Piquet, the Paroli at Baſſet ;——And then Ombre ! Who can reſiſt the Charms of Mattadors ?

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry* ; and then the *Sept le Va*, *Quinze le Va*, *& Trante le Va!*

Wild. Right, right, Madam.

Lure. Then the Nine of Diamonds at Comet, three Fives at Cribbidge, and Pam in Lanteraloo, Sir *Harry !*

Wild. Ay, Madam, theſe are Charms indeed.——Then the pleaſure of picking your Husband's Pocket over-night, to play at Baſſet next Day ! Then the Advantage a fine Gentleman may make of a Lady's Neceſſity, by gaining a Favour for fifty Piſtoles, which a hundred Years Courtſhip cou'd never have produc'd.

Lure. Nay, nay, Sir *Harry*, that's foul play.

Wild. Nay, nay, Madam, 'tis nothing but the Game ; and I have play'd it ſo in *France* a hundred times.

Lure. Come, come Sir, no more on't. I'll tell you in three words, that rather than forego my Cards, I'll forſwear my Viſits, Faſhions, my Monkey, Friends and Relations.

Wild. There ſpoke the Spirit of true-born *Engliſh* Quality, with a true *French* Education.

Lure. Look ye, Sir *Harry*, I am well born, and I was well bred ; I brought my Husband a large Fortune ; he ſhall Mortgage, or I will Elope.

Wild. No, no, Madam ! there's no occaſion for that. See here, Madam !

Lure. What, the ſinging Birds ; Sir *Harry*, let me ſee.

Wild. Pugh, Madam, theſe are but a few.——But I cou'd wiſh, *de tout mon cœur*, *for quelque Commodite*, where I might be handſomely plunder'd of 'em.

Lure. Ah! Chevalier ! tous jour obligeant Engageant & tout Ca ——

Wild. Allons, Allons, Madam, tout à votre ſervice. [*Pulls her.*

Lure.

Lure. No, no, Sir *Harry*, not at this time o'day; you shall hear from me in the Evening.

Wild. Then, Madam, I'll leave you something to entertain you the while. 'Tis a *French* Pocket-book, with some Remarks of my own upon the new way of making Love. Please to peruse it, and give me your Opinion in the Evening. [*Exit.*

Lure. [*Opening the Book.*] A *French* Pocket-book, with Remarks upon the new way of making Love! Then Sir *Harry* is turning Author, I find.-----What's here?--------Hi, hi, hi. A Bank Bill for a hundred Pound.---------The new way of making Love!------*Pardie cêt fort Gallant*------One of the prettiest Remarks that ever I saw in my Life! Well now, that *Wildair*'s a charming Fellow;----Hi, hi, hi,----He has such an Air, and such a Turn in what he does! I warrant now there's a hundred home-bred Blockheads wou'd come,-----Madam, I'll give you a hundred Guineas if you'll let me.-----Faugh! hang their nauseous immodest Proceedings.-----Here's a hundred Pound now, and he never names the thing; I love an impudent Action with an Air of Modesty with all my Heart. [*Exit.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE *continues.*

Lurewell *and* Monsieur Marquis.

Lure. WELL, *Monsieur*, and have you thought how to retaliate your ill Fortune?

Monf. Madam, I have tought dat Fortune be one blind Bitch. Why shou'd Fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan to de France Marquis? Ave I not de bon Grace? Ave not I de Personage? Ave I not de Understanding? Can de Anglis Chevalier dance bettre dan I? Can de Anglis Chevalier fence bettre dan I? Can de Anglis Chevalier play Basset bettre dan I? Den why shou'd Fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan de France Marquis?

Lure Why? Because Fortune is blind.

Monf. Blind! Yes begar, and dum and deaf too.-----Vell den, Fortune give de Anglis Man de Riches, but Nature give de France Man de Politique to correct de unequal Distribution.

Lure. But how can you correct it, *Monſieur*?

Monſ. Ecoute, Madam. Sir *Arry Wildair* his Vife be dead.

Lure. And what Advantage can you make of that?

Monſ. Begar, Madam.-----Hi, hi, hi.-----De Anglis-man's dead Vife ſall Cuckold her Usband.

Lure. How, how, Sir, A dead Woman Cuckold her Huſband!

Monſ. Mark! Madam: We France-men make de diſtinction between de deſign and de term of de Treaty.---She canno touch his Head, but ſhe can Cuckold his Pocket of ten touſan Livres.

Lure. Pray explain your ſelf, Sir.

Monſ. I have Sir *Arry Wildair* his Vife in my Pocket.

Lure. How! Sir *Narry*'s Wife in your Pocket!

Monſ. Hold, Madam; dere is an autre diſtinction between de Deſign and de Term of de Treaty.

Lure. Pray, Sir, no more of your Diſtinctions, but ſpeak plain.

Monſ. Wen de France-man's Politique is in his Head, dere is noting but diſtinction upon his Tongue.------- See here, Madam! I ave de Picture of Sir *Arry*'s Vife in my Pocket.

Lure. Is't poſſible?

Monſ. Voyez.

Lure. The very ſame, and finely drawn. Pray, *Monſieur*, how did you purchaſe it?

Monſ. As me did purchaſe de Picture, ſo me did gain de Subſtance, de dear, dear Subſtance, by de bon mien, de France Air, Chantant, charmant de Politique à la Tate, and Dançant à la Pie.

Lure. Lard bleſs me! How cunningly ſome Women can play the Rogue! Ah! have I found it out! Now, as I hope for Mercy, I am glad on't. I hate to have any Woman more Virtuous than my ſelf.-------Here was ſuch a work with my Lady *Wildair*'s Piety! my Lady *Wildair*'s Conduct! and my Lady *Wildair*'s Fidelity forſooth!-------Now, dear *Monſieur*, you have infallibly told me the beſt News that I ever heard in my Life. Well, and ſhe was but one of us! heh!

Monſ. Oh, Madam! me no tell Tale, me no ſcandalize de Dead; de Picture be dumb, de Picture ſay noting.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, no more Diſtinctions; I'm ſure it was ſo. I wou'd have given the World for ſuch a Story of her while ſhe was living. She was charitable, forſooth! and ſhe was Devout, forſooth! and every body was twitted i'th' Teeth with my Lady *Wildair*'s Reputation: And why don't you mark her Behaviour, and her Diſcretion? She goes to

Church twice a day.-----Ah! I hate these Congregation-Women. There's such a fuss and such a clutter about their Devotion, that it makes more noise than all the Bells in the Parish.-----Well, but what Advantage can you make now of the Picture?

Monsr. De Advantage of ten tousand Livres, pardie.------ *Attendez vous*, Madam. Dis Lady she die at *Montpelier* in *France*; I ave de Broder in dat City dat write me one Account dat she dye in dat City, and dat she send me dis Picture as a Legacy, wid a tousand base mains to de dear Marquis, de charmant Marquis, mon ceur le Marquis.

Lure. Ay, here was Devotion! here was Discretion! here was Fidelity! Mon ceur le Marquis! Ha, ha, hi.------Well, but how will this procure the Money?

Monsr. Now, Madam, for de France Politique.

Lure. Ay, what is the *French* Politick.

Monsr. Never to tell a Secret to a Voman.----- Madam, *je sui vôtre serviteur.* [*Runs off.*

Lure. Hold, hold, Sir, we sha'n't part so; I will have it. [*Follows.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball.

Fire. Hah! Look! Look! Look you there, Brother! See how they Coquet it! Oh! There's a Look! there's a Simper! there's a Squeeze for you! Ay, now the Marquis is at it. *Mon ceur, may foy, pardie, allons;* Don't you see how the *French* Rogue, has the Head, and the Feet, and the Hands, and the Tongue, all going together?

Stand. [*Walking in Disorder.*] Where's my Reason? Where's my Philosophy? Where's my Religion now?

Fire. I'll tell you where they are, in your Forehead, Sir. ——Blood! I say, Revenge.

Stand. But how, dear Brother?

Fire. Why, stab him, stab him now.——*Italian, Spaniard,* I say.

Stand. Stab him! Why, Cuckoldom's a Hydra that bears a thousand Heads; and tho' I should cut this one off, the Monster still wou'd sprout. Must I murder all the Fops in the Nation? and to save my Head from Horns, expose my Neck to the Halter?

Fire. S'death, Sir, can't you kick and cuff?——Kick one.

Stand. Cane another.

Fire. Cut off the Ears of a third.

Stand. Slit the Nose of a fourth,

Fire. Tear Crevats.

Stand. Burn Perukes.

Fire. Shoot their Coach-horſes.

Stand. A noble Plot.------But now it's laid, how ſhall we put it in Execution? for not one of theſe *Fellows* ſtirs about without his Guard du Corps. Then they're ſtout as Heroes; for I can aſſure you, that a Beau with ſix Footmen ſhall fight you any Gentleman in *Chriſtendom.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's Mr. *Clincher* below, who begs the Honour to kiſs your Hand.

Stand. Ay, Why here's another Beau.

Fire. Let him come, let him come; I'll ſhew you how to manage a Beau preſently.

Stand. Hold, hold, Sir; this is a ſimple inoffenſive Fellow, that will rather make us Diverſion.

Fire. Diverſion! Ay. Why, I'll knock him down for Diverſion.

Stand. No no; prithee be quiet; I gave him a ſurfeit of Intriguing ſome Months ago before I was marry'd.-----Here, bid him come up. He's worth your Acquaintance! Brother.

Fire. My Acquaintance! What is he?

Stand. A Fellow of a ſtrange Weathercock head, very hard, but as light as the Wind; conſtantly full of the Times, and never fails to pick up ſome Humour or other out of the publick Revolutions, that proves diverting enough. Some time ago he had got the Travelling Maggot in his Head, and was going to the *Jubilee* upon all Occaſions; but lately, ſince the new Revolution in *Europe*, another Spirit has poſſeſs'd him, and he runs ſtark mad after News and Politicks.

Enter Clincher.

Clin. News, News, Coll. great-----Eh! what's this Fellow? Methinks he has a kind of ſuſpicious Air.-------Your Ear, Coll.-----The Pope's dead.

Stand. Where did you hear it?

Clin. I read it in the publick News. [*Whiſpering.*

Stand. Ha, ha, ha.------And why d'ye whiſper it for a Secret?

Clin. Odſo! faith, that's true------But that Fellow there; what is he?

Stand. My Brother *Fireball*, juſt come home from the *Baltick.*

Clin. Odſo! Noble Captain, I'm your moſt humble and obedient Servant, from the Poop to the Forecaſtle.——Nay, a Kiſs o' t'other ſide, pray.——Now, dear Captain, tell us the News.——Odſo! I'm ſo pleas'd I have met you! Well, the News, dear Captain.——You ſail'd a brave Squadron of Men of War to the *Baltick.*---Well, and what then? eh!

Fire.

Fire. Why then------we came back again.

Clin. Did you faith?----- Fooliſh! fooliſh! very fooliſh! a right Sea-Captain------But what did you do? How did you Fight? What Storms did you meet? And what Whales did you ſee?

Fire. We had a violent Storm off the Coaſt of *Jutland.*

Clin. Jutland! Ay, that's part of *Portugal*,------Well, and ſo;-----you enter'd the *Sound*; ----- and you maul'd *Copenhagen*, 'faith.-----And then that pretty, dear, ſweet, pretty King of *Sweden!* What ſort of Man is he, pray?

Fire. Why, tall and ſlender.

Clin. Tall and ſlender! Much about my pitch? Heh!

Fire. Not ſo groſs, not altogether ſo low.

Clin. No! I'm ſorry for't; very ſorry indeed.---[*Here* Parley *enters and ſtands at the Door*; Clincher *beckons her with his Hands behind going backwards, and ſpeaking to her and the Gentlemen by turns.*] Well, and what more? And ſo you bombarded *Copenhagen.*-------- (Mrs. *Parley,*) -------- Whiz, flap went the Bombs. (Mrs. *Parley*)----And ſo----- Well, not altogether ſo groſs, you ſay.----- (Here's a Letter, you Jade.)------- Very tall, you ſay? Is the King very tall?------ (Here's a Guinea, you Jade.)------ [*She takes the Letter, and the Coll. obſerves him.*] Hem! hem! Coll. I'm mightily troubled with the Ptyſick of late.--------Hem! hem! A ſtrange Stoppage of my Breaſt here. Hem! But now it is off again.------Well, but Captain, you tell us no News at all.

Fire. I tell you one piece that all the World knows, and ſtill you are a ſtranger to it.

Clin. Bleſs me! What can this be?

Fire. That you are a Fool.

Clin. Eh! Witty, witty Sea Captain. Odſo! And I wonder, Captain, that your Underſtanding did not ſplit your Ship to pieces.

Fire. Why ſo, Sir?

Clin. Becauſe, Sir, it is ſo very ſhallow, very *ſhallow.* There's Wit for you, Sir-----

Enter Parley, *who gives the Coll. a Letter.*

Odſo! A Letter! Then there's News.-----What, is it the Foreign Poſt? What News, dear Coll. what News? Hark ye Mrs. *Parley.*

[*He talks with* Parley *while the Coll. reads the Letter.*

Stand. The Son of a Whore! Is it he? [*Looks at* Clincher

[*Reads.*] Dear Madam,

I Was afraid to break open the Seal of your Letter, leſt I ſhou'd violate the Work of your fair Hands.---[Oh! Fulſome Fop.] *I therefore with the Warmth of my Kiſſes thaw'd it aſunder.* [Ay, here's ſuch a turn of Style, as takes a fine Lady!] *I have no News, but that the Pope's dead, and I have ſome Pacquets upon that Affair to ſend my Correſpondent in* Wales; *but I ſhall wave all Buſineſs, and haſten to wait on you at the Hour appointed, with the Wings of a Flying-Poſt.*

Yours,

Toby Clincher.

Very well, Mr. *Toby*.-----Hark'e, Brother, this Fellow's a Rogue.

Fire. A damn'd Rogue.

Stand. See here! a Letter to my Wife!

Fire. S'death! let me tear him to pieces.

Stand. No, no, we'll manage him to more Advantage. Take him with you to *Locket*'s, and invent ſome way or other to fuddle him.----Here, Mr. *Clincher*, I have prevail'd on my Brother here to give you a very particular Account of the whole Voyage to the *Sound* by his own Journal, if you pleaſe to honour him with your Company at *Locket*'s.

Clin. His own Journal! Odſo, let me ſee it.

Stand. Shew it him.

Fire. Here, Sir.

Clin. Now for News---[*Reads.*] Thurſday, Auguſt *the* 17*th*, *from the* 6*th Noon to this Day Noon Winds variable, Courſes* per *Traverſe, true Courſe protracted, with all Impediments allow'd, is North* 45 *Degrees, Weſt* 60 *Miles, Difference of Latitude* 42 *Miles, Departure Weſt* 40 *Miles, Latitude* per *Judgment* 54 *Degrees* 13 *Minutes, Meridian diſtance current from the bearing of the Land, and the Latitude is* 88 *Miles.*---Odſo! Great News, Faith.---Let me ſee. *At Noon broke our Main-top-Sail-yard, being rotten in the Slings; two Whales Southward.* Odſo! A Whale! Great News, Faith. Come, come along, Captain. But, d'ye hear? With this Proviſo, Gentlemen, That I wo'n't drink; for, hark'e, Captain, between you and I, there's a fine Lady in the Wind, and I ſhall have the Longitude and Latitude of a fine Lady, and the----

Fire. A fine Lady! Ah the Rogue! [*Aſide.*

Clin.

Clin. Yes, a fine Lady, Collonel, a very fine Lady.——Come, no Ceremony, good Captain.

[*Exeunt* Fireball *and* Clincher.

Stand. Well, Mrs. *Parly*, how go the reſt of our Affairs?

Par. Why, worſe and worſe, Sir; here's more Miſchief ſtill, more Branches a ſprouting.

Stand. Of whoſe planting, pray?

Par. Why, that impudent young Rogue, Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Brother has commenc'd his Suit, and fee'd Council already.——Look here, Sir, two Pieces, for which, by Article, I am to receive four.

Stand. 'Tis a hard Caſe now, that a Man muſt give four Guineas for the good News of his Diſhonour. Some Men throw away their Money in debauching other Mens Wives, and I lay out mine to keep my own honeſt: But this is making a Man's Fortune!——Well, Child, there's your Pay; and I expect, when I come back, a true Account how the Buſineſs goes on.

Par. But ſuppoſe the Bus'neſs be done before you come back?

Stand. No, no; ſhe ha'n't ſeen him yet; and her Pride will preſerve her againſt the firſt Aſſaults. Beſides, I ſha'n't ſtay. [*Exeunt* Coll. *and* Par.

SCENE *changes to another Room in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter Wildair *and* Lurewell.

Lure. Well now, Sir *Harry*, this Book you gave me! As I hope to breathe I think 'tis the beſt penn'd Piece I have ſeen a great while, I don't know any of our Authors have writ in ſo florid and genteel a Style.

Wild. Upon the Subject, Madam, I dare affirm there is nothing extant more moving.——Look ye, Madam, I am an Author rich in Expreſſions; the needy Poets of the Age may fill their Works with Rapſodies of Flames and Darts, their barren Sighs and Tears, their ſpeaking Looks and amorous Vows, that might in *Chaucer*'s time, perhaps, have paſsd for Love; but now 'tis only ſuch as I can touch that noble Paſſion, and by the true, perſuaſive Eloquence, turn'd in the moving Stile of *Louis-d'Ors*, can raiſe the raviſh'd Female to a Rapture.------In ſhort, Madam, I'll match *Cowly* in Softneſs, o'er-top *Milton* in Sublime, banter *Cicero* in Eloquence, and Dr. *Swan* in Quibbling, by the help of that moſt ingenious Society, call'd, the Bank of *England*.

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry*, I begin to hate that old thing call'd Love; they ſay 'tis clear out in *France*.

Wild. Clear out, clear out, no Body wears it: And here too, Honeſty went out with the ſlaſh'd Doublets, and Love with the cloſe-body'd Gowns. Love! 'Tis ſo obſolete, ſo mean, and out of Faſhion, that I can compare it to nothing but the miſerable Picture of *Patient Grizzel* at the Head of an old Ballad------Faugh!

Lure. Ha, ha, ha-----The beſt Emblem in the World.----- Come, Sir *Harry*, faith we'll run it down.------Love!--------Ay, methinks I ſee the mournful *Melpomene* with her Handkerchief at her Eye, her Heart full of Fire, her Eyes full of Water, her Head full of Madneſs, and her Mouth full of Nonſenſe.-----Oh! Hang it.

Wild. Ay, Madam. Then the doleful Ditties, piteous Plaints, the Daggers, the Poyſons!-----

Lure. Oh the Vapours!

Wild. Then a Man muſt kneel, and a Man muſt ſwear---- There is a Repoſe, I ſee, in the next Room. (*Aſide.*

Lure. Unnatural Stuff.

Wild. Oh, Madam, the moſt unnatural thing in the World; as fulſome as a Sack-Poſſet, [*Pulling her towards the Door.*] ungenteel as a Wedding-Ring, and as impudent as the naked Statue was in the Park. (*Pulls her again.*

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry*; I hate Love that's impudent. Theſe Poets dreſs it up ſo in their Tragedies, that no modeſt Woman can bear it. Your way is much the more tolerable, I muſt confeſs.

Wild. Ay, ay, Madam; I hate your rude Whining and Sighing; it puts a Lady out of Countenance. (*Pulling her.*

Lure. Truly ſo it does.----- Hang their Impudence.-------- But where are we going?

Wild. Only to rail at Love, Madam. (*Pulls her in.*

Enter Banter.

Ban. Hey! Who's here? (Lurewell *comes back.*

Lure. Pſhaw, prevented by a Stranger too! Had it been my Husband now.---Pſhaw!----Very familiar, Sir.

(Banter *takes up* Wildair's *Hat, that was dropt in the Room.*

Ban. Madam, you have dropt your Hat.

Lure. Diſcover'd too by a Stranger! -----What ſhall I do?

Wild. (*From within.*)----- Madam, you have got the moſt confounded Pens here! Can't you get the Collonel to write the Superſcriptions of your Letters for you?

Lure. Bleſs me, Sir *Harry!* Don't you know that the Collonel can't write *French*? Your time is ſo precious!

Wild.

Wild. Shall I direct by way of *Roan* or *Paris* ?

Lure. Which you will.

Ban. Madam, I very much applaud your Choice of a Secretary ; he underſtands the Intrigues of moſt Courts in *Europe* they ſay.

Enter Wildair *with a Letter.*

Wild. Here, Madam, I preſume, 'tis right.---This Gentleman a Relation of yours, Madam? --- Dem him. [*Aſide.*

Ban. Brother, your humble Servant.

Wild. Brother! By what Relation, Sir ?

Ban. Begotten by the ſame Father, born of the ſame Mother, Brother Kindred, and Brother Beau.

Wild. Hey-day! How the Fellow ſtrings his Genealogy?--- Look ye, Sir, you may be Brother to *Tom Thumb* for ought I know ; but if you are my Brother, I cou'd have wiſh'd you in your Mother's Womb for an Hour or two longer.

Ban. Sir, I receiv'd your Letter at *Oxford*, with your Commands to meet you in *London* ; and if you can remember your own Hand, there 'tis. [*Gives a Letter.*

Wild. [*Looking over the Letter.*] Oh! Pray, Sir, let me conſider you a little.--- By *Jupiter* a pretty Boy, a very pretty Boy ; a handſome Face, good Shape, [*Walks about and views him.*] well dreſs'd.--- The Rogue has got a Leg too!---- Come kiſs me, Child.--- Ay, he kiſſes like one of the Family, the right Velvet Lip.---- Can'ſt thou dance, Child?

Ban. Ouy, Monſieur.

Lure. Hey-day! *French* too! Why ſure, Sir, you cou'd never be bred at *Oxford !*

Ban. No, Madam, my Cloaths were made in *London.*---- Brother, I have ſome Affairs of Conſequence to communicate, which require a little Privacy.

Lure. Oh, Sir ! I beg your Pardon, I'll leave you. ---- Sir *Harry*, you'll ſtay Supper ? [*Exit.*

Wild. Aſſurement, Madam.

Ban. Yes Madam, we'll both ſtay.

Wild. Both!---- Sir, I'll ſend you back to your Mutton-Commons again. How now ?

Ban. No, no ; I ſhall find better Mutton-Commons by meſſing with you, Brother.----- Come, Sir *Harry* : If you ſtay, I ſtay ; if you go, allons.

Wild. Why, the Devil's in this young Fellow.---- Why Sirrah, haſt thou any Thoughts of being my Heir ? Why, you Dog, you ought to pimp for me ; you ſhou'd keep a pack

pack of Wenches o' purpose to hunt down Matrimony. Don't you know, Sir, that lawful Wedlock in me is certain Poverty to you ? Look ye, Sirrah, come along ; and for my Disappointment just now, if you don't get me a new Mistress to Night, I'll marry to morrow, and won't leave you a Groat. ---Go, Pimp, like a dutiful Brother.

[*Pushes him out, and* Exit.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A Tavern.*

Enter Fireball, *hauling in* Clincher.

Fire. COme, Sir; not drink the King's Health!

Clin. Pray now, good Captain, excuse me. Look here, Sir ; the [*Pulling out his Watch.*] critical Minute, the critical Minute, Faith.

Fire. What d'ye mean, Sir ?

Clin. The Lady's critical Minute, Sir. --- Sir, your humble Servant. [*Going.*

Fire. Well! The Death of this *Spanish* King will ---

Clin. [*Returning*] Eh ! What's that of the *Spanish* King? Tell me, dear Captain, tell me.

Fire. Sir, if you please to sit down, I'll tell you that old Don *Carlos* is dead.

Clin. Dead ; --- Nay, then [*Sits down.*] --- Here, Pen and Ink, Boy ; Pen and Ink presently ; I must write to my Correspondent in *Wales* strait --- Dead !

[*Rises, and walks about in Disorder.*

Fire. What's the matter, Sir ?

Clin. Politicks, Politicks, stark mad with Politicks.

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir, what have such Fools as you to do with Politicks ?

Clin. What, Sir ? The Succession. ---- Not mind the Succession !

Fire. Nay, that's minded already ; 'tis settl'd upon a Prince of *France.*

Clin. What, settl'd already ! ---- The best News that ever came into *England* --- Come, Captain, faith and troth Captain, here's a Health to the Succession.

Fire.

Fire. Burn the Succeſſion, Sir. I won't drink it---What drink Confuſion to our Trade, Religion and Liberties!

Clin. Ay, by all means.---As for Trade, d'ye ſee? I'm a Gentleman, and hate it mortally. Theſe Tradeſmen are the moſt impudent Fellows we have, and ſpoil all our good Manners. What have we to do with Trade?

Fire. A trim Politician, truly! --- And what do you think of our Religion, pray?

Clin. Hi, hi, hi---Religion! --- And what has a Gentleman to do with Religion, pray? --- And to hear a Sea Captain talk of Religion! That's pleaſant, faith.

Fire. And have you no Regard to our Liberties, Sir?

Clin. Pſhaw! Liberties! That's a Jeſt. We Beaux ſhall have Liberty to whore and drink in any Government, and that's all we care for.----

Enter Standard.

Dear Collonel, the rareſt News!

Stand. Damn your News, Sir; why are you not druuk by this?

Clin. A very civil Queſtion, truly!

Stand. Here, Boy, bring in the Brandy---Fill.

Clin. This is a piece of Politicks that I don't ſo well comprehend.

Stand. Here, Sir; now drink it off, or [*Draws.*] expect your Throat cut.

Clin. Ay, ay, this comes o'the Succeſſion; Fire and Sword already.

Stand. Come, Sir, off with it.

Clin. Pray, Collonel, what have I done to be burnt alive?

Stand. Drink, Sir, I ſay, ---Brother, manage him, I muſt begone. [*Aſide to* Fireball, *and* Exit.

Fire. Ay, drink, Sir.

Clin. Eh! What the Devil, attack'd both by Sea and Land! --- Look ye, Gentlemen, if I muſt be poyſon'd, pray let me chuſe my own Doſe ---- Were I a Lord now, I ſhou'd have the Privilege of the Block, and as I'm a Gentleman, pray ſtifle me with Claret at leaſt! don't let me die like a Bawd, with Brandy.

Fire. Brandy! you Dog, abuſe Brandy! Flat Treaſon againſt the Navy-Royal.---Sirrah, I'll teach you to abuſe the Fleet.---Here, *Shark.*

Enter Shark.

Get three or four of the Ship's Crew, and preſs this Fellow aboard the *Belzebub*.

Sha. Ay, Maſter. [*Exit.*

Clin.

Clin. What! aboard the *Belzebub!* --- Nay, nay, dear Captain, I'll chuſe to go to the Devil this way. --- Here, Sir, your good Health ; --- and my own Confuſion, I'm afraid. [*Drinks it off.*] Oh! Fire! Fire! Flames! Brimſtone! and Tobacco! [*Beats his Stomach.*

Fire. Here, quench it, quench it then. --- Take the Glaſs, Sir.

Clin. What, another Broadſide! nay then, I'm ſunk downright. --- Dear Captain, give me Quarter, conſider the preſent juncture of Affairs ; you'll ſpoil my Head, ruin my Politicks ; faith you will.

Fire. Here, *Shark.*

Clin. Well, well, I will drink. ----- The Devil take *Shark* for me. [*Drinks.*] Whiz, Buz. Don't you hear it? Put your Ear to my Breaſt, and hear how it whizzes like a hot Iron. ---- Eh! Bleſs me, how the Ship rouls! ---- I can't ſtand upon my Legs, faith. --- Dear Captain, give me a Kiſs. --- Ay, burn the Succeſſion. ----- Look ye, Captain, I ſhall be Sea-ſick preſently. [*Falls into* Fireball's *Arms.*

Enter Shark, *and another with a Chair.*

Fire. Here in with him.

Sha. Ay, ay, Sir, ----- Avaſt, avaſt. ---- Here, Boy. ---- No *Nants* left, ----- [*Topes the Glaſs.*

Fire. Bring him along.

Clin. Politicks, Politicks, Brandy, Politicks.

SCENE *changes to* Lurewell's *Apartment.*

Enter Lurewell *and* Parley.

Lure. Did you ever ſee ſuch an impudent young Rogue as that *Banter*? He follow'd his Brother up and down from place to place ſo very cloſe, that we cou'd not ſo much as whiſper.

Par. I reckon, Sir *Harry* will diſpoſe of him now, Madam, where he may be ſecur'd. —— But I wonder, Madam, why *Clincher* comes not according to his Letter! 'tis near the Hour.

Lure. I wiſh, *Parley*, that no harm may befal me do Day ; for I had a moſt frightful Dream laſt Night ; I dreamt of a Mouſe.

Par. 'Tis ſtrange, Madam, you ſhou'd be ſo much afraid of that little Creature that can do you no harm!

Lure. Look ye, Girl, we Women of Quality have each of us ſome darling Fright. --- I now hate a Mouſe ; my Lady *Lovecards* abhors a Cat ; Mrs. *Fiddleſan* can't bear a Squirril ; the Counteſs of *Piquet* abominates a Frog, and my Lady *Swimair* hates a Man.

Enter

Enter Marquis *running.*

Mar. Madam! Madam! Madam! Pardie voyez. L'Argent! L'Argent! [*Shews a Bag of Money.*

Lure. As I hope to breathe, he has got it --- Well, but how? How, dear Monſieur?

Mar. Ah, Madam! Begar, Monſieur Sir *Arry* be one Pigeaneau. --- Voyez, Madam; me did tell him dat my Broder in *Montpelier* did furniſe his Lady wid ten touſan Livres for de expence of her Travaille; and dat ſhe not being able to write wen ſhe was dying, did give him de Picture for de Certificate and de Credential to receive de Money from her Huſband. Mark ye!

Lure. The beſt Plot in the World. --- You told him, that your Brother lent her the Money in *France*, when her Bills, I ſuppoſe, were delay'd. --- You put in that, I preſume.

Mar. Ouy, ouy, Madam.

Lure. And that upon her Death-Bed ſhe gave your Brother the Picture, as a Certificate to Sir *Harry* that ſhe had receiv'd the Money, which Picture your Brother ſent over to you, with Commiſſion to receive the Debt!

Mar. Aſſurement. --- Dere was de Politique, de France Politique! --- See, Madam, what he can do, de France Marquis! He did make de Angliſe Lady Cuckle her Husband when ſhe was living, and ſheat him when ſhe was dead, Begar: Ha, ha, ha. --- Oh! Pardie, cet bon.

Lure. Ay! But what did Sir *Harry* ſay?

Mar. Oh! begar Monſieur Chevalier he love his Vife; he ſay, dat if ſhe take up a hundre touſan Livres, he wou'd repay it; he knew de Picture, he ſay, and order me de Money from his Stewar. --- Oh notre Dame? Monſieur Sir *Arry* be one Dupe.

Lure. Well but, Monſieur, I long to know one thing. Was the Conqueſt you made of his Lady ſo eaſie? What Aſſaults did you make? And what Reſiſtance did ſhe ſhew?

Mar. Reſiſtance againſt de France Marquis! Voyez, Madam; dere was tree deux-yeux, one Serenade, an' two Capre; dat was all, begar.

Lure. Chatillionte! There's nothing in Nature ſo ſweet to a longing Woman, as a malicious Story. --- Well, Monſieur! 'tis about a thouſand Pounds; we go Snacks.

Mar. Snacke! Perdie, for what? why Snacke, Madam? Me will give you de Preſent of Fifty *Louis d'Ors*; dat is ver' good Snacke fore you.

Lure. And you'll give me no more? --- Very well!

Mar. Ver' well! Yes, begar, 'tis ver' well. --- Conſidre, Madam

Madam, me be de poor *Refugé*, me 'ave noting but de religious Charite and de *France* Politique, de Fruit of my own Addreſs, dat is all.

Lure. Ay, an Object of Charity, with a thouſand Pound in his Fiſt! Emh! Oh Monſieur ; that's my Husband, I know his knock. [*Knocking below.*] He muſt not ſee you. Get into the Cloſet till by and by, [*Hurries him in.*] and if I don't be reveng'd upon your *France* Politique, then have I no *Engliſh* Politique. ——Hang the Money! I wou'd not for twice a Thouſand Pound forbear abuſing this virtuous Woman to her Husband.

Enter Parley.

Par. 'Tis Sir *Harry*, Madam.

Lure. As I cou'd wiſh. Chairs!

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Here, Mrs. *Parley*, in the firſt place I ſacrifice a *Louis d'Or* to thee for good luck.

Par. A Guinea, Sir, will do as well.

Wild. No, no, Child ; *French* Money is always moſt ſucceſsful in Bribes, and very much in faſhion, Child.

Enter Dicky, *and runs to Sir* Harry.

Dick. Sir, will you pleaſe to have your own Night-Caps?

Wild. Sirrah!

Dick. Sir, Sir! ſhall I order your Chair to the back-door by five a Clock in the Morning?

Wild. The Devil's in the Fellow. Get you gone.-------- [Dicky *runs out.*] Now, dear Madam, I have ſecur'd my Brother, you have diſpos'd the Collonel, and we rail at Love till we ha'n't a Word more to ſay.

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry*.---- Pleaſe to ſit a little, Sir.----You muſt know I'm in a ſtrange Humour of asking you ſome Queſtions.---How did you like your Lady, pray Sir?

Wild. Like her! Ha, ha, ha.----So, very well, faith, that for her very ſake I'm in love with every Woman I meet.

Lure. And did Matrimony pleaſe you extremely?

Wild. So very much, that if Polygamy were allow'd, I wou'd have a new Wife every Day.

Lure. Oh, Sir *Harry!* This is Raillery. But your ſerious Thoughts upon the matter, pray.

Wild. Why then Madam, to give you my true Sentiments of Wedlock : I had a Lady that I marry'd by chance, ſhe was vertuous by chance, and I lov'd her by great chance. Nature gave her Beauty, Education and Air, and Fortune threw a young Fellow of five and twenty in her Lap.----- I courted her all Day, lov'd her all Night, ſhe was my Miſtreſs

ſtreſs one Day, and my Wife another: I found in one the variety of a thouſand, and the very confinement of Marriage gave me the Pleaſure of Change.

Lure. And ſhe was very vertuous.

Wild. Look ye, Madam, you know ſhe was Beautiful. She had good Nature about her Mouth, the Smile of Beauty in her Cheeks, ſparkling Wit in her Forehead, and ſprightly Love in her Eyes.

Lure. Pſhaw! I knew her very well; the Woman was well enough. But you don't anſwer my Queſtion, Sir.

Wild. So, Madam, as I told you before, ſhe was young and beautiful, I was rich and vigorous; my Eſtate gave a Luſtre to my Love, and a Swing to our Enjoyment; round, like the Ring that made us one, our golden Pleaſures circl'd without end.

Lure. Golden Pleaſures! Golden Fiddleſticks.---What d'ye tell me of your canting Stuff? Was ſhe vertuous, I ſay?

Wild. Ready to burſt with Envy; but I will torment thee a little. [*Aſide.*] So, Madam, I powder'd to pleaſe her, ſhe dreſs'd to engage me! we toy'd away the Morning in amorous Nonſenſe, loll'd away the Evening in the Park, or the Playhouſe, and all the Night.---Hem!----

Lure. Look ye Sir, anſwer my Queſtion, or I ſhall take it ill.

Wild. Then, Madam, there was never ſuch a Pattern of Unity.---Her Wants were ſtill prevented by my Supplies; my own Heart whiſper'd me her Deſires, 'cauſe ſhe her ſelf was there; no Contention ever roſe, but the dear Strife of who ſhou'd moſt oblige; no Noiſe about Authority: for neither wou'd ſtoop to Command, 'cauſe both thought it Glory to Obey.

Lure. Stuff! ſtuff! ſtuff!---I won't believe a Word on't.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. Then, Madam, we never felt the Yoak of Matrimony, becauſe our Inclinations made us one; a Power ſuperior to the Forms of Wedlock. The Marriage Torch had loſt its weaker Light in the bright Flame of mutual Love that join'd our Hearts before; Then----

Lure. Hold, hold, Sir; I cannot bear it; Sir *Harry*, I'm affronted.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. Affronted!

Lure. Yes, Sir; 'tis an Affront to any Woman to hear another commended; and I will reſent it.----In ſhort, Sir *Harry*, your Wife was a------

Wild. Buz, Madam.-----No Detraction.----I'll tell you what ſhe was.---- So much an Angel in her Conduct, that tho' I ſaw another in her Arms, I ſhou'd have thought the Devil

Devil had rais'd the Phantom, and my more conſcious Reaſon had given my Eyes the Lie.

Lure. Very well! Then I a'n't to be believed it ſeems.--- But, d'ye hear, Sir?

Wild. Nay, Madam, do you hear? I tell you, 'tis not in the power of Malice to caſt a Blot upon her Fame; and tho' the Vanity of our Sex, and the Envy of yours, conſpir'd both againſt her Honour, I wou'd not hear a Syllable.

[*Stopping his Ears.*

Lure. Why then, as I hope to breathe, you ſhall hear it.--- The Picture! the Picture! the Picture! [*Bawling aloud.*

Wild. Ran, tan, tan. A Piſtol-bullet from Ear to Ear.

Lure. That Picture which you had juſt now from the French Marquis, for a thouſand Pound; that very Picture did your very vertuous Wife ſend to the Marquis as a Pledge of her very vertuous and dying Affection. So that you are both robb'd of your Honour, and cheated of your Money. [*Aloud.*

Wild. Louder, louder, Madam.

Lure. I tell you, Sir, your Wife was a Jilt; I know it, I'll ſwear it.--- She Vertuous! She was a Devil.

Wild. [*Sings.*] Tal, al, deral.

Lure. Was ever the like ſeen! He won't hear me --I burſt with Malice, and now he wo'n't mind me!---- Wo'n't you hear me yet?

Wild. No, no, Madam.

Lure. Nay, then I can't bear it. [*Burſts out a crying.*] --- Sir, I muſt ſay that you're an unworthy Perſon, to uſe a Woman of Quality at this rate, when ſhe has her Heart full of Malice; I don't know but it may make me miſcarry. Sir, I ſay again and again, that ſhe was no better than one of us, and I know it; I have ſeen it with my Eyes, ſo I have.

Wild. Good Heav'ns deliver me, I beſeech thee. How ſhall I 'ſcape.

Lure. Will you hear me yet? Dear, Sir *Harry*, do but hear me; I'm longing to ſpeak.

Wild. Oh! I have it.---- Huſh, huſh, huſh.

Lure. Eh! What's the matter?

Wild. A Mouſe! a Mouſe! a Mouſe!

Lure. Where? where? where?

Lure. Your Pettycoats, your Pettycoats, Madam.

[Lure. *ſhrieks and runs.*

Wild. O my Head! I was never worſted by a Woman before.---- But I have heard ſo much as to know the *Marquis* to be a Villain. [*Knocking.*] Nay then, I muſt run for't. [*Runs out, and returns.*] ---- The Entry is ſtopt by a Chair coming

coming in; and something there is in that Chair that I will discover, if I can find a place to hide my self. (*Goes to the Closet-door.*) Fast! I have Keys about me for most Locks about St. *James*'s.----- Let me see.----- (*Tries one Key.*)---- No, no; this opens my Lady *Planthorn*'s Back-door.——(*Tries another.*) -----Nor this; this is the Key to my Lady *Stakeall*'s Garden. (*Tries a third.*) Ay, ay, this does it, Faith.

(*Goes into the Closet, and peeps out.*)

Enter Shark *and another, with* Clincher *in a Chair*; Parley.

Par. Hold, hold, Friend; who gave you Order to lug in your dirty Chair into the House?

Sha. My Master, Sweetheart.

Par. Who is your Master, Impudence?

Sha. Every body, Sawce-box.---And for the present, here's my Master! and if you have any thing to say to him, there he is for ye. (*Lugs* Clincher *out of the Chair, and throws him upon the Floor.*) Steer away, *Tom*.

Wild. What the Devil, Mr. *Jubilee*, is it you?

Par. Bless me! the Gentleman's dead! Murder! Murder!

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Protect me! What's the matter, *Clincher*?

Par. Mr. *Clincher*, are you dead, Sir?

Clin. Yes.

Lure. Oh! then 'tis well enough.---Are you drunk, Sir?

Clin. No.

Lure. Well! certainly I'm the most unfortunate Woman living: All my Affairs, all my Designs, all my Intrigues, miscarry.---Faugh! the Beast! But, Sir, what's the matter with you?

Clin. Politicks.

Par. Where have you been, Sir?

Clin. Shark!

Lure. What shall we do with him, *Parley*? If the Collonel shou'd come home now, we were ruin'd.

Enter Standard.

Oh inevitable Destruction!

Wild. Ay, ay; unless I relieve her now, all the World can't save her.

Stand. Bless me! What's here? Who are you, Sir?

Clin. Brandy.

Stand. See there, Madam!——Behold the Man that you prefer to me! And such as He are all those Top-Gallants that daily haunt my House, ruin your Honour, and disturb my Quiet.——I urge not the sacred Bond of Marriage; I'll wave your earnest Vows of Truth to me, and only lay the

Caſe in equal Balance; and ſee whoſe Merit bears the greater weight, his or mine.

Wild. Well argu'd, Collonel.

Stand. Suppoſe your ſelf freely diſingag'd, unmarry'd, and to make a choice of him you thought moſt worthy of your Love; Wou'd you prefer a Brute? a Monkey? one deſtin'd only for the Sport of Man?——Yes; take him to your Bed; there let the Beaſt diſgorge his fulſom Load in your fair, lovely Boſom, ſnore out his Paſſion in your ſoft Embrace, and with the Vapours of his ſick Debauch, perfume your ſweet Apartment.

Lure. Ah nauſeous! nauſeous! Poyſon!

Stand. I ne'er was taught to ſet a value on my ſelf: But when compar'd to him, there Modeſty muſt ſtoop, and Indignation give my Words a looſe, to tell you, Madam, that I am a Man unblemiſh'd in my Honour, have nobly ſerv'd my King and Country; and for a Lady's Service, I think that Nature has not been defective.

Wild. Egad I ſhou'd think ſo too; the Fellow's well made.

Stand. I'm young as He, my Perſon too as fair to outward view; and for my Mind, I thought it cou'd diſtinguiſh right, and therefore made a choice of you.---- Your Sex have bleſs'd our Iſle with Beauty, by diſtant Nations priz'd; and cou'd they place their Loves aright, their Lovers might acquire the Envy of Mankind, as well as They the Wonder of the World.

Wild. Ay, now he coaxes——He will conquer unleſs I relieve her in time; ſhe begins to melt already.

Stand. Add to all this, I love you next to Heav'n; and by that Heav'n I ſwear, the conſtant ſtudy of my Days and Nights have been to pleaſe my deareſt Wife. Your Pleaſure never met controul from me, nor your Deſires a Frown. ——I never mention'd my diſtruſt before, nor will I now wrong your diſcretion, ſo as e'er to think you made him an Appointment.

Lure. Generous, generous Man! (*Weeps.*

Wild. Nay, then 'tis time for me; I will relieve her.—— (*He ſteals out of the Cloſet, and coming behind* Standard, *claps him on the Shoulder.*) Collonel, your humble Servant——

Stand. Sir *Harry*; how came you hither?

Wild. Ah, poor Fellow! Thou haſt got thy Load with a witneſs; but the Wine was humming ſtrong; I have got a touch on't my ſelf. (*Reels a little.*

Stand. Wine, Sir *Harry!* What Wine?

Wild. Why, 'twas new *Burgundy*, heady Stuff: But the Dog was ſoon gone, knock'd under preſently.

Stand.

Stand. What, then Mr. *Clincher* was with you, it seems? Eh!

Wild. Yes faith, we have been together all this Afternoon; 'Tis a pleasant foolish Fellow. He would needs give me a Welcome to Town, on pretence of hearing all the News from the *Jubilee*. The Humour was new to me; so to't we went. ——But 'tis a weak-headed Coxcomb; two or three Bumpers did his Business.——Ah, Madam! What do I deserve for this? (*Aside to* Lurewell.

Lure. Look ye there, Sir; you see how Sir *Harry* has clear'd my Innocence.——I'm oblig'd t'ye, Sir; but I must leave you to make it out. (*To* Wild. *and* Ex.

Stand. Yes, yes; he has clear'd you wonderfully.——But pray, Sir.——I suppose you can inform me how Mr. *Clincher* came into my House? Eh!

Wild. Ay: Why, you must know, that the Fool got presently as drunk as a Drum; so I had him tumbl'd into a Chair, and order'd the Fellows to carry him home. Now you must know, he lodges but three Doors off; but the Boobies, it seems, mistook the Door, and brought him in here, like a Brace of Loggerheads.

Stand. O, yes; sad Loggerheads, to mistake a Door in *James* Street for a House in *Covent-Garden*.——Here

Enter Servants.

Take away that Brute.—— (*Servants carry off* Clincher. And you say 'twas new *Burgundy*, Sir *Harry*, very strong.

Wild. 'Egad, there is some Trick in this Matter, and I shall be discover'd. (*Aside.*) Ay, Collonel; but I must be gone: I'm engag'd to meet—— Collonel, I'm your humble Servant. (*Going.*

Stand. But, Sir *Harry*, where's your Hat, Sir?

Wild. Oh Morbleau! These Hats, Gloves, Canes, and Swords, are the ruin of all our Designs. (*Aside.*

Stand. But where's your Hat, Sir *Harry*?

Wild. I'll never intrigue again with any thing about me but what is just bound to my Body. How shall I come off?—— Hark ye, Collonel, in your Ear; I would not have your Lady hear it.—— You must know, just as I came into the Room here, what shou'd I spy but a great Mouse running across that Closet-door. I took no notice, for fear your Lady should be frighted, but with all my force (d'ye see,) I flung my Hat at it, and so threw it into the Closet, and there it lies.

Stand. And so, thinking to kill the Mouse, you flung your Hat into that Closet.

Wild. Ay, Ay; that was all. I'll go fetch it.

Stand. No, Sir *Harry*, I'll bring it out. [*Goes into the Closet.*

Wild. Now have I told a matter of twenty Lies in a Breath.

Stand. Sir *Harry!* is this the Mouse that you threw your Hat at? [Standard *comes in with the Hat in one Hand, and hawling in the* Marquis *with the other.*

Wild. I'm amaz'd!

Mar. Pardie, I'm amaze too.

Stand. Look'e, Monsieur *Marquis*, as for your part, I shall cut your Throat, Sir.

Wild. Give me leave, I must cut his Throat first.

Mar. Wat! Bote cut my Troat! Begar, Messieurs, I have but one Troat.

Enter Parley, *and runs to* Standard.

Par. Sir, the Monsieur is innocent; he came upon another Design. My Lady begins to be penitent, and, if you make any Noise, 'twill spoil all.

Stand. Look'e, Gentlemen, I have too great a Confidence in the Virtue of my Wife, to think it in the Power of you, or you, Sir, to wrong my Honour: But I am bound to guard her Reputation, so that no Attempts be made that may provoke a Scandal: Therefore, Gentlemen, let me tell you, 'tis time to desist. [*Exit.*

Wild. Ay, ay; so 'tis faith. Come, Monsieur, I must talk with you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE Standard's *Houſe.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball.

Stand. IN ſhort, Brother, a Man may talk till Doomſday of Sin, Hell, and Damnation; but your Rhetorick will ne'er convince a Lady that there's any thing of a Devil in a handſome Fellow with a fine Coat. You muſt ſhew the Cloven-foot, expoſe the Brute, as I have done; and tho' her Vertue ſleeps, her Pride will ſurely take th'Alarm.

Fire. Ay, but if you had let me cut off one of the Rogue's Ears before you ſent him away.-----

Stand. No, no; the Fool has ſerv'd my turn, without the Scandal of a publick Reſentment; and the Effect has ſhewn that my Deſign was right; I've touch'd her very Heart, and ſhe relents apace.

Enter Lurewell *running.*

Lure. Oh! My Dear, ſave me! I'm frighted out of my Life.

Fire. Blood and Fire! Madam, who dare touch you?

[*Draws his Sword and ſtands before her.*

Lure. Oh, Sir! A Ghoſt! A Ghoſt! I have ſeen it twice.

Fire. Nay then, we Soldiers have nothing to do with Ghoſts; ſend for the Parſon. [*Sheaths his Sword.*

Stand. 'Tis Fancy, my Dear, nothing but Fancy.

Lure. Oh dear Collonel! I'll never lie alone again; I'm frighted to Death; I ſaw it twice; twice it ſtalk'd by my Chamber-door, and with a hollow Voice utter'd a piteous Groan.

Stand. This is ſtrange! Ghoſts by Day-light!---------Come, my Dear, along with me; don't ſhrink, we'll ſee to find this Ghoſt. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Wildair, Marquis, *and* Dicky.

Wild. Dicky!

Dick. Sir.

Wild. Do you remember any thing of a thouſand Pounds lent to my Wife in *Montpelier* by a *French* Gentleman?

Mar. Ouy, Monſieur *Dicky*, you remembre de Gentilman, he was one Marquis.

Dick. Marqui, Sir! I think, for my part, that all the Men in *France* are Marqui's. We met above a thouſand Marqui's, but the Devil a one of 'em cou'd lend a thouſand Pence, much leſs a thouſand Pound.

Mar. Morbleu, qui dit vous, Bougre le Chien?

Wild. Hold, Sir, pray anſwer me one Queſtion? What made you fly your Country?

Mar. My Religion, Monſieur.

Wild. So you fled for your Religion out of *France*; and are a downright Atheiſt in *England*? A very tender Conſcience truly!

Mar. Begar, Monſieur, my Conſcience be de ver' tendre; he no ſuffre not his Maſtre to ſtarve, pardie.

Wild. Come, Sir, no Ceremony; refund.

Mar. Refunde! Vat is dat refunde? Parlez *François*, Monſieur?

Wild. No, Sir; I tell you in plain *Engliſh*, return my Money, or I'll lay you by the Heels.

Mar. Oh! Begar dere is the Anglis-man now. Dere is de Law for me. De Law! Ecout, Monſieur Sir *Arry*——Voyez ſa——De *France* Marquis ſcorn de Law. My Broder lend your Vife de Money, and here is my Witneſs. (*Draws.*

Wild. Your Evidence, Sir, is very poſitive, and ſhall be examin'd: But this is no place to try the Cauſe; we'll croſs the Park into the Fields; you ſhall throw down the Money between us, and the beſt Title, upon a fair hearing, ſhall take it up.——Allons! (*Exit.*

Mar. Oh! De tout mon cœur.——Allons! Fient à la tate, begar. (*Exit.*

SCENE, Lurewell's *Apartment.*

Enter Lurewell *and* Parley.

Lure. Pſhaw! I'm ſuch a frightful Fool! 'Twas nothing but a Fancy.——Come, *Parley*, get me Pen and Ink, I'll divert it. Sir *Harry* ſhall know what a Wife he had, I'm reſolv'd. Tho' he wou'd not hear me ſpeak, he'll read my Letter ſure. (*Sits down to write.*

Ghoſt. (*From within.*——Hold.

Lure. Protect me!——*Parley*, don't leave me.——But I wo'n't mind it.

Ghoſt. Hold.

Lure.

Lure. Defend me! Don't you hear a Voice?

Par. I thought ſo, Madam.

Lure. It call'd hold. I'll venture once more.

(*Sits down to write.*

Ghoſt. Diſturb no more the Quiet of the Dead.

Lure. Now 'tis plain. I heard the Words.

Par. Deliver us, Madam, and forgive us our Sins! What is it?

Ghoſt enters, Lurewell *and* Parley *ſhriek, and run to a Corner of the Stage.*

Ghoſt. Behold the airy Form of wrong'd *Angelica*,
Forc'd from the Shades below to vindicate her Fame.
Forbear, malicious Woman, thus to load
With ſcandalous Reproach the Grave of Innocence.
Repent, vain Woman!
Thy Matrimonial Vow is regiſter'd above,
And all the Breaches of that ſolemn Faith
Are regiſter'd below. I'm ſent to warn thee to repent.
Forbear to wrong thy injur'd Husband's Bed,
Diſturb no more the Quiet of the Dead. (*Stalks off.*

(Lurewell *ſwoons, and* Parley *ſupports her.*

Par. Help! help! help!

Enter Standard *and* Fireball.

Stand. Bleſs us! What, fainting! What's the matter?

Fire. Breeding, breeding, Sir.

Par. Oh, Sir! We're frighted to Death; here has been the Ghoſt again.

Stand. Ghoſt! Why you're mad, ſure! What Ghoſt?

Par. The Ghoſt of *Angelica*, Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Wife.

Stand. Angelica.

Par. Yes, Sir; and here it preach'd to us the Lord knows what, and murder'd my Miſtreſs with mere Morals.

Fire. A good hearing, Sir; 'twill do her good.

Stand. Take her in, *Parley*. (Parley *leads out* Lurewell. What can this mean, Brother?

Fire. The meaning's plain. There's a deſign of Communication between your Wife and Sir *Harry*; ſo his Wife is come to forbid the Bans, that's all.

Stand. No, no, Brother. If I may be induc'd to believe the walking of Ghoſts, I rather fancy that the rattle-headed Fellow her Husband has broke the poor Lady's Heart; which, together with the Indignity of her Burial, has made her uneaſie in her Grave.-----But whatever be the cauſe, it's fit we immediately find out Sir *Harry*, and inform him. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the Park.*

Company walking; Wildair *and* Marquis *paſſing haſtily over the Stage, one calls.*

Lord. Sir *Harry.*

Wild. My Lord?———Monſieur, I'll follow you, Sir. [*Exit* Marquis.

Lo. I muſt talk with you, Sir.

Wild. Pray, my Lord, let it be very ſhort, for I was never in more haſte in my Life.

Lo. May I preſume, Sir, to enquire the Cauſe that detain'd you ſo late laſt Night at my Houſe?

Wild. More Miſchief again!-----Perhaps, my Lord, I may not preſume to inform you.

Lo. Then perhaps, Sir, I may preſume to extort it from you.

Wild. Look ye, my Lord, don't frown; it ſpoils your Face. -------But if you muſt know, your Lady owes me two hundred Guineas, and that Sum I will preſume to extort from your Lordſhip.

Lo. Two hundred Guineas! Have you any thing to ſhew for it?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Shew for it, my Lord, I ſhew'd Quint and Quatorz for it; and to a Man of Honour, that's as firm as a Bond and Judgment.

Lo. Come, Sir, this wo'n't paſs upon me; I'm a Man of Honour.

Wild. Honour! Ha, ha, ha!———'Tis very ſtrange! That ſome Men, tho' their Education be never ſo Gallant, will ne'er learn Breeding!———Look ye, my Lord, when you and I were under the Tuition of our Governours, and convers'd only with old *Cicero*, *Livy*, *Virgil*, *Plutarch*, and the like; why then ſuch a Man was a Villain, and ſuch a one was a Man of Honour: But now, that I have known the Court, a little of what they call the *Beaumonde*, and the *Belle-eſprit*, I find that Honour looks as ridiculous as *Roman* Buskins upon your Lordſhip, or my full Peruke upon *Scipio Africanus*.

Lo. Why ſhou'd you think ſo, Sir?

Wild. Becauſe the World's improv'd, my Lord, and we find that this Honour is a very troubleſome and impertinent thing.———Can't we live together like good Neighbours and Chriſtians, as they do in *France*? I lend you my Coach, I borrow yours; you dine with me, I ſup with you; I lie with

with your Wife, and you lie with mine.——Honour! That's such an Impertinence!——Pray, my Lord, hear me. What does your Honour think of murdering your Friend's Reputation? Making a Jest of his Misfortunes? Cheating him at Cards, debauching his Bed, or the like?

Lo. Why rank Villainy.

Wild. Pish! Pish! Nothing but good Manners, Excess of good Manners. Why, you ha'n't been at Court lately. There 'tis the only Practice to shew our Wit and Breeding.——As for Instance. Your Friend reflects upon you when absent, because 'tis good Manners; rallies you when present, because 'tis witty; cheats you at Piquet, to shew he has been in *France*; and lies with your Wife, to shew he's a Man of Quality

Lo. Very well, Sir.

Wild. In short, my Lord, you have a wrong Notion of things. Shou'd a Man with a handsome Wife revenge all Affronts done to his Honour, poor *White*, *Chaves*, *Morris*, *Locket*, *Pawlet*, and *Pontack*, were utterly ruin'd.

Lo. How so, Sir?

Wild. Because, my Lord, you must run all their Customers quite through the Body. Were it not for abusing your Men of Honour, Taverns, and Chocolate-Houses cou'd not subsist; and were there but a round Tax laid upon Scandal, and false Politicks, we Men of Figure wou'd find it much heavier than four Shillings in the Pound.---Come, come, my Lord, no more on't, for shame; your Honour is safe enough, for I have the Key of its Back-door in my Pocket. [*Runs off.*

Lo. Sir, I shall meet you another time. [*Exit.*

SCENE *the Fields.*

Enter Marquis *with a Servant carrying his fighting Equipage, Pumps, Cap, &c. He dresses himself accordingly, and flourishes about the Stage.*

Mar. Sa, sa, sa, sient a la Tate. Sa, Embaracade; Quart ur redouble. Hey!

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha; the Devil! Must I fight with a Tumler? These *French* are as great Fops in their Quarrels, as in heir Amours.

Mar. Allons! Allons! Stripe, stripe.

Wild.

Wild. No, no, Sir, I never ſtrip to engage a Man ; I fight as I dance.---- Come, Sir, down with the Money.

Mar. Dere it is, pardie. [*Lays down the Bag between 'em.*] Allons !----

Enter Dicky, *and gives* Wildair *a Gun.*

Morbleu ! que ſa?

Wild. Now, Monſieur, if you offer to ſtir, I'll ſhoot you through the Head. --- *Dicky*, take up the Money and carry it home.

Dick. Here it is, faith: And if my Maſter be kill'd, the Money's my own.

Mar. Oh Morbleu ! de Anglis-man be one Coward.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Where is your *France* Politique, now ? Come, Monſieur, you muſt know I ſcorn to fight any Man for my own: but now we're upon the level; and ſince you have been at the trouble of putting on your Habiliments, I muſt requite your Pains. So come on, Sir.

[*Lays down the Gun, and uſes his Sword.*

Mar. Come on ! For wat ? Wen de Money is gone ! De *France-man* fight where dere is no Profit ! Pardonnez moy, pardie. [*Sits down to pull off his Pumps.*

Wild. Hold, hold, Sir ; you muſt fight. Tell me how you came by this Picture ?

Mar. [*Starting up.*] Wy den, begar, Monſieur Chevalier, ſince de Money be gone, me will ſpeak de veritie ; ----- Pardie, Monſieur, me did make de Cuckle of you, and your Vife ſend me de Picture for my Pain.

Wild. Look ye, Sir, if I thought you had Merit enough to gain a Lady's Heart from me, I wou'd ſhake Hands immediately, and be Friends: But as I believe you to be a vain ſcandalous Lyar, I'll cut your Throat. [*They fight.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball, *who part 'em.*

Stand. Hold, hold, Gentlemen.———Brother, ſecure the Marquis.——Come, Sir *Harry*, put up; I have ſomething to ſay to you very ſerious.

Wild. Say it quickly then ; for I am a little out of Humour, and want ſomething to make me laugh.

[*As they talk*, Marquiſs *dreſſes*, *and* Fireball *helps him.*

Stand. Will what's very ſerious make you laugh ?

Wild. Moſt of all.

Stand. Pſhaw ! Pray, Sir *Harry*, tell me what made you leave your Wife ?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! I knew it. ---- Pray, Collonel, what makes you ſtay with your Wife ?

Stand. Nay, but pray anſwer me directly; I beg it as a Favour.

Wild. Why then, Collonel, you muſt know we were a pair of the moſt happy, toying, fooliſh People in the World, till he got, I don't know how, a Crotchet of Jealouſie in her Head. This made her frumpiſh; but we had ne'er an angry Word: She only fell a crying over Night, and I went for *Italy* next Morning.——But pray no more on't.——Are you hurt, Monſieur?

Stand. But, Sir *Harry*, you'll be ſerious when I tell you that her Ghoſt appears.

Wild. Her Ghoſt! Ha, ha, ha. That's pleaſant, faith.

Stand. As ſure as Fate, it walks in my Houſe.

Wild. In your Houſe! come along! Collonel. By the Lard I'll kiſs it. (*Exeunt* Wild *and* Stand.

Mar. Monſieur le Capitain, Adieu.

Fire. Adieu! No, Sir, you ſhall follow Sir *Harry*.

Mar. For wat?

Fire. For what! Why, d'ye think I'm ſuch a Rogue as to part a couple of Gentlemen when they're fighting, and not ſee 'em make an end on't; I think it a leſs Sin to part Man and Wife.---Come along, Sir.

(Exit *pulling Monſieur.*

SCENE, Standard's *Houſe.*

Enter Wildair *and* Standard.

Wild. Well then; this, it ſeems, is the inchanted Chamber. The Ghoſt has pitch'd upon a handſome Apartment however.-----Well, Collonel, When do you intend to begin?

Stand. What, Sir?

Wild. To laugh at me; I know you deſign it.

Stand. Ha! By all that's powerful there it is.

Ghoſt walks croſs the Stage.

Wild. The Devil it is----Emh! Blood, I'll ſpeak to't.----Vous, Mademoiſelle Ghoſt, parlez vous *François*? ---- No! Hark ye, Mrs. Ghoſt, will your Ladyſhip be pleas'd to inform us who you are, that we may pay you the Reſpect due to your Quality. (*Ghoſt returns.*

Ghoſt. I am the Spirit of thy departed Wife.

Wild. Are you, faith! Why then here's the Body of thy living Husband, and ſtand me if you dare. (*Runs to her. and embraces her.*----Ha! 'tis Subſtance, I'm ſure.----But hold,

hold, Lady Ghoſt, ſtand off a little, and tell me in good earneſt now, whether you are alive or dead ?

Ang. [*Throwing off her Shrowd.*] --- Alive! alive! [*Runs and throws her Arms about his Neck.*] and never liv'd ſo much as in this moment.

Wild. What d'ye think of the Ghoſt now, Collonel ? [*She hangs upon him.*] Is it not a very loving Ghoſt ?

Stand. Amazement !

Wild. Ay, 'tis Amazement, truly --- Look ye, Madam, I hate to converſe ſo familiarly with Spirits : Pray keep your diſtance.

Ang. I am alive, indeed I am.

Wild. I don't believe a Word on't. [*Moving away.*

Stand. Sir *Harry*, you're more afraid now than before.

Wild. Ay, moſt Men are more afraid of a living Wife than a dead one.

Stand. 'Tis good Manners to leave you together however. [*Exit.*

Ang. 'Tis unkind, my Dear, after ſo long and tedious an Abſence, to act the Stranger ſo. I now ſhall die in earneſt, and muſt for ever vaniſh from your Sight. [*Weeping and going.*

Wild. Hold, hold, Madam. Don't be angry, my Dear ; you took me unprovided : Had you but ſent me word of your coming, I had got three or four Speeches out of *Oroonoko* and the *Mourning Bride* upon this Occaſion, that wou'd have charm'd your very Heart. But we'll do as well as we can ; I'll have the Muſick from both Houſes ; *Pawlet* and *Locket* ſhall contrive for our Taſte ; we'll charm our Ears with *Abel*'s Voice ; feaſt our Eyes with one another ; and thus, with all our Senſes tun'd to Love, we'll hurl off our Cloaths, leap into Bed, and there,——Look ye, Madam, if I don't welcome you home with Raptures more natural and more moving than all the Plays in *Chriſtendom*.---- I'll ſay no more.

Ang. As mad as ever.

Wild. But eaſe my Wonder firſt, and let me know the Riddle of your Death.

Ang. Your unkind Departure hence, and your avoiding me abroad made me reſolve, ſince I cou'd not live with you, to die to all the World beſides ; I fancy'd, that tho' it exceeded the force of Love, yet the Power of Grief perhaps might change your Humour, and therefore had it given out that I dy'd in *France* ; my Sickneſs at *Montpelier*, which indeed was next to Death, and the Affront offer'd to the Body of our Ambaſſador's Chaplain at *Paris*, conduc'd to have my

my Burial private. This deceiv'd my Retinue; and by the Aſſiſtance of my Woman, and your faithful Servant, I got into Man's Cloaths, came home into *England*, and ſent him to obſerve your Motions abroad, with Orders not to undeceive you till your Return.----Here I met you in the Quality of Beau *Banter*, your buſie Brother, under which Diſguiſe I have diſappointed your Deſign upon my Lady *Lurewell*; and in the Form of a Ghoſt, have reveng'd the Scandal ſhe this Day threw upon me, and have frighted her ſufficiently from lying alone. I did reſolve to have frighted you likewiſe, but you were too hard for me.

Wild. How weak, how ſqueamiſh, and how fearful are Women when they want to be humour'd! and how extravagant, how daring, and how provoking, when they get the impertinent Maggot in their Head!----But by what means, my Dear, could you purchaſe this double Diſguiſe? How came you by my Letter to my Brother?

Ang. By intercepting all your Letters ſince I came home. But for my Ghoſtly Contrivance, good Mrs. *Parley* (mov'd by the Juſtneſs of my Cauſe, and a Bribe) was my chief Engineer.

Enter Fireball *and* Marquis.

Fire. Sir *Harry*, if you have a mind to fight it out, there's your Man; if not, I have diſcharg'd my Truſt.

Wild. Oh, Monſieur! Wo'n't you ſalute your Miſtreſs, Sir?

Mar. Oh, Morbleu! Begar me muſt run to ſome oder Country now for my Religion.

Ang. Oh! what the *French* Marquis! I know him.

Wild. Ay, ay, my Dear, you do know him, and I can't be angry, becauſe 'tis the Faſhion for Ladies to know every body: But methinks, Madam, that Picture now! Hang it, conſidering 'twas my Gift, you might have kept it.----But no matter; my Neighbours ſhall pay for't.

Ang. Picture, my Dear! Cou'd you think I e'er wou'd part with that? No; of all my Jewels, this alone I kept, 'cauſe 'twas given by you. [*Shews the Picture.*

Wild. Eh! Wonderful!----And what's this?

[*Pulling out t'other Picture.*

Ang. They're very much alike.

Wild. So like, that one might fairly paſs for t'other.——Monſieur Marquis, *ecouté.*---You did lie wid my Vife, and he did give you de Picture for your Pain. Eh! Come, Sir, add to your *France* Politique a little of your Native Impudence, and tell us plainly how you came by't.

Mar. Bagar, Monſieur Chevalier, wen de *France-men* can tell no more Lie, den vill he tell Trute.———I was acquaint wid de Paintre dat draw your Lady's Picture, an I give him ten Piſtole for de Copy.———An ſo me have de Picture of all de Beauty in *London* ; and by dis Politique, me have de Reputation to lie wid dem all.---

Wild. When perhaps your Pleaſure never reach'd above a Pit-Maſque in your Life.

Mar. An begar, for dat matre, de natre of Women, a Pit-Maſque is as good as de beſt. De Pleaſure is noting, de Glory is all, Alamode de France. [*Struts out.*

Wild. Go thy ways for a true Pattern of the Vanity, Impertinence, Subtlety, and Oſtentation of thy Country---- Look ye Captain, give me thy Hand ; once I was a Friend to *France* ; but henceforth I promiſe to ſacrifice my Faſhions, Coaches, Wigs, and Vanity, to Horſes, Arms, and Equipage, and ſerve my King in *propria perſona*, to promote a vigorous War, if there be occaſion.

Fire. Bravely ſaid, Sir *Harry :* And if all the Beaux in the Side-boxes were of your mind, we would ſend 'em back their *L'Abbe*, and *Balon*, and ſhew 'em a new Dance to the Tune of *Harry* the Fifth.

Enter Standard, Lurewell, Dicky, *and* Parley.

Wild. Oh Collonel ! Such Diſcoveries !

Stand. Sir, I have heard all from your Servant ; honeſt *Dicky* has told me the whole Story.

Wild. Why then let *Dicky* run for the Fiddles immediately.

Dick. Oh, Sir ; I knew what it would come to ; they're here already, Sir.

Wild. Then, Collonel, we'll have a new Wedding, and begin it with a Dance.---Strike up. [*A Dance here.*

Stand. Now, Sir *Harry*, we have retriev'd our Wives ; yours from Death, and mine from the Devil ; and they are at preſent very honeſt. But how ſhall we keep 'em ſo ?

Ang. By being good Husbands, Sir ; and the great Secret for keeping Matters right in Wedlock, is never to quarrel with your Wives for Trifles : For we are but Babies at beſt, and muſt have our Play-things, our Longings, our Vapours, our Frights, our Monkeys, our China, our Faſhions, our Waſhes, our Patches, our Waters, our Tattle and Impertinence ; therefore, I ſay, 'tis better to let a Woman play the Fool, than provoke her to play the Devil.

Lure. And another Rule, Gentlemen, let me adviſe you to obſerve, never to be jealous ; or if you ſhou'd, be ſure never to let your Wife think you ſuſpect her ; for we are more reſtrain'd

ſtrain'd by the Scandal of the Lewdneſs, than by the Wickedneſs of the Fact; when once a Woman has born the Shame of a Whore, ſhe'll diſpatch you the Sin in a moment.

Wild. We're oblig'd to you, Ladies, for your Advice; and in return, give me leave to give you the Definition of a good Wife, in the Character of my own.

The Wit of her Converſation never out-ſtrips the Conduct of her Behaviour: She's affable to all Men, free with no Man, and only kind to me: Often chearful, ſometimes gay, and always pleas'd, but when I am angry; then ſorry, not ſullen: The Park, Play-houſe, and Cards, ſhe frequents in compliance with Cuſtom; but her Diverſions of Inclination are at home: She's more cautious of a remarkable Woman, than of a noted Wit, well knowing that the Infection of her own Sex is more catching than the Temptation of ours: To all this, ſhe is beautiful to a Wonder, ſcorns all Devices that engage a Gallant, and uſes all Arts to pleaſe her Husband.

So ſpight of Satyr 'gainſt a marry'd Life,
A Man is truly bleſt with ſuch a Wife.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE:

By a Friend.

VEntre bleu! vere is dis dam Poet? vere
Garzoon! me vil cut off all his two Ear:
Je ſuis Enrage --- now he is not here.
He has affront de French! Le Villaine bête.
De French! your beſt Friend! --- you ſuffre dat?
Parbleu! Meſſieurs a ſerait fort Ingrate!
Vat have you Engliſh, dat you can call your own?
Vat have you of grand Plaiſure in dis Town,
Vidout it come from France, *dat wil go down?*
Picquet, Baſſet; your Vin, your Dreſs, your Dance;
'Tis all, you ſee, tout Alamode de France.
De Beau dere buy a hondre knick knack;
He carry out Wit, but ſeldom bring it back:
But den he bring a Snuff-box Hinge, ſo ſmall
De Joynt, you can no ſee de Vark at all,
Coſt him five Piſtole, dat is ſheap enough,
In tree year it ſal ſave alf an Ounce of Snoffe.
De Coquet ſhe ave her Ratifia dere,
Her Gown, her Complexion, Deux yeux, her Lovere;
As for de Cuckold --- dat indeed you can make here.
De French it is dat teach de Lady wear
De ſhort Muff, wit her vite Elbow bare;
*De Beau de large Muff, wit his Sleeve down dere.** * Pointing to his Fingers.
We teach your Vife, to ope dere Husbands Purſes
To put de Furbelo round dere Coach, and dere Horſes.
Garzoon! vee teach you every ting de Varle:
For vy den your damn Poet dare to ſnarle?
Begar, me vil be revenge upon his Play,
Tre touſan Refugee (Parbleu c'eſt vray)
Sall all come here, and damn him upon his tird Day.

E. Knight Invent.

THE

INCONSTANT:

OR,

The Way to win him.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

In nova fert animas mutatas dicere formas
Corpora ——————— Ovid Met.

LONDON:
Printed for J. KNAPTON, G. STRAHAN,
and B. LINTOTT, 1714.

TO

Richard Tighe, *Esq*;

SIR,

DEdications are the only Fashions in the World that are more diſlik'd for being Univerſal; and the Reaſon is, that they very ſeldom fit the Perſons they were made for; but I hope to avoid the common Obloquy in this Addreſs, by laying aſide the Poet in every thing but the Dramatick Decorum *of ſuiting my Character to the Perſon.*

From the Part of Mirabel *in this Play, and another Character in one of my former, People are willing to compliment my Performance in drawing a gay, ſplendid, generous, eaſie, fine young Gentleman. My Genius, I muſt confeſs, has a bent to that kind of Deſcription; and my Veneration for you, Sir, may paſs for unqueſtionable, ſince in all theſe happy Accompliſhments, you come ſo near to my Darling Character, abating his Inconſtancy.*

What an unſpeakable Bleſſing is Youth and Fortune, when a happy Underſtanding comes in, to moderate the Deſires of the firſt, and to refine upon the Advantages of the latter; when a Gentleman is Maſter of all Pleaſures, but a Slave to none; who has travell'd, not for the Curioſity of the Sight, but for the Improvement of the Mind's Eye; and who returns full of every thing but himſelf-----An Author might ſay a great deal more, but a Friend, Sir, nay, an Enemy muſt allow you this.

I ſhall here, Sir, meet with two Obſtacles, your Modeſty and your Senſe; the firſt as a Cenſor upon the Subject, the ſecond as a Critick upon the Stile: But I am obſtinate in my Purpoſe, and will maintain what I ſay to the laſt drop of my Pen; which I may the more boldly undertake, having all the World on my ſide; nay, I have your very ſelf againſt you; for by declining to hear your own Merit, your Friends are authoriz'd the more to proclaim it.

Your Generoſity and eaſineſs of Temper is not only obvious in your common Affairs and Converſation, but more plainly evident in your darling Amuſement, that Opener and Dilater of the Mind, Muſick;

sick;----from your Affection for this delightful Study, we may deduce the pleasing Harmony that is apparent in all your Actions; and be assur'd, Sir, that a Person must be possess'd of a very divine Soul, who is so much in love with the Entertainment of Angels.

From your Encouragement of Musick, if there be any Poetry here, it has a Claim, by the Right of Kindred, to your Favour and Affection. You were pleas'd to honour the Representation of this Play with your Appearance at several times, which flatter'd my hopes that there might be something in it which your good Nature might excuse. With the Honour I here intend for my self, I likewise consult the Interest of my Nation, by shewing a Person that is so much a Reputation and Credit to my Country. Besides all this, I was willing to make a handsome Compliment to the Place of my Pupilage; by informing the World that so fine a Gentleman had the Seeds of his Education in the same University, and at the same time with,

SIR,

Your most faithful, and

most humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

PRE-

PREFACE.

TO give you the Hiſtory of this Play, wou'd but cauſe the Reader and the Writer a Trouble to no purpoſe; I ſhall only ſay, that I took the hint from *Fletcher*'s *Wild-gooſe Chaſe*; and to thoſe who ſay, that I have ſpoil'd the Original, I wiſh no other Injury, but that they would ſay it again.

As to the Succeſs of it, I think 'tis but a kind of *Cremona* buſineſs, I have neither loſt nor won. I puſhed fairly, but the *French* were prepoſſeſs'd, and the Charms of *Gallick* Heels were too hard for an *Engliſh* Brain; but I am proud to own, that I have laid my Head at the Ladies Feet. The Favour was unavoidable, for we are a Nation ſo very fond of improving our Underſtanding, that the Inſtructions of a Play does no good, when it comes in competition with the Moral of *Minuet*. *Pliny* tells us in his *Natural Hiſtory*, of *Elephants* that were taught to dance on the Ropes; if this could be made practicable now, what a number of *Subſcriptions* might be had to bring the Great *Mogul* out of *Fleet-ſtreet*, and make him dance between the Acts.

I remember, that about two Years ago, I had a Gentleman from *France* that brought the Play-houſe ſome fifty Audiences in five Months; then why ſhould I be ſurpriz'd to find a *French* Lady do as much? 'Tis the prettieſt way in the World, of deſpiſing the *French* King, to let him ſee that we can afford Money to bribe away his Dancers, when he, poor Man, has exhauſted all his Stock, in buying of ſome pitiful Towns and Principalities: *Cum multis aliis*. What can be a greater Compliment to our generous Nation, than to have the Lady upon her *retour* to *Paris*, boaſt of their ſplendid Entertainment in *England*, of the Complaiſance, Liberality, and good Nature of a People, that thronged her Houſe ſo full, that ſhe had not room to ſtick a Pin; and left a poor Fellow, that had the Misfortune of being one of themſelves, without one Farthing for half a Year's Pains that he had taken for their Entertainment.

There were ſome Gentlemen in the Pit the firſt Night, that took the hint from the Prologue to damn the Play; but they

made such a noise in the Execution, that the People took the Out-cry for a Reprieve; so that the darling Mischief was over-laid by their over-fondness of the Changling: 'Tis somewhat hard, that Gentlemen shou'd debase themselves into a Faction of a dozen, to stab a single Person, who never had the Resolution to face two Men at a time; if he has had the misfortune, of any Misunderstanding with a particular Person, he has had a particular Person to answer it: But these Sparks wou'd be remarkable in their Resentment; and if any body falls under their Displeasure, they scorn to call him to a particular Account, but will very honourably burn his House, or pick his Pocket.

The *New-House* has perfectly made me a Convert by their Civility on my sixth Night: For, to be Friends, and Reveng'd at the same time, I must give them a Play, that is,----when I write another. For Faction runs so high, that I cou'd wish the Senate wou'd suppress the Houses, or put in force the Act against bribing Elections; that House which has the most Favours to bestow, will certainly carry it, 'spight of all Poetical Justice that wou'd support t'other.

I have heard some People so extravagantly angry at this Play, that one wou'd think they had no reason to be displeased at all; whilst some (otherwise Men of good Sense) have commended it so much, that I was afraid they redicul'd me; so that between both, I am absolutely at a loss what to think on't; for tho' the Cause has come on six Days successively, yet the Tryal, I fancy, is not determin'd. When our Devotion to *Lent*, and our *Lady*, is over, the Business will be brought on again, and then shall we have fair Play for our Money.

There is a Gentleman of the first Understanding, and a very good Critick, who said of Mr. *Wilks*, that in this Part he out-acted himself, and all Men that he ever saw. I wou'd not rob Mr. *Wilks*, by a worse Expression of mine, of a Compliment that he so much deserves.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that the turn of Plot in the last Act, is an Adventure of *Chevalier de Chastillon* in *Paris*, and Matter of Fact; but the thing is so universally known, that I think this Advice might have been spar'd, as well as all the rest of the Preface, for any good it will do either to me or the Play.

The PROLOGUE that was ſpoken the firſt Night, receiv'd ſuch Additions from Mr.----------who ſpoke it, that they are beſt if bury'd and forgot. But the following PROLOGUE is literally the ſame that was intended for the Play, and written by Mr. *Motteux*.

LIKE hungry Gueſts, a ſitting Audience looks:
Plays are like Suppers: Poets are the Cooks.
The Founder's You: The Table is this Place:
The Carvers We: The Prologue is the Grace.
Each Act, a Courſe; each Scene, a different Diſh.
Tho' we're in Lent, *I doubt you're ſtill for Fleſh.*
Satyr's the Sauce, high-ſeaſon'd, ſharp, and rough;
Kind Maſques and Beaux, I hope you're Pepper-proof:
Wit is the Wine; but 'tis ſo ſcarce the true,
Poets, like Vintners, balderdaſh and brew.
Your ſurly Scenes, where Rant and Bloodſhed joyn,
Are Butchers Meat, a Battle's a Sirloin.
Your Scenes of Love, ſo flowing, ſoft, and chaſte,
Are Water-gruel, without Salt or Taſte:
Baudy's fat Ven'ſon, which, tho' ſtale, can pleaſe:
Your Rakes love Hogoes, like your damn'd French *Cheeſe.*
Your Rarity for the fair Gueſt to gape on,
Is your nice Squeeker, *or* Italian *Capon;*
Or your French *Virgin-Pullet, garniſh'd round,*
And dreſs'd with Sauce of ſome----Four hundred Pound.
An Op'ra, *like an* Oglio, *nicks the Age;*
Farce *is the Haſty-Pudding of the Stage.*
For when you're treated with indifferent Cheer,
Ye can diſpenſe with ſlender Stage-Coach Fare.
A Paſtoral's whipt Cream; Stage-Whims, mere Traſh;
And Tragi-comedy, half Fiſh half Fleſh.
But Comedy, That, that's the darling Cheer.
This Night we hope you'll an Inconſtant bear:
Wild Fowl is lik'd in Play-houſe all the Year.
Yet ſince each Mind betrays a diff'rent Taſte,
And ev'ry Diſh ſcarce pleaſes ev'ry Gueſt;
If ought you reliſh, do not damn the reſt.
This Favour crav'd, up let the Muſick ſtrike:
You're welcome all-----Now fall to where you like.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Old *Mirabel*, an Aged Gent. of an odd compound, between the Peeviſhneſs incident to his Years, and his Fatherly Fondneſs towards his Son. } Mr. *Pinkethman*.

Young *Mirabel*, his Son. Mr. *Wilks*.

Captain *Duretete*, an honeſt good-natur'd Fellow, that thinks himſelf a greater Fool than he is. } Mr. *Bullock*.

Dugard, Brother to *Oriana*. Mr. *Mills*.

Petit, Servant to *Drugard*, afterwards to his Siſter. } Mr. *Norris*.

W O M E N.

Oriana, a Lady contracted to *Mirabel*, who wou'd bring him to Reaſon. } Mrs. *Rogers*.

Biſarre, a whimſical Lady, Friend to *Oriana*, admir'd by *Dur*. } Mrs. *Verbruggen*.

Lamocre, a Woman of Contrivance. Mrs. *Kent*.

Four Bravo's, two Gentlemen, and two Ladies.

Soldiers, Servants, and Attendants.

THE

THE INCONSTANT: OR, The Way to win him.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Dugard, *and his Man* Petit *in Riding Habits.*

Dug. Sirrah, what's a Clock?

Pet. Turn'd of eleven, Sir.

Dug. No more! We have rid a swinging Pace from *Nemours* since two this Morning! *Petit*, run to *Rosseau*'s, and bespeak a Dinner at a Lewis d'Or a Head, to be ready by one.

Pet. How many will there be of you, Sir?

Dug. Let me see; *Mirabel* one, *Duretete* two, my self three--

Pet. And I four.

Dug. How now, Sir, at your old travelling Familiarity! When abroad, you had some Freedom for want of better Company; but among my Friends at *Paris*, pray remember your Distance. ----- Be gone, Sir. -----[*Exit* Petit.] This Fellow's

Fellow's Wit was neceſſary abroad, but he's too cunning for a Domeſtick; I muſt diſpoſe of him ſome way elſe.---Who's here? Old *Mirabel*, and my Siſter! My deareſt Siſter!

Enter Old Mirabel *and* Oriana.

Ori. My Brother! Welcome.

Dug. Monſieur *Mirabel!* I'm heartily glad to ſee you.

Old. M. Honeſt Mr. *Dugard*, by the Blood of the *Mirabels* I'm your moſt humble Servant.

Dug. Why, Sir, you've caſt your Skin ſure, you're brisk and gay, luſty Health about you, no ſign of Age but your Silver Hairs.

Old M. Silver Hairs! Then they are Quick-ſilver Hairs, Sir. Whilſt I have Golden Pockets, let my Hairs be Silver an they will. Adsbud, Sir, I can dance, and ſing, and drink, and----no, I can't wench. But Mr. *Dugard*, no News of my Son *Bob* in all your Travels?

Dug. Your Son's come home, Sir.

Old M. Come home! *Bob* come home! By the Blood of the *Mirabels*, Mr. *Dugard*, what ſay ye?

Ori. Mr. *Mirabel* return'd, Sir?

Dug. He's certainly come, and you may ſee him within this Hour or two.

Old M. Swear it Mr. *Dugard*, preſently ſwear it.

Dug. Sir, he came to Town with me this Morning, I left him at the *Bagnieurs*, being a little diſorder'd after riding, and I ſhall ſee him again preſently.

Old. M. What! And he was aſham'd to ask Bleſſing with his Boots on. A nice Dog! Well, and how fares the young Rogue, ha?

Dug. A fine Gentleman, Sir. He'll be his own Meſſenger.

Old. M. A fine Gentleman! But is the Rogue like me ſtill?

Dug. Why yes, Sir; he's very like his Mother, and as like you as moſt modern Sons are to their Fathers.

Old M. Why, Sir, don't you think that I begat him?

Dug. Why yes, Sir; you marry'd his Mother, and he inherits your Eſtate. He's very like you, upon my Word.

Ori. And pray, Brother, what's become of his honeſt Companion, *Duretete*?

Dug. Who, the Captain? The very ſame he went abroad; he's the only *French-man* I ever knew that cou'd not change. Your Son, Mr. *Mirabel*, is more oblig'd to Nature for that Fellow's Compoſition than for his own: for he's more happy in *Duretete*'s Folly than his own Wit. In ſhort, they are as inſeparable as Finger and Thumb, but the firſt Inſtance in the World, I believe, of Oppoſition in Friendſhip.

Old M.

Old M. Very well ; will he be home to Dinner, think ye ?

Dur. Sir, he has order'd me to beſpeak a Dinner for us at *Rouſſeau*'s at a Lewidore a Head.

Old M. A Lewidore a head ! Well ſaid, *Bob* ; by the Blood of the *Mirabels Bob*'s improv'd. But Mr. *Dugard*, was it ſo civil of *Bob* to viſit Monſieur *Rouſſeau* before his own Natural Father? Eh! Heark'e *Oriana*, what think you, now, of a Fellow that can eat and drink ye a whole Lewidore at a ſitting? He muſt be as ſtrong as *Hercules* ; Life and Spirit in abundance. Before Gad I don't wonder at theſe Men of Quality, that their own Wives can't ſerve 'em. A Lewidore a head ! 'tis enough to ſtock the whole Nation with Baſtards, 'tis Faith. Mr. *Dugard*, I leave you with your Siſter. [*Exit.*

Dug. Well, Siſter, I need not ask you how you do, your Looks reſolve me ; fair, tall, well ſhap'd ; you're almoſt grown out of my Remembrance.

Ori. Why, truly Brother, I look pretty well, thank Nature and my Toylet ; I have 'ſcap'd the Jaundice, Greenſickneſs, and the Small-pox ; I eat three Meals a Day, and very merry when up, and ſleep ſoundly when I'm down.

Dug. But, Siſter, you remember that upon my going abroad you wou'd chuſe this old Gentleman for your Guardian ; he's no more related to our Family than *Preſter John*, and I have no reaſon to think you miſtruſted my Management of your Fortune, therefore pray be ſo kind as to tell me without Reſervation the true Cauſe of making ſuch a Choice.

Ori. Look'e Brother, you were going a rambling, and 'twas proper, leſt I ſhould go a rambling too, that ſome-body ſhou'd take care of me. Old Monſieur *Mirabel* is an honeſt Gentleman, was our Father's Friend, and has a young Lady in his Houſe, whoſe Company I like, and who has choſen him for her Guardian as well as I.

Dug. Who, Madamoiſelle *Biſarre* ?

Ori. The ſame ; we live merrily together, without Scandal or Reproach ; we make much of the old Gentleman between us, and he takes care of us ; we eat what we like, go to Bed when we pleaſe, riſe when we will, all the Week we dance and ſing, and upon *Sundays* go firſt to Church and then to the Play.---Now, Brother, beſides theſe Motives for chuſing this Gentleman for my Guardian, perhaps I had ſome private Reaſons.

Dug. Not ſo private as you imagine, Siſter ; your Love to young *Mirabel* ; no Secret, I can aſſure you, but ſo publick that all your Friends are aſham'd on't.

Ori.

Ori. O' my Word then, my Friends are very baſhful; tho' I'm afraid, Sir, that thoſe People are not aſham'd enough at their own Crimes, who have ſo many Bluſhes to ſpare for the Faults of their Neighbours.

Dug. Ay, but Siſter, the People ſay---

Ori. Pſhaw, hang the People, they'll talk Treaſon, and profane their Maker; muſt we therefore infer, that our King is a Tyrant, and Religion a Cheat. Look'e, Brother, their Court of Enquiry is a Tavern, and their Informer, Claret: They think as they drink, and ſwallow Reputations like Loches, a Lady's Health goes briskly round with the Glaſs, but her Honour is loſt in the Toaſt.

Dug. Ay, but Siſter, there is ſtill ſomething---

Ori. If there be ſomething, Brother, 'tis none of the People's ſomething; Marriage is my thing, and I'll ſtick to't.

Dug. Marriage! Young *Mirabel* marry! He'll build Churches ſooner; take heed, Siſter, tho' your Honour ſtood Proof to his home-bred Aſſaults, you muſt keep a ſtricter Guard for the future; he has now got the foreign Air and the *Italian* Softneſs; his Wit's improv'd by Converſe, his Behaviour finiſh'd by Obſervation, and his Aſſurance confirm'd by *Succeſs*. Siſter, I can aſſure you he has made his Conqueſts; and 'tis a Plague upon your Sex, to be the ſooneſt deceived by thoſe very Men that you know have been falſe to others.

Ori. Then why will you tell me of his Conqueſts; for I muſt confeſs there is no Title to a Woman's Favour ſo engaging as the repute of a handſome Diſſimulation; there is ſomething of a Pride to ſee a Fellow lie at our Feet, that has triumph'd over ſo many; and then, I don't know, we fancy he muſt have ſomething extraordinary about him to pleaſe us, and that we have ſomething engaging about us to ſecure him; ſo we can't be quiet, till we put our ſelves upon the lay of being both diſappointed.

Dug. But then, Siſter, he's as fickle----

Ori. For God's ſake, Brother, tell me no more of his Faults, for if you do I ſhall run mad for him: Say no more, Sir, let me but get him into the Bands of Matrimony, I'll ſpoil his wandring, I warrant him. I'll do his Buſineſs that way, never fear.

Dug. Well, Siſter, I wo'n't pretend to underſtand the Engagements between you and your Lover; I expect, when you have need of my Counſel or Aſſiſtance, you will let me know more of your Affairs. *Mirabel* is a Gentleman, and as far as my Honour and Intereſt can reach, you may command me to the furtherance of your Happineſs; In the mean time,

time, Sister, I have a great mind to make you a Present of another humble Servant; a Fellow that I took up at *Lyons*, who has serv'd me honestly ever since.

Orig. Then why will you part with him?

Dug. He has gain'd so insufferably on my good Humour, that he's grown too familiar; but the Fellow's cunning and may be serviceable to you in your Affair with *Mirabel*. Here he comes.

Enter Petit.

Well, Sir, have you been at *Rousseau*'s?

Pet. Yes, Sir, and who should I find there, but Mr. *Mirabel* and the Captain, hatching as warmly over a Tub of Ice, as two Hen-Pheasants over a Brood.——They would let me bespeak nothing, for they had din'd before I came.

Dug. Come, Sir, you shall serve my Sister, I shall still continue kind to you, and if your Lady recommends your Diligence upon Tryal, I'll use my Interest to advance you; you have Sense enough to expect Preferment.———Here, Sirrah, here's ten Guinea's for thee, get thy self a Drugget Suit and a Puff-Wig, and so——I dub thee Gentleman Usher.------Sister, I must put my self in Repair, you may expect me in the Evening.——Wait on your Lady home, *Petit*.

[*Exit* Dug.

Pet. A Chair, a Chair, a Chair.

Ori. No, no, I'll walk home, 'tis but next Door.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a Tavern, discovering young* Mirabel *and* Duretete *rising from Table.*

Mir. Welcome to *Paris* once more, my dear Captain, we have eat heartily, drank roundly, paid plentifully, and let it go for once. I lik'd every thing but our Women, they look'd so lean and tawdry, poor Creatures! 'Tis a sure sign the Army is not paid.——Give me the plump *Venetian*, brisk and sanguine, that smiles upon me like the glowing Sun, and meets my Lips like sparkling Wine, her Person shining as the Glass, and Spirit like the foaming Liquor.

Dur. Ay, *Mirabel*, *Italy* I grant you; but for our Women here in *France*, they are such thin Brawn-fall'n Jades, a Man may as well make a Bed-fellow of a Cane Chair.

Mir. France! A light unseason'd Country, nothing but Feathers, Foppery, and Fashions; we're fine indeed, so are our Coach-Horses; Men say we're Courtiers, Men abuse us; that we are wise and politick, *non credo Seigneur:* That our Women

Women have Wit; Parrots, meer Parrots, Aſſurance and a good Memory, ſets them up;----There's nothing on this ſide the *Alps* worth my humble Service t'ye-----Ha *Roma la Santa, Italy* for my Money; their Cuſtoms, Gardens, Buildings, Paintings, Muſick, Policies, Wine and Women! the Paradiſe of the World;------not peſter'd with a parcel of preciſe old gouty Fellows, that would debar their Children every Pleaſure that they themſelves are paſt the ſenſe of; commend me to the *Italian* Familiarity.-----Here, Son; there's Fifty Crowns, go pay your Whore her Week's Allowance.

Dur. Ay, theſe are your Fathers for you, that underſtand the Neceſſities of young Men; not like our muſty Dads, who becauſe they cannot fiſh themſelves, would muddy the Water, and ſpoil the ſport of them that can. But now you talk of the Plump, what d'ye think of a *Dutch* Woman?

Mir. A *Dutch* Woman, too compact, nay, every thing among 'em is ſo; a *Dutch* Man is thick, a *Dutch* Woman is ſquab, a *Dutch* Horſe is round, a *Dutch* Dog is ſhort, a *Dutch* Ship is broad-bottom'd; and, in ſhort, one wou'd ſwear the whole Products of the Country were caſt in the ſame Mold with their Cheeſes.

Dur. Ay, but *Mirabel*, you have forgot the *Engliſh* Ladies.

Mir. The Women of *England* were excellent, did they not take ſuch unſufferable pains to ruine what Nature has made ſo incomparably well; they wou'd be delicate Creatures indeed, cou'd they but throughly arrive at the *French* Mien, or entirely let it alone; for they only ſpoil a very good Air of their own, by an awkard Imitation of ours; their Parliaments and our Taylors give Laws to their three Kingdoms. But come, *Duretete*, let us mind the buſineſs in hand, Miſtreſſes, we muſt have, and muſt take up with the manufacture of the Place, and upon a competent diligence we ſhall find thoſe in *Paris* ſhall match the *Italians* from top to toe.

Dur. Ay, *Mirabel*, you will do well enough, but what will become of your Friend; you know I am ſo plaguy baſhful, ſo naturally an Aſs upon theſe occaſions, that------

Mir. Pſhaw, you muſt be bolder Man: Travel three Years, and bring home ſuch a Baby as Baſhfulneſs! A great luſty Fellow! and a Soldier! fye upon't.

Dur. Look'e, Sir, I can viſit, and I can ogle a little,------as thus, or thus now. Then I can kiſs abundantly, and make a ſhift to---------but if they chance to give me a forbidding Look, as ſome Women, you know have a deviliſh Caſt with their Eyes,-----or if they cry,------what d'e mean? what d'e take me for? Fye, Sir, remember who I am, Sir.----------

A Per-

A Perſon of Quality to be us'd at this rate!---------Igad I'm ſtruck as flat as a Frying-pan.

Mir. Words o' courſe! never mind 'em, turn you about upon your heel with a jantee Air; hum out the end of an old Song; cut a croſs Caper, and at her again.

Dur. [*Imitates him.*] No hang it, 'twill never do.---------Oons, what did my Father mean by ſticking me up in an Univerſity, or to think that I ſhould gain any thing by my Head, in a Nation whoſe Genius lies all in their Heels.-----Well, if ever I come to have Children of my own, they ſhall have the Education of the Country, they ſhall learn to dance before they can walk, and be taught to ſing before they ſpeak.

Mir. Come, come, throw off that childiſh Humour, put on Aſſurance, there's no avoiding it; ſtand all Hazards, thou'rt a ſtout luſty Fellow, and haſt a good Eſtate; look Bluff, Hector, you have a good Side-box Face, a pretty impudent Face; ſo, that's pretty well.-----This Fellow went abroad like an Ox, and is return'd like an Aſs. [*Aſide.*

Dur. Let me ſee now, how I look. [*Pulls out a Pocket Glaſs, and looks on't.*] A Side-box Face, ſay you!-------'Egad I don't like it, *Mirabel.*------ Fye, Sir, don't abuſe your Friends, I cou'd not wear ſuch a Face for the beſt Counteſs in Chriſtendom.

Mir. Why can't you, Blockhead, as well as I?

Dur. Why, thou haſt impudence to ſet a good Face upon any thing; I wou'd change half my Gold for half thy Braſs, with all my Heart. Who comes here? Odſo, *Mirabel*, your Father!

Enter Old Mirabel.

Old Mir. Where's *Bob*, dear *Bob*?

Mir. Your Bleſſing, Sir,

Old M. My Bleſſing! Dam ye, you young Rogue; why did not you come to ſee your Father firſt, Sirrah? My dear Boy, I am heartily glad to ſee thee, my dear Child, faith----- Captain *Duretete*, by the Blood of the *Mirabels*, I'm yours: Well, my Lads, ye look bravely 'faith.--------*Bob*, haſt got any Money left?

Mir. Not a Farthing, Sir,

Old Mir. Why, then I won't gi'thee a Souſe.

Mir. Sir, I did but jeſt, here's ten Piſtols.

Old. Mir. Why, then here's ten more; I love to be charitable to thoſe that don't want it:------ Well, and how d'ye like *Italy*, my Boys?

Mir. O the Garden of the World, Sir; *Rome*, *Naples*, *Venice*, *Milan*, and a thouſand others-----all fine.

Old

Old M. Ay, ſay you ſo! And they ſay, that *Chiari* is very fine too.

Dur. Indifferent, Sir, very indifferent; a very ſcurvy Air, the moſt unwholeſome to a *French* Conſtitution in the World.

Mir. Pſhaw, nothing on't; theſe raſcally *Gazetteers* have miſinform'd you.

Old M. Miſinform'd me! Oons, Sir, were not we beaten there?

Mir. Beaten, Sir! the *French* beaten!

Old M. Why, how was it, pray, ſweet Sir?

Mir. Sir, the Captain will tell you.

Dur. No, Sir, your Son will tell you.

Mir. The Captain was in the Action, Sir.

Dur. Your Son ſaw more than I, Sir, for he was a Looker on.

Old M. Confound ye both for a brace of Cowards: here are no *Germans* to over-hear you; why don't ye tell me how it was?

Mir. Why, then you muſt know, that we march'd up a Body of the fineſt, braveſt, well-dreſs'd Fellows in the Univerſe; our Commanders at the Head of us, all Lace and Feather, like ſo many Beaux at a Ball.------I don't believe there was a Man of 'em but cou'd dance a *Charmer*, Morbleu.

Old. M. Dance! very well, pretty Fellows, faith!

Mir. We caper'd up to their very Trenches, and there ſaw peeping over a parcel of Scare-crow, Olive-colour'd, Gunpowder Fellows, as ugly as the Devil.

Dur. Igad, I ſhall never forget the Looks of 'em, while I have Breath to fetch.

Mir. They were ſo civil indeed as to welcome us with their Cannon; but for the reſt, we found 'em ſuch unmannerly, rude, unſociable Dogs, that we grew tir'd of their Company, and ſo we e'en danc'd back again.

Old M. And did ye all come back?

Mir. No, two or three thouſand of us ſtay'd behind.

Old M. Why, *Bob*, why?

Mir. Pſhaw——becauſe they cou'd not come that Night; ——but come, Sir, we were talking of ſomething elſe; pray how does your lovely Charge, the fair *Oriana*?

Old M. Ripe, Sir, juſt ripe; you'll find it better engaging with her than with the *Germans*, let me tell you.——And what wou'd you ſay, my young *Mars*, if I had a *Venus* for thee too? Come, *Bob*, your Apartment is ready, and pray let your Friend be my Gueſt too, you ſhall command the Houſe between ye, and I'll be as merry as the beſt of you.

Mir. Bravely ſaid, Father;
Let Miſers bend their Age with niggard Cares,
And ſtarve themſelves to pamper hungry Heirs;
Who, living, ſtint their Sons what Youth may crave
And make 'em revel o'er a Father's Grave.
The Stock on which I grew, does ſtill diſpenſe
Its Genial Sap into the blooming Branch;
The Fruit, he knows, from his own Root is grown,
And therefore ſooths thoſe Paſſions once his own.

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *Old* Mirabel's *Houſe.*

Oriana *and* Biſarre.

Bif. AND you love this young Rake, d'ye?
Ori. Yes.
Bif. In ſpight of all his ill Uſage.
Ori. I can't help it
Bif. What's the matter w'ye?
Ori. Pſhaw!
Bif. Um!-----before that any young, lying, ſwearing, flattering, rakehelly Fellow, ſhou'd play ſuch Tricks with me, I wou'd wear my Teeth to the ſtumps with Lime and Chalk. ——O, the Devil take all your *Caſſandra*'s and *Cleopatra*'s for me.——Prithee mind your Ayres, Modes and Faſhions; your Stays, Gowns, and Furbelows. Hark'e, my Dear, have you got home your Furbelow'd Smocks yet?
Ori. Prithee be quiet, *Biſarre*; you know, I can be as mad as you, when this *Mirabel* is out of my Head.
Bif. Pſhaw! would he were out, or in, or ſome way to make you eaſie.-----I warrant now, you'll play the Fool when he comes, and ſay you love him; eh!
Ori. Moſt certainly;-----I can't diſſemble, *Biſarre:*------beſides, 'tis paſt that, we're contracted.
Bif. Contracted! alack a day, poor thing. What, you have chang'd Rings, or broken an old *Broad-piece* between you! Hearke'e, Child, han't you broke ſomething elſe between ye?
Ori. No, no, I can aſſure you.
Bif. Then, what d'ye whine for? Whilſt I kept that in my

power, I wou'd make a Fool of any Fellow in *France*. Well, I muſt confeſs, I do love a little Coquetting with all my heart! my Buſineſs ſhould be to break Gold with my Lover one hour, and crack my Promiſe the next; he ſhould find me one day with a Prayer-Book in my Hand, and with a Play-Book another. He ſhou'd have my Conſent to buy the Wedding-Ring, and the next moment wou'd I laugh in his Face.

Ori. O, my Dear, were there no greater Tye upon my Heart, than there is upon my Conſcience, I wou'd ſoon throw the Contract out a Doors; but the miſchief on't is, I am ſo fond of being ty'd, that I'm forc'd to be juſt, and the ſtrength of my Paſſion keeps down the Inclination of my Sex.——But here's the old Gentleman.

Old M. Where's my Wenches? where's my two little Girls? Eh! Have a care, look to your ſelves, faith, they're a coming, the Travellers are a coming. Well! which of you two will be my Daughter-in-Law now? *Biſarre*, *Biſarre*, what ſay you, Mad-cap? *Mirabel* is a pure wild Fellow.

Biſ. I like him the worſe.

Old M. You lye, Honey, you like him the better, indeed you do: What ſay you, my t'other little Filbert? he!

Ori. I ſuppoſe the Gentleman will chuſe for himſelf, Sir.

Old. M. Why, that's diſcreetly ſaid; and ſo he ſhall.

Enter Mirabel *and* Duretete, *they ſalute the Ladies.*

Bob. Heark'e, you ſhall marry one of the Girls, Sirrah.

Mir. Sir, I'll marry 'em both, if you pleaſe.

Biſ. [*Aſide.*] He'll find that one may ſerve his turn.

Old M. Both! Why, you young Dog, d'ye banter me?——Come, Sir, take your Choice.—*Duretete*, you ſhall have your Choice too; but *Robin* ſhall chuſe firſt. Come, Sir, begin.

Mir. Well, I a'n't the firſt Son that has made his Father's Dwelling a Bawdy-houſe——let me ſee.

Old M. Well! which d'ye like?

Mir. Both.

Old M. But which will you marry?

Mir. Neither.

Old M. Neither!——Don't make me angry now, *Bob*; pray don't make me angry.——Look'e, Sirrah, if I don't dance at your Wedding to morrow, I ſhall be very glad to cry at your Grave.

Mir. That's a Bull, Father.

Old M. A Bull! Why, how now, ungrateful Sir, did I make thee a Man, that thou ſhou'dſt make me a Beaſt?

Mir. Your pardon, Sir, I only meant your Expreſſion.

Old M. Heark'e, *Bob*, learn better Manners to your Father

before Strangers: I won't be angry this time.----But oons, if ever you do't again, you Rascal; remember what I say. [*Exit.*

Mir. Pshaw, what does the old Fellow mean by mewing me up here with a couple of green Girls? Come, *Duretete*, will you go?

Ori. I hope, Mr. *Mirabel*, you ha'n't forgot.----

Mir. No, no, Madam, I ha'n't forgot, I have brought you a thousand little *Italian* Curiosities; I'll assure you, Madam, as far as a hundred Pistoles wou'd reach, I ha'n't forgot the least Circumstance.

Ori. Sir, you misunderstand me.

Mir. Odso, the Relicks, Madam from *Rome*. I do remember now you made a Vow of Chastity before my departure; a Vow of Chastity, or something like it; was it not, Madam?

Ori. O Sir, I'm answer'd at present. [*Exit.*

Mir. She was coming full mouth upon me with her Contract.----Wou'd I might dispatch t'other.

Dur. Mirabel,----that Lady there, observe her, she's wondrous pretty, faith, and seems to have but few Words; I like her mainly: speak to her, Man, prithee speak to her.

Mir. Madam, here's a Gentleman, who declares----

Dur. Madam, don't believe him, I declare nothing.---- What the Devil do you mean, Man?

Mir. He says, Madam, that you are as beautiful as an Angel.

Dur. He tells a damn'd Lie, Madam; I say no such thing: Are you mad, *Mirabel*? Why, I shall drop down with shame.

Mir. And so, Madam, not doubting but your Ladyship may like him as well as he does you, I think it proper to leave you together. [*Going*, Duretete *holds him.*

Dur. Hold, hold,---why *Mirabel*, Friend, sure you won't be so barbarous as to leave me alone. Prithee speak to her for your self, as it were. Lord, Lord, that a French-man should want Impudence!

Mir. You look mighty demure, Madam.------She's deaf, Captain.

Dur. I had much rather have her dumb.

Mir. The Gravity of your Air, Madam, promises some extraordinary Fruits from your Study, which moves us with a Curiosity to enquire the Subject of your Ladyship's Contemplation. Not a Word!

Dur. I hope in the Lord she's speechless; if she be, she's

mine this moment.----*Mirabel*, d'ye think a Woman's Silence can be natural?

Bif. But the Forms that Logicians introduce, and which proceed from ſimple Enumeration, are dubitable, and proceed only upon admittance-----

Mir. Hoyty toyty! what a plague have we here? *Plato* in Petticoats!

Dur. Ay, ay, let her go on, Man; ſhe talks in my own Mother-Tongue.

Bif. 'Tis expos'd to invalidity from a contradictory inſtance, looks only upon common Operations, and is infinite in its Termination.

Mir. Rare Pedantry.

Dur. Axioms! Axioms! Self-evident Principles.

Bif. Then the Ideas wherewith the Mind is pre-occupate.-------O Gentlemen, I hope you'll pardon my Cogitation; I was involv'd in a profound Point of Philoſophy; but I ſhall diſcuſs it ſomewhere elſe, being ſatisfy'd that the Subject is not agreeable to you Sparks, that profeſs the Vanity of the Times. [*Exit.*

Mir. Go thy way, good Wife *Bias*: Do you hear, *Duretete*? Doſt hear this ſtarch'd piece of Auſterity?

Dur. She's mine, Man; ſhe's mine: my own Talent to a T. I'll match her in Dialects, faith. I was ſeven Years at the Univerſity, Man, nurs'd up with *Barbara*, *Celarunt*, *Darii*, *Ferio*, *Baralipton*. Did you never know, Man, that 'twas Metaphyſicks made me an Aſs? It was, faith. Had ſhe talk'd a word of Singing, Dancing, Plays, Faſhions, or the like, I had founder'd at the firſt ſtep; but as ſhe is ---*Mirabel*, wiſh me Joy.

Mir. You don't mean Marriage, I hope.

Dur. No, no, I am a Man of more Honour.

Mir. Bravely reſolv'd, Captain, now for thy Credit, warm me this frozen Snow-ball, 'twill be a Conqueſt above the *Alps*.

Dur. But will you promiſe to be always near me?

Mir. Upon all Occaſions, never fear.

Dur. Why then, you ſhall ſee me in two Moments make an Induction from my Love to her Hand, from her Hand to her Mouth, from her Mouth to her Heart, and ſo conclude in her Bed, *Categorimatice*.

Mir. Now the Game begins, and my Fool is enter'd.----- But here comes one to ſpoil my Sport; now ſhall I be teiz'd to death with this old faſhion'd Contract. I ſhou'd love her too, if I might do it my own way, but ſhe'll do nothing without Witneſſes forſooth: I wonder Women can be ſo immodeſt.

Enter Oriana.

Well, Madam, why d'ye follow me?

Ori. Well, Sir, why do you ſhun me?

Mir. 'Tis my Humour, Madam, and I'm naturally ſway'd by Inclination.

Ori. Have you forgot our Contract, Sir?

Mir. All I remember of that Contract is, that it was made ſome three Years ago, and that's enough in Conſcience to forget the reſt on't.

Ori. 'Tis ſufficient, Sir, to recollect the paſſing of it, for in that Circumſtance, I preſume, lies the Force of the Obligation.

Mir. Obligations, Madam, that are forc'd upon the Will are no tye upon the Conſcience; I was a Slave to my Paſſion when I paſs'd the Inſtrument, but the Recovery of my Freedom makes the Contract void.

Ori. Sir, you can't make that a Compulſion which was your own Choice; beſides, Sir, a Subjection to your own Deſires has not the Virtue of a forcible Conſtraint: And you will find, Sir, that to plead your Paſſion for the killing of a Man will hardly exempt you from the Juſtice of the Puniſhment.

Mir. And ſo, Madam, you make the Sin of Murther and the Crime of a Contract the very ſame, becauſe that Hanging and Matrimony are ſo much alike.

Ori. Come, Mr. *Mirabel*, theſe Expreſſions I expected from the Raillery of your Humour, but I hope for very different Sentiments from your Honour and Generoſity.

Mir. Look'e, Madam, as for my Generoſity, 'tis at your Service, with all my Heart: I'll keep you a Coach and ſix Horſes, if you pleaſe, only permit me to keep my Honour to my ſelf; for I can aſſure you, Madam, that the thing call'd Honour is a Circumſtance abſolutely unneceſſary in a natural Correſpondence between Male and Female, and he's a Mad-man that lays it out, conſidering its Scarcity, upon any ſuch trivial Occaſions. There's Honour requir'd of us by our Friends, and Honour due to our Enemies, and they return it to us again; but I never heard of a Man that left but an Inch of his Honour in a Woman's keeping, that cou'd ever get the leaſt account on't.-----Conſider, Madam, you have no ſuch thing among ye, and 'tis a main Point of Policy to keep no Faith with Reprobates———thou art a pretty little Reprobate, and ſo get thee about thy Buſineſs.

Ori. Well, Sir, even all this I will allow to the gayety of your Temper; your Travels have improv'd your Talent of Talking, but they are not of Force, I hope, to impair your Morals.

Mir. Morals! Why there 'tis again now——I tell thee, Child, there is not the leaſt occaſion for Morals in any Buſineſs between you and I——Don't you know that of all Commerce in the World there is no ſuch Couzenage and Deceit as in the Traffick between Man and Woman; we ſtudy all our Lives long how to put Tricks upon one another----What is your Buſineſs now, from the time you throw away your Artificial Babies, but how to get Natural Ones with the moſt Advantage?----No Fowler lays abroad more Nets for his Game, nor a Hunter for his Prey, than you do to catch poor innocent Men.----Why do you ſit three or four Hours at your Toylet in a Morning? only with a villanous Deſign to make ſome poor Fellow a Fool before Night. What are your languiſhing Looks, your ſtudy'd Airs and Affectations, but ſo many Baits and Devices to delude Men out of their dear Liberty and Freedom?----What d'ye ſigh for? What d'ye weep for? What d'ye pray for? Why for a Husband: That is, you implore Providence to aſſiſt you in the juſt and pious Deſign of making the wiſeſt of his Creatures a Fool, and the Head of the Creation a Slave.

Ori. Sir, I am proud of my Power, and am reſolv'd to uſe it.

Mir. Hold, hold, Madam, not ſo faſt-------As you have Variety of Vanities to make Coxcombs of us; ſo we have Vows, Oaths, and Proteſtations, of all ſorts and ſizes to make Fools of you. As you are very ſtrange and whimſical Creatures, ſo we are allow'd as unaccountable ways of managing you. And this, in ſhort, my dear Creature, is our preſent Condition, I have ſworn and ly'd briskly to gain my Ends of you; your Ladyſhip has patch'd and painted violently, to gain your Ends of me------But, ſince we are both diſappointed, let us make a drawn Battel, and part clear on both ſides.

Ori. With all my Heart, Sir; give me up my Contract, and I'll never ſee your Face again.

Mir. Indeed I won't, Child.

Ori. What, Sir, neither do one nor t'other?

Mir. No, you ſhall die a Maid, unleſs you pleaſe to be otherwiſe upon my Terms.

Ori. What do you intend by this, Sir?

Mir.

Mir. Why, to ſtarve you into Compliance; look'e, you ſhall never marry any Man; and you had as good let me do you a Kindneſs as a Stranger.

Ori. Sir, you're a----

Mir. What am I, Miſtreſs?

Ori. A Villain, Sir.

Mir. I'm glad on't.----I never knew an honeſt Fellow in my Life, but was a Villain upon theſe Occaſions.-----Ha'n't you drawn your ſelf now into a very pretty Dilemma? Ha, ha, ha; the poor Lady has made a Vow of Virginity, when ſhe thought of making a Vow for the contrary. Was ever poor Woman ſo cheated into Chaſtity?

Ori. Sir, my Fortune is equal to yours, my Friends as powerful, and both ſhall be put to the Teſt, to do me Juſtice.

Mir. What! You'll force me to marry you, will ye?

Ori. Sir, the Law ſhall.

Mir. But the Law can't force me to do any thing elſe, can it?

Ori. Pſhaw, I deſpiſe thee, ---- Monſter.

Mir. Kiſs and be Friends then ---- Don't cry, Child, and you ſhall have your Sugar-plumb----- Come, Madam, d'ye think I could be ſo unreaſonable as to make you faſt all your Life long? No, I did but jeſt, you ſhall have your Liberty; here, take your Contract, and give me mine.

Ori. No, I won't.

Mir. Eh! What, is the Girl a Fool?

Ori. No, Sir, you ſhall find me cunning enough to do my ſelf Juſtice; and ſince I muſt not depend upon your Love, I'll be reveng'd, and force you to marry me out of ſpight.

Mir. Then I'll beat thee out of ſpight; make a moſt con founded Husband.

Ori. O Sir, I ſhall match ye: A good Husband makes a good Wife at any time.

Mir. I'll rattle down your China about your Ears.

Ori. And I'll rattle about the City to run you in Debt for more.

Mir. Your Face-mending Toylet ſhall fly out of the Window.

Ori. And your Face-mending Perriwig ſhall fly after it.

Mir. I'll tear the Furbelow off your Cloaths, and when you ſwoon for Vexation, you ſha'n't have a Penny to buy a Bottle of Hartſ-horn.

Ori. And you, Sir, ſhall have Hart's-horn in Abundance.

Mir. I'll keep as many Miſtreſſes as I have Coach-horſes.

Ori. And I'll keep as many Gallants as you have Grooms.

Mir. I'll lie with your Woman before your Face.

Ori. Have a care of your Valet behind your back.

Mir. But, ſweet Madam, there is ſuch a thing as a Divorce.

Ori. But, ſweet Sir, there is ſuch a thing as Alimony, ſo divorce on, and ſpare not. [*Exit.*

Mir. Ay, that ſeparate Maintenance is the Devil——— there's their Refuge———o' my Conſcience, one wou'd take Cuckoldom for a meritorious Action, becauſe the Women are ſo handſomly rewarded for't. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a large Parlour in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter Duretete *and* Petit.

Dur. And ſhe's mighty peeviſh, you ſay?

Pet. O Sir, ſhe has a Tongue as long as my Leg, and talks ſo crabbedly, you wou'd think ſhe always ſpoke *Welſh.*

Dur. That's an odd Language, methinks, for her Philoſophy.

Pet. But ſometimes ſhe will ſit you half a Day without ſpeaking a Word, and talk Oracles all the while by the Wrinkles of her Forehead, and the Motions of her Eyebrows.

Dur. Nay, I ſhall match her in Philoſophical Ogles, faith; that's my Talent: I can talk beſt, you muſt know, when I ſay nothing.

Pet. But d'ye ever laugh, Sir?

Dur. Laugh! Won't ſhe endure laughing?

Pet. Why ſhe's a Critick, Sir; ſhe hates a Jeſt, for fear it ſhould pleaſe her; and nothing keeps her in Humour but what gives her the Spleen. And then for Logick, and all that, you know-----

Dur. Ay, ay, I'm prepar'd, I have been practiſing hard Words, and no Senſe, this Hour to entertain her.

Pet. Then place your ſelf behind this Screen, that you may have a view of her Behaviour before you begin.

Dur.

Dur. I long to engage her, leſt I ſhould forget my Leſſon.

Pet. Here ſhe comes, Sir, I muſt fly.

[*Exit* Pet. *and* Dur. *ſtands peeping behind the* **Curtain.**

Enter Biſarre *and Maid.*

Biſ. [*With a Book.*] Pſhaw, hang Books, they ſowre our Temper, ſpoil our Eyes, and ruin our Complexions.

[*Throws away the Book.*

Dur. Eh! The Devil ſuch a Word there is in all *Ariſtotle.*

Biſ. Come, Wench, let's be free, call in the Fiddle, there's no body near us.

Enter Fidler.

Dur. Wou'd to the Lord there was not.

Biſ. Here, Friend, a Minuet!------quicker time; ha-----wou'd we had a Man or two.

Dur. [*Stealing away*] You ſhall have the Devil ſooner, my dear dancing Philoſopher.

Biſ. Uds my Life!-----Here's one.

[*Runs to* Dur. *and hales him back.*

Dur. Is all my learn'd Preparation come to this?

Biſ. Come, Sir, don't be aſham'd, that's my good Boy-----you're very welcome, we wanted ſuch a one------ Come, ſtrike up--------I know you dance well, Sir, you're finely ſhap'd for't-------- Come, come, Sir; quick, quick, you miſs the time elſe.

Dur. But, Madam, I come to talk with you.

Biſ. Ay, ay, talk as you dance, talk as you dance, come.

Dur. But we were talking of Dialecticks.

Biſ. Hang Dialecticks--------Mind the time---------quicker, Sirrah, [*To the Fidler.*] Come,-------and how d'ye find your ſelf now, Sir?

Dur. In a fine breathing Sweat, Doctor.

Biſ. All the better, Patient, all the better;----Come, Sir, ſing now, ſing, I know you ſing well; I ſee you have a ſinging Face; a heavy dull Sonato Face.

Dur. Who, I ſing?

Biſ. O you're modeſt, Sir--------but come, ſit down, cloſer, cloſer. Here, a Bottle of Wine--------Come, Sir, fa, la, la; ſing, Sir.

Dur. But, Madam, I came to talk with you.

Biſ. O Sir, you ſhall drink firſt. Come, fill me a Bumper----here, Sir, bleſs the King.

Dur.

Dur. Wou'd I were out of his Dominions.----By this Light, ſhe'll make me drunk too.

Biſ. O pardon me, Sir, you ſhall do me right, fill it higher.-----Now, Sir, can you drink a Health under your Leg?

Dur. Rare Philoſophy that, Faith.

Biſ. Come, off with it, to the bottom.------Now how d'ye like me, Sir?

Dur. O, mighty well, Madam.

Biſ. You ſee how a Woman's Fancy varies, ſometimes ſplenatick and heavy, then gay and frolickſome.---And how d'ye like the Humour?

Dur. Good Madam, let me ſit down to anſwer you, for I am heartily tir'd.

Biſ. Fye upon't; a young Man, and tir'd! up for ſhame, and walk about, Action becomes us-----a little faſter, Sir.---What d'ye think now of my Lady *La Pale*, and Lady *Coquet* the Duke's fair Daughter? Ha! Are they not brisk Laſſes? Then there is black Mrs. *Bellair*, and brown Mrs. *Bellface*.

Dur. They are all Strangers to me, Madam.

Biſ. But let me tell you, Sir, that brown is not always deſpicable———O Laird, Sir, if young Mrs. *Bagatell* had kept her ſelf ſingle 'till this time o' Day, what a Beauty there had been! And then, you know, the charming Mrs. *Monkeylove*, the fair Gem of St. *Germains*.

Dur. Upon my Soul, I don't.

Biſ. And then you muſt have heard of the *Engliſh* Beau, *Spleenamore*, how unlike a Gentleman———

Dur. Hey———not a Syllable on't, as I hope to be ſav'd, Madam.

Biſ. No! Why then play me a Jig; come, Sir.

Dur. By this Light I cannot; faith, Madam, I have ſprain'd my Leg.

Biſ. Then ſit you down, Sir; and now tell me what's your Buſineſs with me? What's your Errand? Quick, quick, diſpateh———Odſo, may be you are ſome Gentleman's Servant, that have brought me a Letter, or a Haunch of Veniſon.

Dur. 'Sdeath, Madam, do I look like a Carrier?

Biſ. O, cry you Mercy, I ſaw you juſt now, I miſtook you, upon my Word: you are one of the travelling Gentlemen———and pray, Sir, how do all our impudent Friends in *Italy*?

Dur. Madam, I came to wait on you with a more ſerious Intention than your Entertainment has anſwer'd.

Bif. Sir, your Intention of waiting on me was the greateſt Affront imaginable, howe'er your Expreſſions may turn it to a Compliment: Your Viſit, Sir, was intended as a Prologue to a very ſcurvy Play, of which Mr. *Mirabel* and you ſo handſomly laid the Plot——— *Marry! No, no, I'm a Man of more Honour.* Where's your Honour? Where's your Courage now? Ads my Life, Sir, I have a great mind to kick you——Go, go to your Fellow-Rake now, rail at my Sex, and get drunk for Vexation, and write a Lampoon——But I muſt have you to know, Sir, that my Reputation is above the Scandal of a Libel, my Vertue is ſufficiently approv'd to thoſe whoſe Opinion is my Intereſt: And for the reſt, let them talk what they will; for when I pleaſe I'll be what I pleaſe, in ſpight of you and all Mankind: and ſo, my dear *Man of Honour*, if you be tir'd con over this Leſſon, and ſit there till I come to you.

[*Runs off.*

Dur. Tum ti dum. [*Sings.*] Ha, ha, ha, *Ads my Life! I have a great mind to kick you!*———Oons and Confuſion! [*Starts up.*] Was ever Man ſo abus'd——— Ay, *Mirabel* ſet me on.

Enter Petit.

Pet. Well, Sir, how d'ye find your ſelf?

Dur. You Son of a nine-ey'd Whore, d'ye come to abuſe me? I'll kick you with a Vengeance, you Dog.

[Petit *runs off, and* Dur. *after him.*

ACT III.

SCENE *continues.*

Old Mirabel *and the Young.*

Old M. BOB, come hither, *Bob.*

Mir. Your Pleaſure, Sir?

Old M. Are not you a great Rogue, Sirrah?

Mir. That's a little out of my Comprehenſion, Sir, for I've heard ſay, that I reſemble my Father.

Old M. Your Father is your very humble Slave——I tell thee what, Child, thou art a very pretty Fellow, and I love thee heartily; and a very great Villain, and I hate thee mortally.

Mir. Villain, Sir! Then I muſt be a very impudent one, for

for I can't recollect any Paſſage of my Life that I'm aſham'd of.

Old. M. Come hither, my dear Friend; doſt ſee this Picture? (*Shews him a little Picture.*

Mir. Oriana's? Pſhaw!

Old M. What, Sir, won't you look upon't?——*Bob*, dear *Bob*, prithee come hither now——Doſt want any Money, Child?

Mir. No, Sir,

Old M. Why then here's ſome for thee; come here now---- How canſt thou be ſo hard-hearted, an unnatural, unmannerly Raſcal (don't miſtake me, Child, I a'n't angry) as to abuſe this tender, lovely, good-natur'd dear Rogue?----Why, ſhe ſighs for thee, and cries for thee, pouts for thee, and ſnubs for thee, the poor little Heart of it is like to burſt-----Come, my dear Boy, be good-natur'd like your nown Father, be now——and then ſee here, read this——the Effigies of the lovely *Oriana*, with ten thouſand Pound to her Portion---ten thouſand Pound, you Dog; ten thouſaud Pound, you Rogue; how dare you refuſe a Lady with ten thouſand Pound, you impudent Raſcal?

Mir. Will you hear me ſpeak, Sir?

Old M. Hear you ſpeak, Sir! If you had ten thouſand Tongues, you cou'd not out-talk ten thouſand Pound Sir.

Mir. Nay, Sir, if you won't hear me I'll be gone, Sir! I'll take Poſt for *Italy* this Moment.

Old M. Ah! the Fellow knows I w'on't part with him. Well, Sir, what have you to ſay?

Mir. The univerſal Reception, Sir, that Marriage has had in the World, is enough to fix it for a publick Good, and to draw every body into the Common Cauſe; but there are ſome Conſtitutions, like ſome Inſtruments, ſo peculiarly ſingular, that they make tolerable Muſick by themſelves, but never do well in a Conſort.

Old M. Why this is Reaſon, I muſt confeſs, but yet 'tis Nonſenſe too; for tho' you ſhou'd reaſon like an Angel, if you argue your ſelf out of a good Eſtate you talk like a Fool.

Mir. But, Sir, if you bribe me into Bondage with the Riches of *Croſus*, you leave me but a Beggar for want of my Liberty.

Old M. Was ever ſuch a perverſe Fool heard? 'Sdeath, Sir, why did I give you Education? was it to diſpute me out of my Senſes? Of what Colour now is the Head of this Cane? You'll ſay 'tis white, and, ten to one, make me believe

believe it too------I thought that young Fellows ſtudy'd to get Money.

Mir. No, Sir, I have ſtudy'd to deſpiſe it; my Reading was not to make me rich, but happy, Sir.

Old M. There he has me agen now. But, Sir, did not I marry to oblige you?

Mir. To oblige me, Sir, in what reſpect pray?

Old M. Why, to bring you into the World, Sir; wa'n't that an Obligation?

Mir. And becauſe I wou'd have it ſtill an Obligation, I avoid Marriage.

Old M. How is that, Sir?

Mir. Becauſe I wou'd not curſe the hour I was born.

Old M. Look'e, Friend, you may perſuade me out of my Deſigns, but I'll command you out of yours; and tho' you may convince my Reaſon that you are in the right, yet there is an old Attendant of Sixty three, call'd Poſitiveneſs, which you nor all the Wits in *Italy*, ſhall ever be able to ſhake; ſo, Sir, you're a Wit, and I'm a Father; you may talk, but I'll be obey'd.

Mir. This it is to have the Son a finer Gentleman than the Father; they firſt give us Breeding that they don't underſtand, then they turn us out of doors 'cauſe we are wiſer than themſelves. But I'm a little afore-hand with the Old Gentleman. [*Aſide.*] Sir, you have been pleas'd to ſettle a thouſand Pound Sterling a Year upon me; in return of which, I have a very great Honour for you and your Family, and ſhall take care that your only and beloved Son ſhall do nothing to make him hate his Father, or to hang himſelf. So, dear Sir, I'm your very humble Servant. [*Runs off.*

Old M. Here, Sirrah, Rogue, *Bob*, Villain.

Enter Dugard.

Dug. Ay, Sir, 'tis but what he deſerves.

Old M. 'Tis falſe, Sir, he don't deſerve it: what have you to ſay againſt my Boy, Sir?

Dug. I ſhall only repeat your own Words.

Old M. What have you to do with my Words? I have ſwallow'd my Words already; I have eaten them up, and how can you come at 'em, Sir?

Dug. Very eaſily, Sir: 'Tis but mentioning your injur'd Ward, and you will throw them up again immediately.

Old M. Sir, your Siſter was a fooliſh young Flirt to truſt any ſuch young, deceitful, rakehelly Rogue, like him.

Dug. Cry you mercy, old Gentlemen, I thought we ſhou'd have the Words again.

Old

Old M. And what then? 'Tis the way with young Fellows to *ſlight* old Gentlemen's Words, you never mind 'em when you ought.-----I ſay, that *Bob*'s an honeſt Fellow, and who dares deny it?

Enter Biſarre.

Bif. That dare I, Sir:——I ſay, that your Son is a wild, foppiſh, whimſical, impertinent Coxcomb; and were I abus'd as this Gentleman's Siſter, I wou'd make it an *Italian* Quarrel, and poiſon the whole Family.

Dug. Come, Sir, 'tis no time for trifling, my Siſter is abus'd; you are made ſenſible of the Affront, and your Honour is concern'd to ſee her redreſs'd.

Old M. Look'e, Mr. *Dugard*, good Words go fartheſt. I will do your Siſter Juſtice, but it muſt be after my own rate, no body muſt abuſe my Son but my ſelf. For altho' *Robin* be a ſad Dog, yet he's no body's Puppy but my own.

Bif. Ay, that's my ſweet-natur'd, kind Old Gentleman.—— [*Wheedling him.*] We will be good then, if you'll join with us in the Plot.

Old M. Ah, you coaxing young Baggage, what Plot can you have to wheedle a Fellow of Sixty three?

Bif. A Plot that Sixty three is only good for, to bring other People together, Sir, and you muſt act the *Spaniard*, 'cauſe your Son will leaſt ſuſpect you; and if he ſhou'd, your Authority protects you from a Quarrel, to which *Oriana* is unwilling to expoſe her Brother.

Old M. And what part will you act in the Buſineſs, Madam?

Bif. My ſelf, Sir; my Friend is grown a perfect Changling: theſe fooliſh Hearts of ours ſpoil our Heads preſently; the Fellows no ſooner turn Knaves, but we turn Fools: But I am ſtill my ſelf, and he may expect the moſt ſevere Uſage from me, 'cauſe I neither love him, nor hate him. [*Exit.*

Old M. Well ſaid, Mrs. Paradox; but, Sir, who muſt open the matter to him?

Dug. Petit, Sir, who is our Engineer General. And here he comes.

Enter Petit.

Pet. O Sir, more Diſcoveries; are all Friends about us?

Dug. Ay, ay, ſpeak freely.

Pet. You muſt know, Sir——od's my Life, I'm out of Breath; you muſt know, Sir——you muſt know——

Old M. What the Devil muſt we know, Sir?

Pet. That I have [*Pants and blows.*] brib'd, Sir, brib'd—— your Son's Secretary of State.

Old

Old M. Secretary of State!------who's that, for Heaven's ſake?

Pet. His Valet-de-Chambre, Sir: You muſt know, Sir, that the Intrigue lay folded up with his Maſter's Cloaths, and when he went to duſt the Embroider'd Suit, the Secret flew out of the right Pocket of his Coat, in a whole Swarm of your Crambo Songs, ſhort footed Odes, and long-legg'd Pindaricks.

Old M. Impoſſible!

Pet. Ah, Sir, he has lov'd her all along; there was *Oriana* in every Line, but he hates Marriage: Now, Sir, this Plot will ſtir up his Jealouſie, and we ſhall know by the ſtrength of that how to proceed farther. Come, Sir, lets about it with ſpeed.

'Tis Expedition gives our King the ſway;
For Expedition too the *French* give way;
Swift to attack, or ſwift to run away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mirabel *and* Biſarre, *paſſing careleſly by one another.*

Biſ. [*Aſide.*] I wonder what ſhe can ſee in this Fellow to like him?

Mir. [*Aſide.*] I wonder what my Friend can ſee in this Girl to admire her?

Biſ. [*Aſide.*] A wild, foppiſh, extravagant Rakehel.

Mir. [*Aſide.*] A light, whimſical, impertinent Mad-cap.

Biſ. Whom do you mean, Sir?

Mir. Whom do you mean, Madam?

Biſ. A Fellow that has nothing left to re-eſtabliſh him for a humane Creature, but a prudent Reſolution to hang himſelf.

Mir. There is a way, Madam, to force me to that Reſolution.

Biſ. I'll do't with all my Heart.

Mir. Then you muſt marry me.

Biſ. Look'e, Sir, don't think your ill Manners to me ſhall excuſe your ill Uſage of my Friend; nor by fixing a Quarrel here, to divert my Zeal for the abſent: for I'm reſolv'd, nay, I come prepar'd to make you a Panegyrick, that ſhall mortifie your Pride like any modern Dedication.

Mir. And I, Madam, like a true modern Patron, ſhall hardly give you thanks for your trouble.

Biſ. Come, Sir, to let you ſee what little Foundation you have for your dear ſufficiency, I'll take you to pieces.

Mir. And what Piece will you chuſe?

Biſ. Your Heart, to be ſure; 'cauſe I ſhou'd get preſently rid on't; your Courage I wou'd give to a Hector, your Wit to a lewd

a lewd Play-maker, your Honour to an Attorney, your Body to the Phyſicians, and your Soul to its Maſter.

Mir. I had the oddeſt Dream laſt night of the Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*, methought the Furbelows of her Gown were pinn'd up ſo high behind, that I cou'd not ſee her Head for her Tail.

Bif. The Creature don't mind me! do you think, Sir, that your humorous Impertinence can divert me? No, Sir, I'm above any Pleaſure that you can give, but that of ſeeing you miſerable. And mark me, Sir; my Friend, my injur'd Friend ſhall yet be doubly happy, and you ſhall be a Husband as much as the Rites of Marriage, and the Breach of 'em can make you. [*Here* Mir. *pulls out a* Virgil, *and reads to himſelf while ſhe ſpeaks.*

Mir. [Reading] *At Regina dolos, quis fallere poſſit amantem. Diſſimulare etiam ſperaſti, perfide, tantum* [Very true. *Poſſe nefas.*

By your Favour, Friend *Virgil*, 'twas but a raſcally trick of your Hero to forſake poor Pug ſo inhumanly.

Bif. I don't know what to ſay to him. The Devil——— what's *Virgil* to us, Sir?

Mir. Very much, Madam, the moſt apropo in the World -------for, what ſhou'd I chop upon, but the very Place where the perjur'd Rogue of a Lover and the forſaken Lady are batteling it tooth and nail. Come, Madam, ſpend your Spirits no longer, we'll take an eaſier method: I'll be *Æneas* now, and you ſhall be *Dido*, and we'll rail by Book. Now for you Madam *Dido*.

Nec te noſter amor, nec te data dextra quondam,
Nec Moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido-------

Ah poor *Dido!* [*Looking at her.*

Bif. Rudeneſs, Affronts, Impatience! I cou'd almoſt ſtart out even to Manhood, and want but a Weapon as long as his to fight him upon the ſpot. What ſhall I ſay?

Mir. Now ſhe rants.

Quæ quibus anteferam, jam jam nec Maxima Juno.

Bif. A Man! No, the Woman's Birth was ſpirited away.

Mir. Right, right, Madam, the very Words.

Bif. And ſome pernicious Elf left in the Cradle with humane Shape to palliate growing Miſchief.

[*Both ſpeak together, and raiſe their Voices by degrees.*

Mir. Perfide, ſed duris genuit te Cautibus horrens
Caucaſus, hircanæque admorunt Ubera Tigres.

Bif. Go, Sir, fly to your midnight Revels.-----

Mir. [Excellent] *Iſequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas,*
Spero equidem mediis, ſi quid pia Numina poſſunt. [Together again.

Bif.

Bif. Converſe with Imps of Darkneſs of your make, your Nature ſtarts at Juſtice, and ſhivers at the touch of Vertue. Now the Devil take his Impudence, he vexes me ſo, I don't know whether to cry or laugh at him.

Mir. Bravely perform'd, my dear *Lybian*; I'll write the Tragedy of *Dido*, and you ſhall act the Part: But you do nothing at all, unleſs you fret your ſelf into a Fit; for here the poor Lady is ſtifled with Vapours, drops into the Arms of her Maids; and the cruel, barbarous, deceitful Wanderer, is in the very next Line call'd *Pious Æneas.*——There's Authority for ye.

Sorry indeed *Æneas* ſtood
To ſee her in a Pout;
But *Jove* himſelf, who ne'er thought good
To ſtay a ſecond Bout,
Commands him off, with all his Crew,
And leaves poor *Dy*, as I leave you. [*Runs off.*

Bif. Go thy ways, for a dear, mad, deceitful, agreeable Fellow. O' my Conſcience I muſt excuſe *Oriana.*

That Lover ſoon his angry Fair diſarms,
Whoſe ſlighting pleaſes, and whoſe Faults are Charms.

Enter Petit, *runs about to every Door, and knocks.*

Pet. Mr. *Mirabel!* Sir, where are you? no where to be found?

Enter Mirabel.

Mir. What's the matter, *Petit*?

Pet. Moſt critically met.——Ah, Sir, that one who has follow'd the Game ſo long, and brought the poor Hare juſt under his Paws, ſhould let a Mungril Cur chop in, and run away with the Puſs.

Mir. If your Worſhip can get out of your Allegories, be pleas'd to tell me in three Words what you mean.

Pet. Plain, plain, Sir. Your Miſtreſs and mine is going to be marry'd.

Mir. I believe you lie, Sir.

Pet. Your humble Servant, Sir. [*Going.*

Mir. Come hither, *Petit.* Marry'd ſay you?

Pet. No, Sir, 'tis no matter; I only thought to do you a Service, but I ſhall take care how I confer my Favours for the future.

Mir. Sir, I beg you ten thouſand Pardons. [*Bowing low.*

Pet. 'Tis enough, Sir.——I come to tell you, Sir, that *Oriana* is this Moment to be ſacrific'd; marry'd paſt Redemption.

Mir. I underſtand her, ſhe'll take a Husband out of ſpight to me, and then out of love to me ſhe will make him a Cuckold; 'tis ordinary with Women to marry one Perſon for the ſake of another, and to throw themſelves into the Arms of one they hate, to ſecure their Pleaſure with the Man they love. But who is the happy Man?

Petit. A Lord, Sir.

Mir. I'm her Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant; a Train and a Title, hey! room for my Lady's Coach, a front Row in the Box for her Ladyſhip; Lights, Lights for her Honour. -----Now muſt I be a conſtant attender at my Lord's Levee, to work my way to my Lady's Couchee------a Counteſs, I preſume, Sir.-----

Pet. A *Spaniſh* Count, Sir, that Mr. *Dugard* knew abroad, is come to *Paris*, ſaw your Miſtreſs yeſterday, marries her to day, and whips her into *Spain* to morrow.

Mir. Ay, is it ſo? and muſt I follow my Cuckold over the *Pyrenees*? Had ſhe marry'd within the Precincts of a Billet deux, I wou'd be the Man to lead her to Church; but as it happens, I'll forbid the Banes. Where is this mighty Don?

Pet. Have a care, Sir, he's a rough croſs-grain'd Piece, and there's no tampering with him; wou'd you apply to Mr. *Dugard*, or the Lady her ſelf, ſomething might be done, for it is in deſpight to you, that the Buſineſs is carry'd ſo haſtily. Odſo, Sir, here he comes. I muſt be gone. [*Exit.*

Enter Old Mir. *dreſs'd in a* Spaniſh *Habit*, *leading* Oriana.

Ori. Good my Lord, a nobler Choice had better ſuited your Lordſhip's Merit. My Perſon, Rank, and Circumſtance, expoſe me as the publick Theme of Raillery, and ſubject me to ſo injurious Uſage, my Lord, that I can lay no Claim to any part of your Regard, except your Pity.

Old M. Breathes he vital Air, that dares preſume
With rude Behaviour to profane ſuch Excellence!
Shew me the Man----
And you ſhall ſee how my ſudden Revenge
Shall fall upon the Head of ſuch Preſumption.
Is this thing one? [*Strutting up to* Mirabel.

Mir. Sir!

Ori. Good my Lord.

Old M. If he, or any he!

Ori. Pray, my Lord, the Gentleman's a ſtranger.

Old M. O your Pardon, Sir------but if you had ------ remember, Sir------- the Lady now is mine, her Injuries are mine;

mine; therefore, Sir, you underſtand me——Come, Madam.
(*Leads* Oriana *to the Door, ſhe goes off*, Mir. *runs to his Father, and pulls him by the Sleeve.*

Mir. E coute, Monſieur Le Count.

Old M. Your Buſineſs, Sir?

Mir. Boh!

Old M. Boh! What Language is that, Sir?

Mir. Spaniſh, my Lord.

Old M. What d'ye mean?

Mir. This, Sir. (*Trips up his Heels.*

Old M. A very conciſe Quarrel, truly——I'll bully him.——*Trinidado Seignieur*, give me fair play. (*Offering to riſe.*

Mir. By all means, Sir, (*Takes away his Sword.*) Now *Seignieur*, where's that bombaſt Look, and fuſtian Face your Countſhip wore juſt now? (*Strikes him.*

Old M. The Rogue quarrels well, very well, my own Son right!——But hold, Sirrah, no more Jeſting; I'm your Father, Sir, your Father.

Mir. My Father! then by this Light I cou'd find in my Heart to pay thee (*Aſide.*) Is the Fellow mad? Why ſure, Sir, I ha'n't frighted you out of your Senſes?

Old M. But you have, Sir.

Mir. Then I'll beat them into you again. (*Offers to ſtrike him.*

Old M. Why Rogue——*Bob*, dear *Bob*, don't you know me, Child?

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, the Fellow's downright diſtracted: Thou Miracle of Impudence, woud'ſt thou make me believe that ſuch a grave Gentleman as my Father wou'd go a Maſquerading thus? That a Perſon of threeſcore and three wou'd run about in a Fool's Coat to diſgrace himſelf and Family? Why, you impudent Villain, do you think I will ſuffer ſuch an Affront to paſs upon my honour'd Father, my worthy Father, my dear Father? 'Sdeath, Sir, mention my Father but once again, and I'll ſend your Soul to my Grandfather this Minute. (*Offering to ſtab him.*

Old M. Well, well, I am not your Father.

Mir. Why then, Sir, you are the ſawcy, hectoring *Spaniard*, and I'll uſe you accordingly.

Old M. The Devil take the *Spaniards*, Sir; we have all got nothing but Blows ſince we began to take their part.

Enter Dugard, Oriana, Maid, Petit. Dugard *runs to* Mirabel, *the reſt to the Old Gentleman.*

Dug. Fye, fye, *Mirabel*, murder your Father!

Mir. My Father! What is the whole Family mad? Give me way, Sir, I wo'n't be held.

Old M. No! nor I neither; let me be gone, pray.
[*Offering to go.*

Mir. My Father!

Old M. Ay, you Dog's Face, I am your Father, for I have bore as much for thee, as your Mother ever did.

Mir. O ho! then this was a Trick, it ſeems, a Deſign, a Contrivance, a Stratagem------Oh! how my Bones ake!

Old M. Your Bones, Sirrah, why yours?

Mir. Why, Sir, ha'nt I been beating my own Fleſh and Blood all this while? O Madam, [*To* Oriana.] I wiſh your Ladyſhip Joy of your new Dignity. Here was a Contrivance indeed.

Pet. The Contrivance was well enough, Sir, for they impos'd upon us all.

Mir. Well, my dear *Dulcinea*, did your *Don Quixot* battel for you bravely? My Father will anſwer for the Force of my Love.

Ori. Pray, Sir, don't inſult the Misfortunes of your own creating.

Dug. My Prudence will be counted Cowardice, if I ſtand tamely now.--------[*Comes up between* Mirabel *and his Siſter.*] Well, Sir!

Mir. Well, Sir! Do you take me for one of your Tenants, Sir, that you put on your Landlord-face at me?

Dug. On what Preſumption, Sir, dare you aſſume thus?
[*Draws*

Old M. What's that to you, Sir. [*Draws*

Pet. Help, help, the Lady faints.
[Oriana *falls into her Maids Arms*

Mir. Vapours! Vapours! ſhe'll come to her ſelf: If it be an angry Fit, a Dram of *Aſſa Fœtida*------If Jealouſie, Hartſhorn in Water----If the Mother, burnt Feathers-----If Grief *Ratifia*------If it be ſtrait Stays, or Corns, there's nothing like a Dram of plain Brandy. [*Exit*

Ori. Hold off, give me Air----- O my Brother, wou'd you preſerve my Life, endanger not your own; wou'd you defend my Reputation, leave it to it ſelf; 'tis a dear Vindication that's purchas'd by the Sword; for tho' our Champion prove victorious, yet our Honour is wounded.

Old M. Ay, and your Lover may be wounded, that's another thing. But I think you're pretty brisk again, my Child.

Ori. Ay, Sir, my Indiſpoſition was only a Pretence to divert the Quarrel; the capricious Taſte of your Sex excuſes this Artifice in ours.

For often, when our chief Perfections fail,
Our chief Defects with fooliſh Men prevail. [*Exit.*

Pet. Come, Mr. *Dugard*, take Courage, there is a way ſtill eft to fetch him again.

Old M. Sir, I'll have no Plot that has any Relation to *Spain.*

Dug. I ſcorn all Artifice whatſoever; my Sword ſhall do ner Juſtice.

Pet. Pretty Juſtice, truly! Suppoſe you run him thro' the Body; you run her thro' the Heart at the ſame time.

Old M. And me thro' the Head----- rot your Sword, Sir, we'll have Plots; come, *Petit*, let's hear.

Pet. What if ſhe pretended to go into a Nunnery, and ſo bring him about to declare himſelf.

Dug. That, I muſt confeſs, has a Face.

Old M. Face! A Face like an Angel, Sir. Ad's my Life, Sir, 'tis the moſt beautiful Plot in *Chriſtendom.* We'll about t immediately. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Duretete *and* Mirabel.

Dur. [*In a Paſſion.*] And tho' I can't dance, nor ſing, nor talk like you, yet I can fight, you know, Sir.

Mir. I know thou canſt, Man.

Dur. 'Sdeath, Sir, and I will: Let me ſee the proudeſt Man alive make a Jeſt of me!

Mir. But I'll engage to make you amends.

Dur. Danc'd to Death! Baited like a Bear! Ridicul'd! threatn'd to be kick'd! Confuſion! Sir, you ſet me on, and I will have Satisfaction, all Mankind will point at me.

Mir. [*Aſide.*] I muſt give this Thunderbolt ſome Paſſage, or 'twill break upon my own Head———Look'e, *Duretete*, what do theſe Gentlemen laugh at?

Enter two Gentlemen.

Dur. At me to be ſure——— Sir, what made you laugh at me?

1 *Gen.* You're miſtaken, Sir, if we were merry we had a private Reaſon

2 *Gen.* Sir, we don't know you.

Dur. Sir, I'll make you know me; mark and obſerve me, I wo'n't be nam'd; it ſha'n't be mention'd, not even whiſ-

per'd in your Prayers at Church. 'Sdeath, Sir, d'ye ſmile?

1 *Gen.* Not I, upon my word.

Dur. Why then, look grave as an Owl in a Barn, or a Fryer with his Crown a ſhaving.

Mir. [*Aſide to the Gent.*] Don't be bully'd out of your Humour, Gentlemen; the Fellow's mad, laugh at him, and I'll ſtand by you.

1 *Gen.* Igad and ſo we will.

Both. Ha, ha, ha.

Dur. Ha, ha, ha, very pretty. [*Draws.*] She threaten'd to kick me. Ay, then, you Dogs, I'll murther ye.

[*Fights, and beats them off*, Mir. *runs over to his ſide.*

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, bravely done, *Duretete*, there you had him, noble Captain, hey, they run, they run, *Victoria*, *Victoria* ------ Ha, ha, ha ------ how happy am I in an excellent Friend! Tell me of your Virtuoſo's and Men of Senſe, a parcel of ſowre-fac'd ſplenetick Rogues ------- a Man of my thin Conſtitution ſhou'd never want a Fool in his Company: I don't affect your fine things that improve the Underſtanding, but hearty laughing to fatten my Carcaſe: And o' my Conſcience, a Man of Senſe is as melancholy without a Coxcomb, as a Lyon without his Jackall; he hunts for our Diverſion, ſtarts Game for our Spleen, and perfectly feeds us with Pleaſure.

I hate the Man who makes Acquaintance nice,
And ſtill diſcreetly plagues me with Advice;
Who moves by Caution, and mature Delays,
And muſt give Reaſons for whate'er he ſays.
The Man, indeed, whoſe Converſe is ſo full,
Makes me attentive, but it makes me dull:
Give me the careleſs Rogue, who never thinks,
That plays the Fool as freely as he drinks.
Not a Buffoon, who is Buffoon by Trade,
But one that Nature, not his Wants have made.
Who ſtill is merry, but does ne'er deſign it:
And ſtill is ridicul'd, but ne'er can find it.
Who when he's moſt in earneſt, is the beſt;
And his moſt grave Expreſſion is the Jeſt. [*Exit.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Old* Mirabel's *House.*

Enter Old Mirabel *and* Dugard.

Dug. THE Lady Abbess is my Relation, and privy to the Plot: your Son has been there, but had no Admittance beyond the Privilege of the Grate, and there my Sister refus'd to see him. He went off more nettled at his Repulse, than I thought his Gayety cou'd admit.

Old M. Ay, ay, this Nunnery will bring him about, I warrant ye.

Enter Duretete.

Dur. Here, where are ye all?------O! Mr. *Mirabel*, you have done fine things for your Posterity -------- And you, Mr. *Dugard*, may come to answer this --------I come to demand my Friend at your Hands; restore him, Sir, or ----- [*To Old* Mir.

Old M. Restore him! What d'ye think I have got him in my Trunk, or my Pocket!

Dur. Sir, he's mad, and you're the Cause on't.

Old M. That may be; for I was as mad as he when I begat him.

Dug. Mad, Sir! What d'ye mean?

Dur. What do you mean, Sir, by shutting up your Sister yonder, to talk like a Parrot thro' a Cage? ----- Or a Decoy-Duck, to draw others into the Snare? Your Son, Sir, because she has deserted him, he has forsaken the World; and in three Words, has -----

Old M. Hang'd himself!

Dur. The very same, turn'd Fryer.

Old M. You lie, Sir, 'tis ten times worse. *Bob* turn'd Fryer! ----- Why shou'd the Fellow shave his foolish Crown when the same Razor may cut his Throat?

Dur. If you have any Command, or you any Interest over him, lose not a Minute? He has thrown himself into the next Monastery, and has order'd me to pay off his Servants, and discharge his Equipage.

Old M. Let me alone to ferret him out; I'll sacrifice the Abbot, if he receives him; I'll try whether the Spiritual or the Natural Father has the most Right to the Child. ---- But, dear Captain, what has he done with his Estate?

Dur. Settled it upon the Church, Sir.

Old M. The Church! Nay, then the Devil won't get him out of their Clutches. ----- Ten thouſand Livres a Year upon the Church! 'Tis downright Sacrilege. ------ Come, Gentlemen, all hands to work; for half that Sum, one of theſe Monaſteries ſhall protect you a Traytor from the Law, a Rebellious Wife from her Husband, and a Diſobedient Son from his own Father. [*Exit.*

Dug. But will ye perſuade me that he's gone to a Monaſtery!

Dur. Is your Siſter gone to the *Filles Repenties*? I tell you, Sir, ſhe's not fit for the Society of repenting Maids.

Dug. Why ſo, Sir?

Dur. Becauſe ſhe's neither one nor t'other; ſhe's too old to be a Maid, and too young to repent.

[*Exit*; Dug. *after him.*

SCENE, *the inſide of a Monaſtery*; Oriana *in a Nun's Habit*; Biſarre.

Ori. I hope, *Biſarre*, there is no harm in jeſting with this Religious Habit.

Biſ. To me, the greateſt Jeſt in the Habit, is taking it in earneſt: I don't underſtand this impriſoning People with the Keys of *Paradiſe*, nor the Merit of that Virtue which comes by Conſtraint. ---- Beſides, we may own to one another, that we are in the worſt Company when among our ſelves; for our private Thoughts run us into thoſe Deſires, which our Pride reſiſts from the Attacks of the World; and, you may remember, the firſt Woman then met the Devil, when ſhe retir'd from her Man.

Ori. But I'm reconcil'd, methinks, to the Mortification of a Nunnery; becauſe I fancy the Habit becomes me.

Biſ. A well-contriv'd Mortification, truly, that makes a Woman look ten times handſomer than ſhe did before! ------ Ay, my Dear, were there any Religion in becoming Dreſs, our Sex's Devotion were rightly plac'd; for our Toylets wou'd do the Work of the Altar; we ſhou'd all be canoniz'd.

Ori. But don't you think there is a great deal of Merit, in dedicating a beautiful Face and Perſon to the Service of Religion?

Biſ. Not half ſo much, as devoting 'em to a pretty Fellow: If our Feminality had no Buſineſs in this World, why was it ſent hither? Let us dedicate our beautiful Minds to the

the Service of Heaven. And for our handſome Perſons; they become a Box at the Play, as well as a Pew in the Church.

Ori. But the Viciſſitudes of Fortune, the Inconſtancy of Man, with other Diſappointments of Life, require ſome place of Religion, for a Refuge from their Perſecution.

Biſ. Ha, ha, ha, and do you think there is any Devotion in a Fellow's going to Church, when he takes it only for a Sanctuary? Don't you know, that Religion conſiſts in a Charity with all Mankind; and that you ſhould never think of being Friends with Heaven, till you have quarrell'd with all the World. Come, come, mind your Buſineſs, *Mirabel* loves you, 'tis now plain, and hold him to't; give freſh Orders that he ſhan't ſee you: We get more by hiding our Faces ſometimes, than by expoſing them; a very Mask, you ſee, whets Deſire; but a pair of keen Eyes thro' an Iron Gate, fire double upon 'em, with View and Diſguiſe. But I muſt be gone upon my Affairs, I have brought my Captain about again.

Ori. But why will you trouble your ſelf with that Coxcomb?

Biſ. Becauſe he is a Coxcomb; had I not better have a Lover like him, that I can make an Aſs, than a Lover like yours, to make a Fool of me. [*Knocking below.*] A Meſſage from *Mirabel*, I'll lay my Life. [*She runs to the Door.*] Come hither, Run, thou charming Nun, come hither.

Ori. What's the News? [*Runs to her.*

Biſ. Don't you ſee who's below?

Ori. I ſee no body but a Fryer.

Biſ. Ah! Thou poor blind *Cupid!* O' my Conſcience, theſe Hearts of ours ſpoil our Heads inſtantly; the Fellows no ſooner turn Knaves, than we turn Fools. A Fryer! Don't you ſee a villanous genteel Mien under that Cloak of Hypocriſie, the looſe careleſs Air of a tall Rakehelly Fellow?

Ori. As I live, *Mirabel* turn'd Fryer! I hope, in Heav'n, he's not in earneſt.

Biſ. In earneſt: Ha, ha, ha, are you in earneſt? Now's your time; this Diſguiſe has he certainly taken for a Paſſport, to get in and try your Reſolutions; ſtick to your Habit to be ſure; treat him with Diſdain, rather than Anger; for Pride becomes us more than Paſſion: Remember what I ſay, if you wou'd yield to advantage, and hold out the Attack; to draw him on, keep him off to be ſure.

The canning Gameſters never gain too faſt,
But loſe at firſt, to win the more at laſt. [*Exit.*

Ori. His coming puts me into ſome Ambiguity, I don't know how; I don't fear him, but I miſtruſt my ſelf; wou'd he were not come, yet I wou'd not have him gone neither; I'm afraid to talk with him, but I love to ſee him tho'.

What a ſtrange Power has this fantaſtick Fire,
That makes us dread even what we moſt deſire!

Enter Mirabel *in Fryers Habit.*

Mir. Save you, Siſter-----Your Brother, young Lady, having a regard to your Soul's Health, has ſent me to prepare you for that ſacred Habit by Confeſſion.

Ori. That's falſe, the cloven Foot already. [*Aſide.*] My Brother's Care I own; and to you, ſacred Sir, I confeſs, that the great crying Sin which I have long indulg'd, and now prepare to expiate, was Love. My Morning Thoughts, my Evening Prayers, my Daily Muſings, Nightly Cares, was Love! My preſent Peace, my future Bliſs, the Joy of Earth, and hopes of Heaven, I all contemn'd for Love!

Mir. She's downright ſtark mad in earneſt; Death and Confuſion, I have loſt her! [*Aſide.*] You confeſs your fault, Madam, in ſuch moving Terms, that I could almoſt be in love with the Sin.

Ori. Take care, Sir; Crimes, like Virtues, are their own Rewards; my chief Delight became my only Grief; he in whoſe Breaſt I thought my Heart ſecure turn'd Robber, and deſpoil'd the Treaſure that he kept.

Mir. Perhaps that Treaſure he eſteems ſo much, that like a Miſer, tho' afraid to uſe it, he reſerves it ſafe.

Ori. No, holy Father; who can be Miſer in another's Wealth that's Prodigal of his own, his Heart was open, ſhar'd to all he knew, and what, alas! muſt then become of mine? But the ſame Eyes that drew the Paſſion in, ſhall ſend it out in Tears, to which now hear my Vow.------

Mir. [*Diſcovering himſelf.*] No, my fair Angel, but let me repent; here on his Knees behold the Criminal, that vows Repentance his. Ha! No concern upon her!

Ori. This Turn is odd, and the time has been, that ſuch a ſudden Change wou'd have ſurpriz'd me into ſome Confuſion.

Mir.

Mir. Reſtore that happy Time, for I am now return'd to my ſelf, for I want but pardon to deſerve your Favour, and here I'll fix till you relent, and give it.

Ori. Groveling, ſordid Man; why wou'd you act a thing to make you kneel, Monarch in Pleaſure to be Slave to your Faults? Are all the Conqueſts of your wandring Sway, your Wit, your Humour, Fortune, all reduc'd to the baſe cringing of a bended Knee? Servile and Poor! I-------*Love it*

(*Aſide.*

Mir. I come not here to juſtifie my Fault but my Submiſſion, for tho' there be a meanneſs in this humble Poſture, 'tis nobler ſtill to bend when Juſtice calls, than to reſiſt Conviction.

Ori. No more-------- thy oft repeated violated Words reproach my weak Belief, 'tis the ſevereſt Calumny to hear thee ſpeak; that humble Poſture which once cou'd raiſe, now mortifies my Pride; how can'ſt thou hope for Pardon from one that you affront by asking it?

Mir. (*Riſes.*) In my own Cauſe no more, but give me leave to intercede for you againſt the hard Injunctions of that Habit, which for my fault you wear.

Ori. Surprizing Inſolence! My greateſt Foe pretends to give me Counſel; but I am too warm upon ſo cool a Subject. My Reſolutions, Sir, are fix'd! but as our Hearts were united with the Ceremony of our Eyes, ſo I ſhall ſpare ſome Tears to the Separation, (*Weeps.*) That's all; farewel.

Mir. And muſt I loſe her? No. (*Runs, and catches her.*) Since all my Prayers are vain, I'll uſe the nobler Argument of Man, and force you to the Juſtice you refuſe; you're mine by Pre-contract: And where's the Vow ſo ſacred to diſanul another? I'll urge my Love, your Oath, and plead my Cauſe 'gainſt all Monaſtick Shifts upon the Earth.

Ori. Unhand me, Raviſher! Wou'd you prophane theſe holy Walls with Violence? Revenge for all my paſt Diſgrace now offers, thy Life ſhould anſwer this, wou'd I provoke the Law: Urge me no farther, but be gone.

Mir. Inexorable Woman, let me kneel again.

(*Kneels.*

Enter Old Mirabel.

Old M. Where, where's this Counterfeit Nun?

Ori. Madneſs! Confuſion! I'm ruin'd!

Mir. What do I hear? (*Puts on his Hood.*) What did you ſay, Sir?

Old

Old M. I ſay ſhe's a Counterfeit, and you may be another for ought I know, Sir; I have loſt my Child by theſe Tricks, Sir.

Mir. What Tricks, Sir?

Old M. By a pretended Trick, Sir. A Contrivance to bring my Son to reaſon, and it has made him ſtark mad; I have loſt him, and a thouſand Pound a Year.

Mir. (*Diſcovering himſelf.*) My dear Father, I'm your moſt humble Servant.

Old M. My dear Boy, (*Runs and kiſſes him.*) Welcome, *ex Inferis*, my dear Boy, 'tis all a Trick, ſhe's no more a Nun than I am.

Mir. No?

Old M. The Devil a bit.

Mir. Then kiſs me again, my dear Dad, for the moſt happy News.--------And now moſt venerable holy Siſter.

(*Kneels.*

Your Mercy and your Pardon I implore,
For the Offence of asking it before.

Look'e, my dear counterfeiting Nun, take my Advice, be a Nun in good earneſt; Women make the beſt Nuns always when they can't do otherwiſe. Ay, my dear Father, there is a Merit in your Son's Behaviour that you little think; the free Deportment of ſuch Fellows as I, makes more Ladies Religious, than all the Pulpits in *France*.

Ori. O! Sir, how unhappily have you deſtroy'd what was ſo near Perfection! He is the Counterfeit that has deceiv'd you.

Old M. Ha! Look'e, Sir, I recant, ſhe is a Nun.

Mir. Sir, your humble Servant, then I'm a Fryer this Moment.

Old M. Was ever an old Fool ſo banter'd by a Brace o' young ones; hang you both, you're both Counterfeits, and my Plot's ſpoil'd, that's all.

Ori. Shame and Confuſion, Love, Anger, and Diſappointment, will work my Brain to Madneſs.

(*Throws off her Habit. Exit.*

Mir. Ay, ay, throw by the Rags, they have ſerv'd a turn for us both, and they ſhall e'en go off together.

(*Takes off his Habit.*

Thus the ſick Wretch, when tortur'd by his Pain,
And finding all Eſſays for Life are vain;

When

When the Physician can no more design,
Then call the other Doctor, the Divine.
What Vows to Heaven, won'd Heaven restore his Health;
Vows All to Heaven, his Thoughts, his Actions, Wealth:
But if restor'd to Vigour as before,
His Health refuses what his Sickness swore.
The Body is no sooner Rais'd and Well.
But the weak Soul relapses into Ill.
To all its former Swing of Life is led,
And leaves its Vows and Promises in Bed.

(Exit, *throwing away the Habit.*

SCENE *changes to* Old Mirabel's *House:* Duretete *with a Letter.*

Dur. (*Reads.*)

MY Rudeness was only a Proof of your Humour, which I have found so agreeable, that I own my self penitent, and willing to make any Reparation upon your first Appearance to

BISARRE.

Mirabel swears she loves me, and this confirms it; then farewel Gallantry, and welcome Revenge: 'tis my turn now to be upon the Sublime, I'll take her off, I warrant her.

Enter Bisarre.

Well, Mistress, do you love me?

Bis. I hope, Sir, you will pardon the Modesty of--------

Dur. Of what? of a Dancing Devil!----Do you love me, I say.

Bis. Perhaps I-----

Dur. What?

Bis. Perhaps I do not.

Dur. Ha! abus'd again! Death, Woman, I'll--------

Bis. Hold, hold, Sir, I do, I do!

Dur. Confirm it then by your Obedience, stand there; and Ogle me now, as if your Heart, Blood, and Soul were like to fly out at your Eyes.---First, the direct Surprise (*She looks full upon him.*) Right; next the *Deux yeux par oblique.* (*She gives him the side Glance.*) Right; now depart, and languish. (*She turns from him, and looks over her Shoulder.*) Very well; now Sigh. (*She Sighs.*) Now drop your Fan a purpose. (*She drops her Fan.*) Now take it up again: Come now, confess your Faults, are not you a proud------say after me.

Bis.

Bif. Proud.

Dur. Impertinent.

Bif. Impertinent.

Dur. Ridiculous.

Bif. Ridiculous.

Dur. Flurt.

Bif. Puppy.

Dur. Soons, Woman, don't provoke me, we are alone, and you don't know but the Devil may tempt me to do you a Miſchief, ask my Pardon immediately.

Bif. I do, Sir, I only miſtook the Word.

Dur. Cry then, ha' you got e'er a Handkerchief?

Bif. Yes, Sir.

Dur. Cry then, handſomly; cry like a Queen in a Tragedy.

(*She, pretending to cry, burſts out a laughing, and enter two Ladies laughing.*

Bif. Ha, ha, ha.

Ladies both.) Ha, ha, ha.

Dur. Hell broke looſe upon me, and all the Furies flutter'd about my Ears! Betray'd again!

Bif. That you are upon my Word, my dear Captain; ha, ha, ha.

Dur. The Lord deliver me.

1. *Lady.* What! Is this the mighty Man with the Bull-face that comes to frighten Ladies? I long to ſee him angry; come, begin.

Dur. Ah, Madam, I'm the beſt natur'd Fellow in the World.

2. *Lady.* A Man! We're miſtaken, a Man has Manners; the aukard Creature is ſome Tinker's Trull in a Perriwig.

Bif. Come, Ladies, let's examine him. (*They lay hold on him.*

Dur. Examine! The Devil you will!

Bif. I'll lay my Life, ſome great Dairy-Maid in Man's Cloaths.

Dur. They will do't;——look'e, dear Chriſtian Women, pray hear me.

Bif. Will you ever attempt a Lady's Honour again?

Dur. If you pleaſe to let me get away with my Honour, I'd do any thing in the World.

Bif. Will you perſuade your Friend to marry mine?

Dur. O, yes to be ſure.

Bif. And will you do the ſame by me?

Dur. Burn me if I do, if the Coaſt be clear. (*Runs out.*

Bif. Ha, ha, ha, the Viſit, Ladies, was critical for our Diverſion; we'll go make an end of our Tea. (*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Mirabel *and* Old Mirabel.

Mir. Your Patience, Sir. I tell you I won't marry; and tho' you ſend all the Biſhops in *France* to perſuade me, I ſhall never believe their Doctrine againſt their Practice.

Old M. But will you diſobey your Father, Sir?

Mir. Wou'd my Father have his youthful Son lie lazing here, bound to a Wife, chain'd like a Monkey to make ſport to a Woman, ſubject to her Whims, Humours, Longings, Vapours and Caprices, to have her one Day pleas'd, to Morrow peeviſh, the next Day mad, the fourth rebellious; and nothing but this Succeſſion of Impertinence for Ages together. Be merciful, Sir, to your own Fleſh and Blood.

Old M. But, Sir, did not I bear all this, why ſhould not you?

Mir. Then you think, that Marriage, like Treaſon, ſhould attaint the whole Blood; pray conſider, Sir, is it reaſonable becauſe you throw your ſelf down from one Story, that I muſt caſt my ſelf headlong from the Garret Window; you wou'd compel me to that State, which I have heard you curſe your ſelf, when my Mother and you have battel'd it for a whole Week together.

Old M. Never but once, you Rogue, and that was when ſhe long'd for ſix *Flanders* Mares: Ay, Sir, then ſhe was breeding of you, which ſhew'd what an expenſive Dog I ſhou'd have of you.

Enter Petit.

Well *Petit*, how do's ſhe now?

Pet. Mad, Sir, *con Pompos*-------Ay, Mr. *Mirabel*, you'll believe that I ſpeak truth, now, when I confeſs that I have told you hitherto nothing but Lies; our jeſting is come to a ſad Earneſt, ſhe's down-right diſtracted.

Enter Biſarre.

Biſ. Where is this mighty Victor?-------The great Exploit is done; go triumph in the Glory of your Conqueſt, inhumane, barbarous Man! O, Sir, (*To the* Old Gentleman.) your wretched Ward has found a tender Guardian of you, where her young Innocence expected Protection, here has ſhe found her Ruin.

Old M. Ay, the fault is mine, for I believe that Rogue won't marry, for fear of begetting ſuch a diſobedient Son as his Father did. I have done all I can, Madam, and now can do no more than run mad for Company. (*Cries.*

Enter Dugard *with his Sword drawn.*

Dug. Away! Revenge, Revenge.

Old

Old M. Patience, Patience, Sir. [Old Mirabel *holds him.*
Bob, draw. [*Aſide.*

Dug. Patience! The Coward's Virtue, and the brave Man's failing, when thus provok'd------Villain!

Mir. Your Siſter's Frenzy ſhall excuſe your Madneſs; and ſhew my Concern for what ſhe ſuffers, I'll bear the Villain from her Brother.-----Put up your Anger with your Sword; I have a Heart like yours, that ſwells at an Affront received, but melts at an Injury given; and if the lovely *Oriana*'s Grief be ſuch a moving Scene, 'twill find a part within this Breaſt, perhaps as tender as a Brother's.

Dug. To prove that ſoft Compaſſion for her Grief, endeavour to remove it.------- There, there, behold an Object that's infective; I cannot view her, but I am as mad as ſhe: (*Enter* Oriana *mad, held by two Maids, who put her in a Chair.*) A Siſter that my dying Parents left, with their laſt Words and Bleſſing, to my Care. Siſter, deareſt Siſter. (*Goes to her.*

Old M. Ay, poor Child, poor Child, d'ye know me?

Ori. You! you are *Amadis de Gaul*, Sir;------Oh! oh my Heart! Were you never in Love, fair Lady? And do you never dream of Flowers and Gardens?-----I dream of walking Fires, and tall Gigantick Sights. Take heed, it comes now---What's that? Pray ſtand away: I have ſeen that Face ſure.------How light my Head is.

Mir. What piercing Charms has Beauty, ev'n in Madneſs! theſe ſudden ſtarts of undigeſted Words ſhoot thro' my Soul, with more perſuaſive Force than all the ſtudy'd Art of labour'd Eloquence.---Come, Madam, try to repoſe a little.

Ori. I cannot; for I muſt be up to go to Church, and I muſt dreſs me, put on my new Gown, and be ſo fine, to meet my Love. Hey, ho!------Will not you tell me where my Heart lyes bury'd?

Mir. My very Soul is touch'd----Your Hand, my Fair.

Ori. How ſoft and gentle you feel?------I'll tell you your Fortune, Friend.

Mir. How ſhe ſtares upon me!

Ori. You have a flattering Face; but 'tis a fine one-----I warrant you have five hundred Miſtreſſes----Ay, to be ſure, a Miſtreſs for every Guinea in his Pocket-----Will you pray for me? I ſhall die to Morrow---And will you ring my Paſſing-Bell?

Mir. O Woman, Woman, of Artifice created! whoſe Nature, even diſtracted, has a Cunning: In vain let Man his Senſe, his Learning boaſt, when Woman's Madneſs over-rules his Reaſon. Do you know me, injur'd Creature?

Ori.

Ori. No, ----- but you shall be my intimate Acquaintance in the Grave. [*Weeps.*

Mir. Oh Tears, I must believe you; sure there's a kind of Sympathy in Madness; for even I, obdurate as I am, do feel my Soul so toss'd with Storms of Passion, that I could cry for help as well as she.---- [*Wipes his Eyes.*

Ori. What have you lost your Lover? No, you mock me; I'll go home and pray.

Mir. Stay, my fair Innocence, and hear me own my Love so loud, that I may call your Senses to their Place, restore 'em to their charming happy Functions, and re-instate my self into your Favour.

Bis. Let her alone, Sir, 'tis all too late; she trembles, hold her, her Fits go stronger by her talking; don't trouble her, she don't know you, Sir.

Old M. Not know him! what then? she loves to see him for all that.

Enter Duretete.

Dur. Where are you all? What the Devil! melancholly, and I here! Are ye sad, and such a ridiculous Subject, such a very good Jest among ye, as I am?

Mir. Away with this Impertinence; this is no place for Bagatel: I have murder'd my Honour, destroy'd a Lady, and my desire of Reparation is come at length too late: See there.

Dur. What ails her?

Mir. Alas, She's mad.

Dur. Mad! dost wonder at that? By this Light, they're all so; they're cozening mad, they're brawling mad, they're proud mad; I just now came from a whole World of mad Women, that had almost-----What, is she dead?

Mir. Dead! Heav'ns forbid.

Dur. Heav'ns farther it; for till they be as cold as a Key, there's no trusting them; you're never sure that a Woman's in earnest, 'till she be nail'd in her Coffin. Shall I talk to her? Are you mad, Mistress?

Bis. What's that to you, Sir.

Dur. Oons, Madam, are you there? [*Runs off.*

Mir. Away, thou wild Buffoon; how poor and mean this Humour now appears? His Follies and my own I here disclaim; this Lady's Frenzy has restor'd my Senses, and was she perfect now, as once she was, (before you all I speak it,) she should be mine; and as she is, my Tears and Prayers shall woo her.

Dag. How happy had this Declaration been some hours ago?

Biſ. Sir, ſhe beckons to you, and waves us to go off; come, come, lets leave 'em. [*Ex. omnes, but* Mir. *and* Ori.

Ori. Oh, Sir!

Mir. Speak, my charming Angel, if your dear Senſes have regain'd their Order; ſpeak, Fair, and bleſs me with the News.

Ori. Firſt, let me bleſs the Cunning of my Sex, that happy counterfeited Frenzy that has reſtor'd to my poor labouring Breaſt, the deareſt, beſt-belov'd of Men.

Mir. Tune all, ye Spheres, your Inſtruments of Joy, and carry round your ſpacious Orbs, the happy ſound of *Oriana*'s Health; her Soul, whoſe Harmony was next to yours, is now in Tune again; the counterfeiting Fair has play'd the Fool.

She was ſo mad to counterfeit for me.
I was ſo mad to pawn my Liberty:
But now we both are well, and both are free.

Ori. How, Sir? Free!

Mir. As Air, my dear Bedlamite; what, marry a Lunatick! Look, my Dear, you have counterfeited Madneſs ſo very well this bout, that you'll be apt to play the Fool all your Life long.----Here, Gentlemen.

Ori. Monſter! you won't diſgrace me.

Mir. O' my Faith, but I will; here, come in, Gentlemen ——A Miracle! a Miracle! the Woman's diſpoſſeſs'd, the Devil's vaniſh'd.

Enter Old Mirabel *and* Dugard.

Old M. Bleſs us, was ſhe poſſeſs'd?

Mir. With the worſt of Demons, Sir, a Marriage-Devil, a horrid Devil. Mr. *Dugard*, don't be ſurpriz'd, I promis'd my Endeavours to cure your Siſter; no mad Doctor in *Chriſtendom* could have done it more effectually. Take her into your Charge; and have a care ſhe don't relapſe; if ſhe ſhould, employ me again, for I am no more infallible than others of the Faculty; I do cure ſometimes.

Ori. Your Remedy, moſt barbarous Man, will prove the greateſt Poiſon to my Health; for tho' my former Frenzy was but counterfeit, I now ſhall run into a real Madneſs.

[*Exit*; Old Mir. *after*

Dug. This was a turn beyond my Knowledge; I'm ſo confus'd, I know not how to reſent it. [*Exit.*

Mir. What a dangerous Precipice have I 'ſcap'd? Was not I juſt now upon the Brink of Deſtruction?

Enter

Enter Duretete.

O my Friend, let me run into thy Bosom ; no Lark escap'd from the devouring Pounces of a Hawk, quakes with more dismal Apprehensions.

Dur. The matter, Man !

Mir. Marriage, Hanging ; I was just at the Gallows-foot, the running Noose about my Neck, and the Cart wheeling from me. --- Oh --- I sha'n't be my self this Month again.

Dur. Did not I tell you so ? They are all alike, Saints or Devils ; their counterfeiting can't be reputed a Deceit ; for 'tis the Nature of the Sex, not their Contrivance.

Mir. Ay, ay : There's no living here with Security ; this House is so full of Stratagem and Design, that I must abroad again.

Dur. With all my Heart, I'll bear thee Company, my Lad ; I'll meet you at the Play ; and we'll set out for *Italy* to morrow Morning.

Mir. A Match : I'll go pay my Compliment of leave to my Father presently.

Dur. I'm afraid he'll stop you.

Mir. What, pretend a Command over me after his Settlement of a thousand Pound a Year upon me ! No, no, he has passed away his Authority with the Conveyance ; the Will of a living Father is chiefly obeyed for sake of the dying one.

What makes the World attend and crowd the Great ?
Hopes, Interest, and Dependence, make their State.
Behold the Anti-chamber fill'd with Beaux,
A Horse's Levee throng'd with Courtly Crows.
Tho' grumbling Subjects make the Crown their sport,
Hopes of a Place will bring the Sparks to Court.
Dependence, even a Father's sway secures,
For tho' the Son rebels, the Heir is yours.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *the Street before the* Play-houſe; Mirabel *and* Duretete *as coming from the Play.*

Dur. HOW d'ye like this Play?

Mir. I lik'd the Company; the Lady, the rich Beauty in the Front-box had my Attention: Theſe impudent Poets bring the Ladies together to ſupport Them, and to kill every body elſe.

For Deaths upon the Stage the Ladies cry,
But ne'er mind us that in the Audience die:
The Poet's Hero ſhou'd not move their Pain,
But they ſhou'd weep for thoſe their Eyes have ſlain.

Dur. Hoity, toity; did *Phillis* inſpire you with all this?

Mir. Ten times more; the Play-houſe is the Element of Poetry, becauſe the Region of Beauty; the Ladies, methinks, have a more inſpiring triumphant Air in the Boxes than any where elſe, they ſit commanding on their Thrones with all their Subject-ſlaves about them: Their beſt Cloaths, beſt Looks, ſhining Jewels, ſparkling Eyes, the Treaſure of the World in a Ring. Then there's ſuch a hurry of Pleaſure to tranſport us; the Buſtle, Noiſe, Gallantry, Equipage, Garters, Feathers, Wigs, Bows, Smiles, Ogles, Love, Muſick and Applauſe. I cou'd wiſh that my whole Life long were the firſt Night of a new Play.

Dur. The Fellow has quite forgot this Journey; have you beſpoke Poſt-Horſes?

Mir. Grant me but three Days, dear Captain, one to diſcover the Lady, one to unfold my ſelf, and one to make me happy; and then I'm yours to the World's end.

Dur. Haſt thou the Impudence to promiſe thy ſelf a Lady of her Figure and Quality in ſo ſhort a time?

Mir. Yes, Sir ---- I have a confident Addreſs, no diſagreeable Perſon, and five hundred *Lewidores* in my Pocket.

Dur. Five hundred *Lewidores!* You a'n't mad?

Mir. I tell you, ſhe's worth five thouſand; one of her Black Brilliant Eyes is worth a Diamond as big as her Head

I com

I compar'd her Necklace with her Looks, and the living Jewels out ſparkl'd the dead ones by a Million.

Dur. But you have own'd to me, that abating *Oriana*'s Pretenſions to Marriage, you lov'd her Paſſionately, then how can you wander at this rate?

Mir. I long'd for a Partridge t'other day off the King's Plate, but d'ye think, becauſe I cou'd not have it, I muſt eat nothing.

Dur. Prithee, *Mirabel*, be quiet; you may remember what narrow ſcapes you have had abroad by following Strangers; you forget your Leap out of the *Curteſan*'s Window at *Bologna* to ſave your fine Ring there.

Mir. My Ring's a Trifle, there's nothing we poſſeſs comparable to what we deſire----- be ſhy of a Lady barefac'd in the Front-Box with a thouſand Pound in Jewels about her Neck! For ſhame, no more.

Enter Oriana *in Boy's Cloaths with a Letter.*

Ori. Is your Name, *Mirabel*, Sir?

Mir. Yes, Sir.

Ori. A Letter from your Uncle in *Picardy.*

[*Gives the Letter.*

Mir. [*Reads.*]

THE Bearer is the Son of a Proteſtant Gentleman, who flying for his Religion, left me the Charge of this Youth [a pretty Boy.] *he's fond of ſome handſome Service that may afford him opportunity of Improvement, your Care of him will oblige*

Yours,

Haſt a mind to travel, Child?

Ori. 'Tis my Deſire, Sir; I ſhou'd be pleas'd to ſerve a Traveller in any Capacity.

Mir. A hopeful Inclination; you ſhall along with me into *Italy*, as my Page.

Dur. I don't think it ſafe; the Rogue's [*Noiſe without.*] too handſome----- The Play's done, and ſome of the Ladies come this way.

Enter Lamorce, *with her Train born up by a Page.*

Mir. Duretete, the very Dear, identical She.

Dur. And what then?

Mir. Why 'tis ſhe.

Dur. And what then, Sir?

Mir. Then! Why,----- Look'e, Sirrah, the firſt piece of Service I put you upon, is to follow that Lady's Coach, and bring me word where ſhe lives. [*To* Oriana.

Ori. I don't know the Town, Sir, and am afraid of loſing my ſelf.

Mir. Pſhaw!

Lam. Page, what's became of all my People?

Page. I can't tell, Madam, I can ſee no ſign of your Ladyſhip's Coach.

Lam. That Fellow is got into his old Pranks, and fall'n drunk ſomewhere; none of the Footmen there?

Page. Not one, Madam.

Lam. Theſe Servants are the plague of our Lives, what ſhall I do?

Mir. By all my Hopes Fortune pimps for me; now *Duretete* for a piece of Gallantry.

Dur. Why you won't ſure?

Mir. Won't, Brute! Let not your Servant's neglect, Madam, put your Ladyſhip to any Inconvenience, for you can't be diſappointed of an Equipage whilſt mine waits below, and wou'd you honour the Maſter ſo far, he wou'd be proud to pay his Attendance.

Dur. Ay, to be ſure. [*Aſide.*

Lam. Sir, I won't preſume to be troubleſome, for my Habitation is a great way off.

Dur. Very true, Madam, and he's a little engag'd, beſides Madam; a Hackney-Coach will do as well, Madam.

Mir. Rude Beaſt, be quiet! [*To* Duretete.] The farther from home, Madam, the more occaſion you have for Guard -----pray, Madam.------

Lam. Lard, Sir.---- [*He ſeems to preſs, ſhe to decline it in dumb ſhew.*

Dur. Ah! The Devil's in his Impudence; now he wheedles, ſhe ſmiles; he flatters, ſhe ſimpers; he ſwears, ſhe believes; he's a Rogue, and ſhe's a Wh----in a moment.

Mir. Without there, my Coach; *Duretete*, wiſh me Joy. [*Hands the Lady out.*

Dur. Wiſh you a Surgeon! Here you little *Picard*, go follow your Maſter, and he'll lead you----

Ori. Whither, Sir?

Dur. To the Academy Child: 'tis the Faſhion with Men of Quality to teach their Pages their Exerciſes------go.

Ori. Won't you go with him too, Sir; that Woman may do him ſome harm, I don't like her.

Dur. Why, how now, *Tages*, do you ſtart up to give Laws of a ſudden; do you pretend to riſe at Court, and diſapprove the Pleaſures of your Betters: Look'e, Sirrah, if ever you wou'd riſe by a great Man, be ſure to be with him in his

his little Actions, and, as a step to your Advancement, follow your Master immediately, and make it your Hope that he go to a Bawdy-house.

Ori. Heavens forbid. [*Exit.*

Dur. Now wou'd I sooner take a Cart in Company of the Hangman, than a Coach with that Woman: What a strange Antipathy have I taken against these Creatures; a Woman to me is Aversion upon Aversion, Cheese, a Cat, a Breast of Mutton, the squeeling of Children, the grinding of Knives, and the Snuff of a Candle. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *a handsome Apartment.*

Enter Mirabel *and* Lamorce.

Lam. To convince me, Sir, that your Service was something more than good Breeding, please to lay out an Hour of your Company upon my Desire, as you have already upon my Necessity.

Mir. Your Desire, Madam, has only prevented my Request; my Hours! Make 'em yours, Madam, eleven, twelve, one, two, three, and all that belong to those happy Minutes.

Lam. But I must trouble you, Sir, to dismiss your Retinue, because an Equipage at my Door, at this time of Night will not be consistent with my Reputation.

Mir. By all means, Madam, all but one little Boy -------- Here, Page, order my Coach and Servants home, and do you stay; 'tis a foolish Country, Boy, that knows nothing but Innocence.

Lam. Innocence, Sir! I shou'd be sorry if you made any sinister Constructions of my Freedom.

Mir. O Madam, I must not pretend to remark upon any Body's Freedom, having so entirely forfeited my own.

Lam. Well, Sir, 'twere convenient towards our easy Correspondence, that we enter'd into a free Confidence of each other, by a mutual Declaration of what we are, and what we think of one another. ---- Now, Sir, what are you?

Mir. In three Words, Madam, ----- I am a Gentleman, I have five hundred Pound in my Pocket, and a clean Shirt on.

Lam. And your Names is -----

Mir. Mustapha. ----- Now, Madam, the Inventory of your Fortunes.

Lam. My Name is *Lamorce*; my Birth Noble; I was married young, to a proud, rude, sullen, imperious Fellow; the Husband spoiled the Gentleman; Crying ruin'd my Face,

till at laſt I took heart, leap'd out of a Window, got away to my Friends, ſu'd my Tyrant, and recover'd my Fortune---- I lived from fifteen to twenty to pleaſe a Husband, from twenty to forty I'm reſolv'd to pleaſe my ſelf, and from thence upwards I'll humour the World.

Mir. The charming wild Notes of a Bird broke out of its Cage!

Lam. I mark'd you at the Play, and ſomething I ſaw of a well-furniſh'd, careleſs, agreeable Tour about you. Methought your Eyes made their mannerly demands with ſuch an arch Modeſty, that I don't know how ------- but I'm clop'd. Ha, ha, ha, I'm clop'd.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, I rejoyce in your good Fortune with all my Heart.

Lam. O, now I think on't, Mr. *Muſtapha*, you have got the fineſt Ring there, I cou'd ſcarcely believe it right, pray let me ſee it.

Mir. Hum! Yes, Madam, 'tis; 'tis right ------- but, but, but, it was given me by my Mother, an old Family-Ring, Madam, an old faſhion'd Family-Ring.

Lam. Ay, Sir ----- if you can entertain your ſelf with a Song for a Moment I'll wait on you, come in there.

Enter Singers.

Call what you pleaſe, Sir.

Mir. The new Song ----. *Prithee*, Phillis, *&c.*

SONG.

Certainly the Stars have been in a ſtrange intriguing Humour when I was born. ----- Ay, this Night ſhou'd I have had a Bride in my Arms, and that I ſhou'd like well enough; but what ſhou'd I have to morrow Night? The ſame. And what next Night? the ſame; and what next Night? the very ſame: Soop for Breakfaſt, Soop for Dinner, Soop for Supper, and Soop for Breakfaſt again. ---- but here's variety.

I love the Fair who freely gives her Heart,
That's mine by Ties of Nature, not of Art;
Who boldly owns whate'er her Thoughts indite,
And is too modeſt for a Hypocrite.

[Lamorce *appears at the Door, as he runs towards her, four Bravoes ſtep in before her. He ſtarts back.*

She comes, she comes——Hum, hum——Bitch——Murder'd murder'd to be sure! The curs'd Strumpet! To make me send away my Servants——no Body near me! These Cut-throats make always sure Work. What shall I do? I have but one way. Are these Gentlemen, your Relations, Madam?

Lam. Yes, Sir.

Mir. Gentlemen, your most humble Servant; Sir, your most faithful, yours, Sir, with all my heart; your most obedient ——come, Gentlemen. (*Salutes all round.*) please to sit—— no Ceremony, next the Lady, pray Sir.

Lam. Well, Sir, and how d'ye like my Friends?

(*They all sit.*

Mir. O, Madam, the most finish'd Gentlemen! I was never more happy in good Company in my Life; I suppose, Sir, you have travell'd?

1 *Bra.* Yes, Sir.

Mir. Which way? may I presume?

1 *Bra.* In a Western Barge, Sir.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, very pretty; facetious pretty Gentleman!

Lam. Ha, ha, ha; Sir, you have got the prettiest Ring upon your Finger there——

Mir. Ah! Madam, 'tis at your Service with all my Heart. (*Offering the Ring.*

Lam. By no means, Sir, a Family-Ring! (*Takes it.*

Mir. No matter, Madam. Seven hundred Pound, by this Light. (*Aside.*

2 *Bra.* Pray, Sir, what's a Clock?

Mir. Hum! Sir, I forgot my Watch at home.

2 *Bra.* I thought I saw the String of it just now.

Mir. Ods my Life, Sir, I beg your Pardon, here it is—— but it don't go. (*Putting it up.*

Lam. O dear Sir, an *English* Watch! *Tompion*'s, I presume.

Mir. D'ye like it, Madam——no Ceremony——'tis at your Service with all my Heart and Soul——*Tompion*'s! Hang ye. (*Aside.*

1 *Bra.* But, Sir, above all things, I admire the Fashion and Make of your Sword-hilt.

Mir. I'm mighty glad you like it, Sir.

1 *Bra.* Will you part with it, Sir.

Mir. Sir, I won't sell it.

1 *Bra.* Not sell it, Sir!

Mir.

Mir. No, Gentlemen,-------but I'll beſtow it with all my Heart. [*Offering it.*

Bra. O Sir, we ſhall rob you.

Mir. That you do I'll be ſworn. [*Aſide.*] I have another at home, pray, Sir,------Gentlemen you're too modeſt, have I any thing elſe that you fancy?----------Sir, will you do me a Favour? [*To the* 1 *Bravo.*] I am extremely in love with that Wig which you wear, will you do me the Favour to change with me?

1 *Bra.* Look'e, Sir, this is a Family-Wig, and I wou'd not part with it, but if you like it----

Mir. Sir, your moſt humble Servant. [*They change Wigs.*

1 *Bra.* Madam, your moſt humble Slave.

Goes up foppiſhly to the Lady, ſalutes her.

2. *Bra.* The Fellow's very liberal, ſhall we murder him?

1 *Bra.* What! Let him 'ſcape, to hang us all! And I to loſe my Wig; no, no, I want but a handſome Pretence to quarrel with him, for you know we muſt act like Gentlemen. Here, ſome Wine---[*Wine here.*] Sir, your good Health.

[*Pulls* Mirabel *by the Noſe.*

Mir. Oh! Sir, your moſt humble Servant; a pleaſant Frolick enough, to drink a Man's Health, and pull him by the Noſe; ha, ha, ha, the pleaſanteſt pretty humour'd Gentleman.

Lam. Help the Gentleman to a Glaſs. [Mir. *drinks.*

1 *Bra.* How d'ye like the Wine, Sir?

Mir. Very good o' the kind, Sir; but I tell ye what, I find we're all inclin'd to be frolickſome, and I'gad, for my own part, I was never more diſpoſed to be merry; let's make a Night on't, ha!----This Wine is pretty, but I have ſuch *Burgundy* at home.----Look'e, Gentlemen, let me ſend for a dozen Flasks of my *Burgundy*, I defie *France* to match it-----'Twill make us all Life, all Air, pray Gentlemen.

2 *Bra.* Eh! Shall us have his *Burgundy*?

1 *Bra.* Yes, faith, we'll have all we can; here, call up the Gentleman's Servant.-------What think you, *Lamorce*?

Lam. Yes, yes,-----your Servant is a fooliſh Country Boy, Sir, he underſtands nothing but Innocence?

Mir. Ay, ay, Madam.---------Here, Page, [*Enter* Oriana.] take this Key, and go to my Butler, order him to ſend half a Dozen Flasks of the red *Burgundy*, mark'd a thouſand; and be ſure you make haſte, I long to entertain my Friends here, my very good Friends.

Omnes. Ah, dear, Sir!

1 *Bra.* Here, Child, take a Glaſs of Wine-----Your Maſter and I have chang'd Wigs, Honey, in a Frolick.———Where had you this pretty Boy, honeſt *Muſtapha*?

Ori. Muſtapha!

Mir. Out of *Picardy*-----this is the firſt Errand he has made for me, and if he does it right, I'll encourage him.

Ori. The red *Burgundy*, Sir?

Mir. The red, mark'd a thouſand, and be ſure you make haſte.

Ori. I ſhall, Sir. (*Exit.*

1 *Bra.* Sir, you were pleas'd to like my Wig, have you any Fancy for my Coat?——Look'e, Sir, it has ſerv'd a great many honeſt Gentlemen very faithfully.

Mir. Not ſo faithfully, for I'm afraid it has got a ſcurvy Trick of leaving all its Maſters in Neceſſity.----The Inſolence of theſe Dogs is beyond their Cruelty. (*Aſide.*

Lam. You're melancholly, Sir.

Mir. Only concern'd, Madam, that I ſhould have no Servant here but this little Boy----he'll make ſome confounded Blunder, I'll lay my Life on't, I wou'd not be diſappointed of my Wine for the Univerſe.

Lam. He'll do well enough, Sir; but Supper's ready, will you pleaſe to eat a Bit, Sir?

Mir. O Madam, I never had a better Stomach in my Life.

Lam. Come then,———we have nothing but a Plate of Soop.

Mir. Ah! The Marriage-Soop I cou'd diſpenſe with now. (*Aſide.*) (Exit, *handing the Lady.*

2. *Bra.* That Wig wo'n't fall to your Share.

1. *Bra.* No, no, we'll ſettle that after Supper, in the mean time the Gentleman ſhall wear it.

2 *Bra.* ſhall we diſpatch him?

3. *Bra.* To be ſure, I think he knows me.

1 *Bra.* Ay, ay, dead Men tell no Tales; I wonder at the Impudence of the *Engliſh* Rogues, that will hazard the meeting a Man at the Bar that they have encounter'd upon the Road! I ha'n't the Confidence to look a Man in the Face after I have done him an Injury, therefore we'll murder him. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Old Mirabel's *Houſe.*

Enter Duretete.

Dur. My Friend has forſaken me, I have abandon'd my Miſtreſs, my time lies heavy on my Hands, and my Money burns

burns in my Pocket———But now I think on't my Mirmidons are upon Duty to Night; I'll fairly ſtrole down to the Guard, and nod away the Night with my honeſt Lieutenant over a Flask of Wine, a Rakehelly Story, and a Pipe of Tobacco. (*Going off*, Biſ. *meets him.*

Biſ. Who comes there? ſtand!

Dur. Hey day, now ſhe's turn'd Dragoon.

Biſ. Look'e, Sir, I'm told you intend to travel again.——I deſign to wait on you as far as *Italy*.

Dur. Then I'll travel into *Wales*.

Biſ. Wales! What Country's that?

Dur. The Land of Mountains, Child, where you're never out of the way, 'cauſe there's no ſuch thing as a High-road.

Biſ. Rather always in a High-road, 'cauſe you travel all upon Hills;——but be't as it will, I'll jog along with you.

Dur. But we intend to ſail to the *Eaſt-Indies*.

Biſ. Eaſt or *Weſt*, 'tis all one to me; I'm tight and light, and the fitter for ſailing.

Dur. But ſuppoſe we take thro' *Germany*, and drink hard.

Biſ. Suppoſe I take thro' *Germany*, and drink harder than you.

Dur. Suppoſe I go to a Baudy-houſe.

Biſ. Suppoſe I ſhew you the way.

Dur. 'Sdeath, Woman, will you go to the Guard with me, and ſmoak a Pipe?

Biſ. Allons, Done!

Dur. The Devil's in the Woman;-------ſuppoſe I hang my ſelf.

Biſ. There I'll leave you.

Dur. And a happy riddance, the Gallows is welcome.

Biſ. Hold, hold, Sir, [*Catches him by the Arm going.*] one word before we part.

Dur. Let me go, Madam,------- or I ſhall think that you're a Man, and perhaps may examine you.

Biſ. Stir if you dare; I have ſtill Spirits to attend me; and can raiſe ſuch a muſter of Fairies as ſhall puniſh you to death.---Come, Sir, ſtand there now and ogle me; [*He frowns upon her.*] Now a languiſhing Sigh! [*He groans.*] Now run and take up my Fan,----faſter. [*He runs and takes it up.*] Now play with it handſomely.

Dur. Ay, ay. [*He tears it all in pieces.*

Biſ. Hold, hold, dear humorous Coxcomb; Captain, ſpare my Fan, and I'll--------Why, you rude, inhumane Monſter, don't you expect to pay for this?

Dur.

Dur. Yes, Madam, there's Twelve Pence; for that's the price on't.

Bif. Sir, it coſt a Guinea.

Dur. Well, Madam, you ſhall have the Sticks again.

(*Throws them to her, and* Exit.

Bif. Ha, ha, ha, ridiculous, below my Concern. I muſt follow him however, to know if he can give me any News of *Oriana*. (*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Lamorce's *Lodgings.*

Enter Mirabel Solus.

Mir. Bloody Hell-hounds, I over-heard you:------Was not I two hours ago the happy, gay, rejoicing----*Mirabel*? How did I plume my Hopes in a fair coming proſpect of a long Scene of Years? Life courted me with all the Charms of Vigour, Youth, and Fortune; and to be torn away from all my promiſed Joys, is more than Death, The manner too, by Villains.--------O my *Oriana*, this very moment might have bleſs'd me in thy Arms! and my poor Boy, the innocent Boy! -------- Confuſion!--------- But huſh, they come; I muſt diſſemble ſtill-----No News of my Wine, Gentlemen?

Enter the Four Bravoes.

1ſt. Bra. No, Sir, I believe your Country-Booby has loſt himſelf, and we can wait no longer for't:-----true, Sir, you're a pleaſant Gentleman, but I ſuppoſe you underſtand our Buſineſs.

Mir. Sir, I may go near to gueſs at your Employments; you, Sir, are a Lawyer, I preſume, you a Phyſician, you a Scrivener, you a Stock-jobber.------All Cut-throats, I Gad.

(*Aſide.*

4th. Bra. Sir, I am a Broken-Officer; I was caſhier'd at the Head of the Army for a Coward: So I took up the Trade of Murder to retrieve the Reputation of my Courage.

3d Bra. I am a Soldier too, and wou'd ſerve my King, but I don't like the Quarrel, and I have more honour than to fight in a bad Cauſe.

2d. Bra. I was bred a Gentleman, and have no Eſtate, but I muſt have my Whore and my Bottle, thro' the Prejudice of Education.

1ſt. Bra. I am a Ruffian too; by the Prejudice of Education, I was bred a Butcher. In ſhort, Sir, if your Wine had come, we might have trifled a little longer.------Come, Sir, which Sword will you fall by? mine, Sir?------

2d Bra.

2*d. Bra.* Or mine: (*draws.*
3*d. Bra.* Or mine: (*draws.*
4*th. Bra.* Or mine: (*draws.*

Mir. I ſcorn to beg my Life; but to be butcher'd thus! O' there's the Wine:-----this moment for (*knocking.*) my Life or Death.

Enter Oriana.

Loſt, for ever loſt!——Where's the Wine, Child? (*faintly.*

Ori. Coming up, Sir. (*Stamps.*)

Enter Duretete *with his Sword drawn, and ſix of the grand Muſqueteers with their Pieces preſented, the Ruffians drop their Swords.* Oriana *goes off.*

Mir. The Wine, the Wine, the Wine. Youth, Pleaſure, Fortune, Days, and Years, are now my own again.——Ah, my dear Friends, did not I tell you this Wine wou'd make me merry?——Dear Captain, theſe Gentlemen are the beſt natur'd, facetious, witty Creatures, that ever you knew.

Enter Lamorce.

Lam. Is the Wine come, Sir?

Mir. O yes, Madam, the Wine is come——ſee there——Your Ladyſhip has got a very fine Ring (*Pointing to the Soldiers.*) upon your Finger.

Lam. Sir, 'Tis at your Service.

Mir. O ho! is it ſo? Thou dear Seven hundred Pound, thou'rt welcome home again, with all my Heart.——Ad's my Life, Madam, you have got the fineſt built Watch there! *Tompion*'s I preſume.

Lam. Sir, you may wear it.

Mir. O, Madam, by no means, 'tis too much.——Rob you of all!——(*Taking it from her.*) Good dear Time, thou'rt a precious thing. I'm glad I have retriev'd thee. (*Putting it up.*) What, my Friends neglected all this while! Gentlemen, you'll pardon my Complaiſance to the Lady.——How now--- is it ſo civil to be out of humour at my Entertainment, and I ſo pleaſed with yours? Captain, you're ſurpriz'd at all this! but we're in our Frolicks, you muſt know.——Some Wine here.

Enter Servant *with Wine.*

Come, Captain, this worthy Gentleman's Health.

(*Tweaks the firſt* Bravo *by the Noſe, he roars.*

But now, where,——where's my dear Deliverer, my Boy, my charming Boy?

1 *Bra.* I hope, ſome of our Crew below-ſtairs have diſpatch'd him.

Mir. Villain, what ſay'ſt thou? diſpatch'd! I'll have ye all tortur'd, rack'd, torn to pieces alive, if you have touch'd my Boy.------Here Page! Page! Page! (*Runs out.*

Dur. Here, Gentlemen, be ſure you ſecure thoſe Fellows.

1 *Bra.* Yes, Sir, we know you and your Guard will be very civil to us.

Dur. Now, for you, Madam;——He, he, he.——I'm ſo pleas'd to think that I ſhall be reveng'd of one Woman before I die——Well, Miſtreſs *Snap-dragon*, which of theſe honourable Gentlemen is ſo happy to call you Wife.

1*ſt Bra.* Sir, ſhe ſhou'd have been mine to Night, 'cauſe *Sampre* here had her laſt Night. Sir, ſhe's very true to us all four.

Dur. Take 'em to Juſtice. (*The Guards carry off the* Bravoes.

Enter Old Mirabel, Dugard, Biſarre.

Old M. Robin, Robin, where's *Bob*? where's my Boy?——What, is this the Lady, a pretty Whore, faith!——Heark'e Child, becauſe my Son was ſo civil as to oblige you with a Coach, I'll treat you with a Cart, indeed I will.

Dug. Ay, Madam, ——and you ſhall have a ſwinging Equipage, three or four thouſand Footmen at your heels at leaſt.

Dur. No leſs becomes her Quality.

Biſ. Faugh! the Monſter!

Dur. Monſter! ay, you're all a little monſtrous, let me tell you.

Enter Mirabel.

Old M. Ah, my dear *Bob*, art thou ſafe, Man?

Mir. No, no, Sir, I'm ruin'd, the ſaver of my Life is loſt.

Old M. No, no, he came and brought us the News.

Mir. But where is he?———(*Enter* Oriana.) Ha! (*Runs and embraces her.*) My dear Preſerver, what ſhall I do to recompence your truſt.——Father, Friend, Gentlemen, behold the Youth that has reliev'd me from the moſt ignominious Death, from the ſcandalous Pionards of theſe bloody *Ruffians*, where to have fall'n, wou'd have defam'd my Memory with vile Reproach.———My Life, Eſtate, my all, is due to ſuch a Favour.----Command me, Child, before you all, before my late, ſo kind indulgent Stars, I ſwear, to grant whate'er you ask.

Ori. To the ſame Stars indulgent now to me, I will appeal as to the Juſtice of my Claim, I ſhall demand but what was mine.

mine before------ the juſt Performance of your Contract to *Oriana*. (*Diſcovering her ſelf.*

Om. Oriana!

Ori. In this Diſguiſe I reſolv'd to follow you abroad, counterfeited that Letter that got me into your Service; and ſo, by this ſtrange turn of Fate, I became the Inſtrument of your Preſervation; few common Servants wou'd have had ſuch cunning: My Love inſpir'd me with the meaning of your Meſſage, 'cauſe my Concern for your Safety made me ſuſpect your Company.

Dur. Mirabel, you're caught.

Mir. Caught! I ſcorn the thought of Impoſition, the Tricks and artful Cunning of the Sex I have deſpis'd, and broke thro' all Contrivance. Caught! No, 'tis my voluntary Act; this was no humane Stratagem, but by my providential Stars, deſign'd to ſhew the Dangers wandring Youth incurs by the purſuit of an unlawful Love, to plunge me headlong in the Snares of Vice, and then to free me by the Hands of Vertue; here, on my Knees, I humbly beg my fair Preſerver's Pardon; my Thanks are needleſs, for my ſelf I owe. And now for ever do proteſt me yours.

Old M. Tall, all, di dall. (*Sings.*) Kiſs me, Daughter------ no, you ſhall kiſs me firſt; (*To* Lamorce.) For you're the cauſe on't. Well, *Biſarre*, what ſay you to the Captain?

Biſ. I like the Beaſt well enough, but I don't underſtand his Paces ſo well as to venture him in a ſtrange Road.

Old M. But Marriage is ſo beaten a Path that you can't go wrong.

Biſ. Ay, 'tis ſo beaten that the Way is ſpoil'd.

Dur. There is but one thing ſhou'd make me thy Husband. ---------I cou'd marry thee to Day for the Privilege of beating thee to morrow.

Old M. Come come, you may agree for all this: Mr. *Dugard*, are not you pleas'd with this?

Dug. So pleas'd, that if I thought it might ſecure your Son's Affection to my Siſter, I wou'd double her Fortune.

Mir. Fortune! has not ſhe given me mine? my Life, Eſtate, my All, and what is more, her vertuous ſelf.------Vertue, in this ſo advantageous Light, has her own ſparkling Charms, more tempting far than glittering Gold or Glory. Behold the Foil (*Pointing to* Lamorce.) that ſets this Brightneſs off. (*To* Oriana.) Here view the Pride (*To* Oriana.) and ſcandal of the Sex. (*To* Lam.) There (*To* Lam.) the falſe Meteor, whoſe deluding Light leads Mankind to Deſtruction. Here (*To* Oriana.) the

ıe bright ſhining Star that guides to a Security of Happineſs, Garden and a ſingle She [*To* Oriana,] was our firſt Father's ɜliſs; the Tempter [*To* Lam.] and to wander was his Curſe.

What Liberty can be ſo tempting there, [*To* Lam.
As a ſoft, vertuous, amorous Bondage here. [*To* Oriana.

The End of the Fifth ACT.

SONG: By *Mr. O---r.*

Set by Mr. *Daniel Purcell.*

I.

Since, Cælia, *'tis not in our Power*
To tell how long our Lives may laſt,
Begin to love this very Hour,
You've loſt too much in what is paſt.

II.

For ſince the Power we all obey,
Has in your Breaſt my Heart confin'd,
Let me my Body to it lay,
In vain you'd part what Nature join'd.

F I N I S.

T EPI-

EPILOGUE:

Written by *Nathaniel Rowe*, Esq

And spoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

FROM Fletcher's *great Original, to Day*
We took the Hint of this our Modern Play:
Our Author, from his Lines, has strove to paint
A witty, wild, inconstant, free Gallant;
With a gay Soul, with Sense, and Will to rove,
With Language, and with softness fram'd to move,
With little Truth, but with a World of Love.
Such Forms on Maids in Morning-Slumbers wait,
When Fancy first instructs their Hearts to beat,
When first they wish, and sigh for what they know not yet.
Frown not, ye Fair, to think your Lovers may
Reach your cold Hearts by some unguarded way;
Let Villeroy's *Misfortune make you wise,*
There's Danger still in Darkness and Surprize;
Tho' from his Rampart he defy'd the Foe,
Prince Eugene *found an Aqueduct below.*
With easie Freedom, and a gay Address,
A pressing Lover seldom wants Success:
Whilst the Respectful, like the Greek, *sits down,*
And wasts a ten Year's Siege before one Town.
For her own sake, let no forsaken Maid,
Our Wanderer, for want of Love, upbraid.
Since 'tis a Secret, none shou'd e'er confess,
That they have lost the happy Pow'r to please.
If you suspect the Rogue inclin'd to break,
Break first, and swear you've turn'd him off a Week;
As Princes, when they restless States-men doubt,
Before they can surrender, turn 'em out.
What'e'er you think, grave Uses may be made,
And much, even for Inconstancy be said.
Let the good Man for Marriage-Rites design'd,
With studious Care, and Diligence of Mind,
Turn over every Page of Womankind.
Mark every Sense, and how the Readings vary,
And, when he knows the worst on't, ----- let him marry.

E. Knight Invent.

THE

Twin-Rivals.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

Sic vos non vobis.

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT. 1714.

TO

HENRY BRET, Esq;

THE Commons of England *have a Right of Petitioning; and since by your Place in the Senate you are oblig'd to hear and redress the Subject, I presume upon the Privilege of the People, to give you the following Trouble.*

As Prologues introduce Plays on the Stage, so Dedications usher them into the great Theatre of the World; and as we chuse some stanch Actor to address the Audience, *so we pitch upon some Gentleman of undisputed Ingenuity to recommend us to the* Reader. *Books, like Metals, require to be stampt with some valuable Effigies before they become popular and current.*

To escape the Criticks, I resolv'd to take Sanctuary with one of the best; one who differs from the Fraternity in this, That his good Nature is ever predominant, can discover an Author's smallest Fault, and pardon the greatest.

Your generous Approbation, Sir, *has done this Play Service, but has injur'd the Author; for it has made him insufferably vain, and he thinks himself authoriz'd to stand up for the Merit of his Performance, when so great a Master of Wit has declar'd in its Favour.*

The Muses are the most Coquetish of their Sex, fond of being admir'd, and always putting on their best Airs to the finest Gentleman: But alas, Sir! *Their Addresses are stale, and their fine things but Repetition; for there is nothing new in Wit, but what is found in your own Conversation.*

Cou'd I write by the help of Study, as you talk without it, I won'd venture to say something in the usual Strain of Dedication; but as you have too much Wit to suffer it, and I too little to undertake it, I hope the World will excuse my Deficiency, and you will pardon the Presumption of,

SIR,

Your most Oblig'd, and
most humble Servant,

Decemb. 23.
1702.

G. FARQUHAR.

THE PREFACE.

THE Succeſs and Countenance that Debauchery has met with in Plays, was the moſt ſevere and reaſonable Charge againſt their Authors in Mr. *Collier*'s *Short View*; and indeed this Gentleman had done the *Drama* conſiderable Service, had he arraign'd the Stage only to puniſh its Miſdemeanours, and not to take away its Life; but there is an Advantage to be made ſometimes of the Advice of an Enemy, and the only way to diſappoint his Deſigns, is to improve upon his Invective, and to make the Stage flouriſh, by vertue of that Satyr by which he thought to ſuppreſs it.

I have therefore in this Piece endeavour'd to ſhew, that an *Engliſh* Comedy may anſwer the ſtrictneſs of Poetical Juſtice; but indeed the greater Share of the *Engliſh* Audience, I mean that part which is no farther read than in Plays of their own Language, have imbib'd other Principles, and ſtand up as vigorouſly for the old Poetick Licence, as they do for the Liberty of the Subject. They take all Innovations for Grievances; and, let a Project be never ſo well laid for their Advantage, yet the Undertaker is very likely to ſuffer by't. A Play without a Beau, Cully, Cuckold, or Coquet, is as poor an Entertainment to ſome Palates, as their *Sunday*'s Dinner wou'd be without Beef and Pudding. And this I take to be one Reaſon that the Galleries were ſo thin during the Run of this Play. I thought indeed to have ſooth'd the ſplenetick Zeal of the City, by making a Gentleman a Knave, and puniſhing their great Grievance----- A *Whoremaſter*; but a certain Virtuoſo of that Fraternity, has told me ſince, that the Citizens were never more diſappointed in any Entertainment; for (ſaid he) however pious we may appear to be at home, yet we never go to that end of the Town but with an Intention to be lew'd.

There was an *Odium* caſt upon this Play, before it appear'd, by ſome Perſons who thought it their Intereſt to have it ſuppreſs'd The Ladies were frighted from ſeeing it by formidable Stories of a Midwife, and were told, no doubt, that they muſt

must expect no less than a *Labour* upon the Stage; but I hope the examining into that Aspersion will be enough to wipe it off, since the Character of the Midwife is only so far touch'd, as is necessary for carrying on the Plot, she being principally decipher'd in her procuring Capacity; and I dare not affront the Ladies so far, as to imagine they cou'd be offended at the exposing of a Bawd.

Some Criticks complain, that the Design is defective for want of *Celia*'s Appearance in the Scene; but I had rather they should find this Fault, than I forfeit my Regard to the Fair, by shewing a Lady of Figure under a Misfortune; for which Reason I made her only Nominal, and chose to expose the Person that injur'd her; and if the Ladies don't agree that I have done her Justice in the end, I'm very sorry for't.

Some People are apt to say, That the Character of *Richmore* points at a particular Person; tho' I must confess, I see nothing but what is very general in his Character, except his marrying his own Mistress; which by the way he never did, for he was no sooner off the Stage, but he chang'd his mind, and the poor Lady is still in *Statu Quo*, but upon the whole Matter, 'tis Application only makes the Ass; and Characters in Plays, are like *Long-lane* Cloaths, not hung out for the Use of any particular People, but to be bought by only those they happen to fit.

The most material Objection against this Play is the Importance of the Subject, which necessarily leads into Sentiments too grave for Diversion, and supposes Vices too great for Comedy to punish. 'Tis said, I must own, that the Business of Comedy is chiefly to ridicule Folly; and that the Punishment of Vice falls rather into the Province of Tragedy; but if there be a middle sort of Wickedness, too high for the *Sock*, and too low for the *Buskin*, is there any Reason that it shou'd go unpunish'd? What are more obnoxious to humane Society, than the Villanies expos'd in this Play; the Frauds, Plots and Contrivances upon the Fortunes of Men, and the Vertue of Women, but the Persons are too mean for the Heroick, then what must we do with them? Why, they must of necessity drop into Comedy: For it is unreasonale to imagine that the Law-givers in Poetry wou'd tie themseves up from executing that Justice which is the Foundation of their Constitution; or to say, That exposing Vice is the Business of the *Drama*, and yet make Rules to screen it from Persecution.

Some have ask'd the Queſtion, Why the Elder *Wou'dbe*, in the Fourth Act, ſhould counterfeit Madneſs in his Confinement; don't miſtake, there was no ſuch thing in his Head; and the Judicious cou'd eaſily perceive, that it was only a ſtart of Humour put on to divert his Melancholy; and when Gayety is ſtrain'd to cover Misfortune, it may very naturally be overdone, and riſe to a Semblance of Madneſs, ſufficient to impoſe on the Conſtable, and perhaps on ſome of the Audience; who taking every thing at ſight, impute that as a Fault, which I am bold to ſtand up for, as one of the moſt Maſterly Stroaks of the whole Piece.

This I think ſufficient to obviate what Objections I have heard made; but there was no great Occaſion for making this Defence, having had the Opinion of ſome of the greateſt Perſons in *England*, both for Quality and Parts, that the Play has Merit enough to hide more Faults than have been found; and I think their Approbation ſufficient to excuſe ſome Pride that may be incident to the Author upon this Performance.

I muſt own my ſelf oblig'd to Mr. *Longueville* for ſome Lines in the part of *Teague*, and ſomething of the Lawyer! but above all, for his hint of the Twins, upon which I form'd my Plot: But having paid him all due Satisfaction and Acknowledgment, I muſt do my ſelf the Juſtice to believe, that few of our Modern Writers have been leſs beholden to Foreign Aſſiſtance in their Plays, than I have been in the following Scenes.

PROLOGUE; By Mr. *Motteux*.

And ſpoken by Mr. *WILKS*.

An ALARM ſounded.

WITH Drums and Trumpets in this Warring Age,
A Martial Prologue ſhou'd Alarm the Stage.
New Plays——e'er Acted, a full Audience near,
Seem Towns inveſted, when a Siege they fear.
Prologues are like a Forlorn-Hope, ſent out
Before the Play, to Skirmiſh, and to Scout:
Our dreadful Foes, the Criticks, when they ſpy,
They cock, they charge, they fire,---then back they fly.
The Siege is laid-----there gallant Chiefs abound,
Here---Foes intrench'd, there---glittering Troops around,
And the loud Bat'ries roar---from yonder riſing Ground.
In the Firſt Act, briſk Sallies, (*miſs or hit*)
With Vollies of Small-Shot, or Snip-ſnap Wit,
Attack, and gaul the Trenches of the Pit.
The next-----the Fire continues, but at length
Grows leſs, and ſlackens like a Bridegroom's Strength.
The Third, Feints, Mines, and Countermines abound,
Your Critick Engineers ſafe under-ground,
Blow up our Works, and all our Art confound.
The Fourth-----brings on moſt Action, and 'tis ſharp,
Freſh Foes crowd on, at your Remiſſneſs carp,
And deſp'rate, tho' unskill'd, inſult our Counterſcarp.
Then comes the laſt; the Gen'ral Storm is near,
The Poet-Governor now quakes for fear;
Runs wildly up and down, forgets to huff,
And wou'd give all he'as plunder'd------to get off.
So---Don *and* Monſieur----Bluff, *before the Siege,*
Were quickly tam'd——at Venlo, *and at* Liege:
'Twas Viva Spagnia! Vive France! *before;*
Now, Quartier! Monſieur! Quartier! Ah! Senor!
But what your Reſolution can withſtand,
You maſter all, and awe the Sea and Land.
In War——your Valour makes the Strong ſubmit;
Your Judgment humbles all Attempts in Wit.
What Play, what Fort, what Beauty can endure
All fierce Aſſaults, and always be ſecure!
Then grant 'em gen'rous Terms who dare to write,
Since now——that ſeems as deſp'rate as to fight:
If we muſt yield——yet e'er the Day be fixt,
Let us hold out the Third——and, if we may, the Sixth.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Elder *Wou'dbe*,	Mr. *Wilks.*
Young *Wou'dbe*,	Mr. *Cibber.*
Richmore,	Mr. *Husband.*
Trueman,	Mr. *Mills.*
Subtleman,	Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Balderdaſh, and *Alderman*,	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Clear-Account, a Steward,	Mr. *Fairbank.*
Fair-Bank, a Gold-Smith,	Mr. *Minns.*
Teague,	Mr. *Bowen.*

WOMEN.

Conſtance,	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Aurelia,	Mrs. *Hook*
Mandrake,	Mr. *Bullock.*
Steward's Wife,	Mrs. *Moor.*

Conſtable, Watch, &c.

SCENE, *LONDON.*

THE Twin-Rivals.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Lodgings.*

The Curtain drawn up, discovers Young Wou'dbe *a dressing, and his Valet buckling his Shoes.*

Y. *Wou'dbe.* HERE is such a Plague every Morning, with buckling Shoes, gartering, combing, and powdering,----- Pshaw! cease thy Impertinence, I'll dress no more to Day.------- Were I an honest Brute, that rises from his Litter, shakes himself, and so is dress't, I cou'd bear it.

Enter Richmore.

Rich. No farther yet, *Wou'dbe!* 'Tis almost One.

Y. *W.* Then blame the Clock-makers, they made it so; the Sun has neither Fore nor Afternoon--------Prithee, what have we to do with Time? Can't we let it alone as Nature made it? Can't a Man eat when he's hungry; go to Bed when he's sleepy, rise when he wakes, dress when he pleases, without the Confinement of Hours to enslave him?

Rich. Pardon me, Sir, I understand your Stoicism-----You have lost your Money last Night.

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* No, no, Fortune took care of me there——I had none to loſe.

Rich. 'Tis that gives you the Spleen.

Y. *W.* Yes, I have got the Spleen; and ſomething elſe---- Heark'e-----

Rich. How! [*Whiſpers.*

Y. *W.* Poſitively. The Lady's kind Reception was the moſt ſevere Uſage I ever met with---Sha'n't I break her Windows---*Richmore*?

Rich. A mighty Revenge truly: Let me tell you, Friend, That breaking the Windows of ſuch Houſes, are no more than writing over a Vintner's Door, as they do in *Holland--Vinte koop.*-----'Tis no more than a Buſh to a Tavern, a Decoy to Trade, and to draw in Cuſtomers; but upon the whole matter, I think, a Gentleman ſhou'd put up an Affront got in ſuch little Company; for the Pleaſure, the Pain, and the Reſentment, are all alike ſcandalous.

Y. *W.* Have you forgot, *Richmore*, how I found you one Morning with the *Flying-Poſt* in your hand, hunting for Phyſical Advertiſements.

Rich. That was in the Days of *Dad*, my Friend, in the Days of dirty Linnen, Pit-Masks, Hedge-Taverns, and Beef-Steaks; but now I fly at nobler Game, the Ring, the Court, *Pawlet*'s and the *Park*. I deſpiſe all Women that I apprehend any Danger from, leſs than the having my Throat cut; and ſhou'd ſcruple to converſe even with a Lady of Fortune, unleſs her Vertue were loud enough to give me Pride in expoſing it -----Here's a Letter I receiv'd this Morning; you may read it. [*Gives a Letter.*

Y. *W.* [*Reads.*]

IF there be Solemnity in Proteſtation, Juſtice in Heaven, or Fidelity in Earth, I may ſtill depend on the Faith of my Richmore------*Tho' I may conceal my Love, I no longer can hide the Effects on't from the World----Be careful of my Honour, remember your Vows, and fly to the Relief of the Diſconſolate*

Clelia.

The Fair, the Courted, Blooming *Clelia.!*

Rich. The Credulous, troubleſome, fooliſh *Clelia*. Did you ever read ſuch a fulſome Harrangue-----Lard, Sir, I am near my Time, and want your Aſſiſtance——Does the ſilly Creature imagine that any Man wou'd come near her in thoſe Circumſtances, unleſs it were Doctor *Chamberlain*—— You may keep the Letter.

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* But why wou'd you truſt it with me? You know I can't keep a Secret that has any Scandal in't.

Rich. For that reaſon I communicate: I know thou art a perfect *Gazette*, and will ſpread the News all over the Town: For you muſt underſtand, that I am now beſieging another; and I would have the Fame of my Conqueſt upon the Wing, that the Town may ſurrender the ſooner.

Y. *W.* But if the Report of your Cruelty goes along with that of your Valour, you'll find no Garriſon of any Strength will open their Gates to you.

Rich. No, no, Women are Cowards, and Terror prevails upon them more than Clemency: My beſt Pretence to my Succeſs with the Fair, is my uſing 'em ill; 'Tis turning their own Guns upon 'em, and I have always found it the moſt ſucceſsful Battery to aſſail one Reputation by ſacrificing another.

Y. *W.* I cou'd love thee for thy Miſchief, did I not envy thee for thy Succeſs in't.

Rich. You never attempt a Woman of Figure.

Y. *W.* How can I? This confounded Hump of mine is ſuch a Burthen at my Back, that it preſſes me down here in the Dirt and Diſeaſes of *Covent-Garden*, the low Suburbs of Pleaſure——Curſt Fortune! I am a younger Brother, and yet cruelly depriv'd of my Birth-right of a handſome Perſon; ſeven thouſand a Year in a direct Line, wou'd have ſtraitn'd my Back to ſome purpoſe——But I look, in my preſent Circumſtances, like a Branch of another kind, grafted only upon the Stock, which makes me grow ſo crooked.

Rich. Come, come, 'tis no Misfortune, your Father is ſo as well as you.

Y. *W.* Then why ſhou'd not I be a Lord as well as he? Had I the ſame Title to the Deformity I cou'd bear it.

Rich. But how does my Lord bear the Abſence of your Twin-Brother?

Y. *W.* My Twin-Brother! Ay, 'twas his crouding me that ſpoil'd my Shape, and his coming half an Hour before me that ruin'd my Fortune——My Father expell'd me his Houſe ſome two years ago, becauſe I would have perſuaded him that my Twin-Brother was a Baſtard——He gave me my Portion, which was about fifteen hundred Pound, and I have ſpent two thouſand of it already. As for my Brother, he don't care a Farthing for me.

Rich. Why ſo, pray?

Y. *W.* A very odd Reaſon——Becauſe I hate him.

Rich. How ſhould he know that?

Y. *W.* Becauſe he thinks it reaſonable it ſhou'd be ſo.

Rich. But did your Actions ever expreſs any Malice to him?

Y. *W.* Yes: I wou'd fain have kept him company; but being aware of my Kindneſs, he went abroad: He has travel'd theſe five Years, and I am told, is a grave, ſober Fellow, and in danger of living a great while; all my hope is, that when he gets into his Honour and Eſtate, the Nobility will ſoon kill him, by drinking him up to his Dignity.-----But come, *Frank*, I have but two Eye-ſores in the World, a Brother before me, and a Hump behind me, and thou art ſtill laying 'em in my way: Let us aſſume an Argument of leſs ſeverity.--- Can'ſt thou lend me a Brace of hundred Pounds?

Rich. What wou'd you do with 'um?

Y. *W.* Do with 'um!------There's a Queſtion indeed;----- Do you think I wou'd eat 'um?

Rich. Yes, o' my troth, wou'd you, and drink 'um together. ------Look'e, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, whilſt you kept well with your Father, I cou'd have ventur'd to have lent you five Guinea's. -------But as the caſe ſtands, I can aſſure you, I have lately paid off my Siſters Fortunes, and------

Y. *W.* Sir, this Put-off looks like an Affront, when you know I don't uſe to take ſuch things.

Rich. Sir, your Demand is rather an Affront, when you know I don't uſe to give ſuch things.

Y. *W.* Sir, I'll pawn my Honour.

Rich. That's mortgag'd already for more than it is worth; you had better pawn your Sword there, 'twill bring you forty Shillings.

Y. *W.* 'Sdeath, Sir------- (*Takes his Sword off the Table.*

Rich. Hold, Mr. *Wou'dbe*,---ſuppoſe I put an end to your Misfortunes all at once.

Y. *W.* How, Sir?

Rich. Why, go to a Magiſtrate, and ſwear you wou'd have robb'd me of Two hundred Pounds.-------Look'e, Sir, you have been often told, that your Extravagance wou'd ſome time or other, be the ruin of you; and it will go a great way in your Indictment, to have turn'd the Pad upon your Friend.

Y. *W.* This Uſage is the height of Ingratitude from you, in whoſe Company I have ſpent my Fortune.

Rich. I'm therefore a Witneſs, that it was very ill ſpent.--- Why wou'd you keep Company, be at equal Expences with me that have fifty times your Eſtate? What was Gallantry in me, was Prodigality in you; mine was my Health,

becauſe I cou'd pay for't; your's a Diſeaſe, becauſe you cou'd not.

Y. *W.* And is this all I muſt expect from our Friendſhip?

Rich. Friendſhip! Sir, there can be no ſuch thing without an Equality.

Y. *W.* That is, there can be no ſuch thing when there is occaſion for't.

Rich. Right, Sir,——our Friendſhip was over a Bottle only; and whilſt you can pay your Club of Friendſhip, I'm that way your humble Servant, but when once you come borrowing, I'm this way——your humble Servant. (*Exit.*

Y. *W.* Rich, big, proud, arrogant Villain! I have been twice his Second, thrice ſick of the ſame Love, and thrice cur'd by the ſame Phyſick, and now he drops me for a Trifle.——That an honeſt Fellow in his Cups, ſhou'd be ſuch a Rogue when he's ſober!——The narrow-hearted Raſcal has been drinking Coffee this Morning. Well, thou dear ſolitary Half-Crown, adieu!——Here, *Jack*, (*Enter* Servant.) take this, pay for a Bottle of Wine, and bid *Balderdaſh* bring it himſelf, (*Exit* Servant.) How melancholly are my poor Breeches; not one Chink!——Thou art a villainous Hand, for thou haſt pickt my Pocket.——This Vintner now has all the Marks of an honeſt Fellow, a broad Face, a copious Look, a ſtrutting Belly, and a jolly Mein. I have brought him above Three Pound a Night for theſe two Years ſucceſſively. The Rogue has Money, I'm ſure, if he will but lend it.

Enter Balderdaſh *with a Bottle and Glaſs.*

Oh, Mr. *Balderdaſh*, good Morrow.

Bald. Noble Mr. *Wou'dbe*, I'm your moſt humble Servant.—I have brought you a Whetting-Glaſs, the beſt *Old-Hack* in *Europe*; I know 'tis your Drink in a Morning.

Y. *W.* I'll pledge you, Mr. *Balderdaſh*.

Bald. Your Health, Sir. [*Drinks.*

Y. *W.* Pray, Mr. *Balderdaſh*, tell me one thing, but firſt ſit down: Now tell me plainly what you think of me?

Bald. Think of you, Sir! I think that you are the honeſteſt, nobleſt Gentleman, that ever drank a Glaſs of Wine; and the beſt Cuſtomer that ever came into my Houſe.

Y. *W.* And you really think as you ſpeak.

Bald. May this Wine be my Poiſon, Sir, if I don't ſpeak from the bottom of my Heart.

Y. *W.* And how much Money do you think I have ſpent in your Houſe?

Bald.

Bald. Why truly, Sir, by a moderate Computation, I do believe, that I have handled of your Money the beſt part of Five hundred Pounds within theſe two years.

Y. *W.* Very well! And do you think that you lie under any Obligation for the Trade I have promoted to your Advantage?

Bald. Yes, Sir; and if I can ſerve you in any reſpect, pray command me to the utmoſt of my Ability.

Y. *W.* Well! thanks to my Stars, there is ſtill ſome honeſty in Wine. Mr. *Balderdaſh*, I embrace you and your Kindneſs: I am at preſent a little low in Caſh, and muſt beg you to lend me a hundred Pieces.

Bald. Why truly, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, I was afraid it would come to this; I have had it in my Head ſeveral times, to caution you upon your Expences: but you were ſo very genteel in my Houſe, and your Liberality became you ſo very well, that I was unwilling to ſay any thing that might check your Diſpoſition; but truly, Sir, I can forbear no longer to tell you, that you have been a little too extravagant.

Y. *W.* But ſince you reap'd the Benefit of my Extravagance, you will, I hope, conſider my Neceſſity.

Bald. Conſider your Neceſſity! I do with all my Heart, and muſt tell you, moreover, that I will be no longer acceſſary to it: I deſire you, Sir, to frequent my Houſe no more.

Y. *W.* How, Sir!

Bald. I ſay, Sir, that I have an Honour for my good Lord your Father, and will not ſuffer his Son to run into any Inconvenience: Sir, I ſhall order my Drawers not to ſerve you with a drop of Wine.-----Wou'd you have me connive at a Gentleman's Deſtruction?

Y. *W.* But methinks, Sir, that a Perſon of your nice Conſcience ſhould have caution'd me before.

Bald. Alas! Sir, it was none of my Buſineſs: Wou'd you have me be ſawcy to a Gentleman that was my beſt Cuſtomer? Lackaday, Sir, had you Money to hold it out ſtill, I had been hang'd rather than be rude to you. -------But truly, Sir, when a Man is ruin'd, 'tis but the Duty of a Chriſtian to tell him of it.

Y. *W.* Will you lend me the Money, Sir?

Bald. Will you pay me this Bill, Sir?

Y. *W.* Lend me the hundred Pound, and I will pay the Bill.-----

Bald. Pay me the Bill, and I will not lend the Hundred Pound, Sir.——But pray conſider with your ſelf, now, Sir, wou'd not you think me an errant Coxcomb, to truſt a Perſon with

with Money that has always been so extravagant under my Eye? whose Profuseness I have seen, I have felt, I have handled? Have not I known you, Sir, throw away ten Pound of a Night upon a Covey of Pit-Patridges, and a Setting-Dog? Sir, you have made my House an ill House: my very Chairs will bear you no longer.——In short, Sir, I desire you to frequent the *Crown* no more, Sir.

Y. *W.* Thou sophisticated Tun of Iniquity; have I fatned your Carkass, and swell'd your Bags with my vital Blood? Have I made you my Companion to be thus saucy to me? But now I will keep you at your due Distance. [*Kicks him.*

Ser. Welcome, Sir!

Y. *W.* Well said, *Jack.* [*Kicks him again.*

Ser. Very welcome, Sir! I hope we shall have your Company another time. Welcome, Sir. [*He's kick'd off.*

Y. *W.* Pray, wait on him down Stairs, and give him a welcome at the Door too. [*Exit* Servant.] This is the Punishment of Hell; the very Devil that tempted me to Sin, now upbraids me with the Crime.——I have villainously murder'd my Fortune; and now its Ghost, in the lank shape of Poverty, haunts me: Is there no Charm to conjure down the Fiend?

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Oh Sir, here's sad News.

Y. *W.* Then keep it to thy self, I have enough of that already.

Ser. Sir, you will hear it too soon.

Y. *W.* What! is *Broad* below?

Ser. No, no, Sir; better twenty such as he were hang'd. Sir, your Father's dead.

Y. *W.* My Father!——Good night my Lord; has he left me any thing?

Ser. I heard nothing of that, Sir.

Y. *W.* Then I believe you heard all there was of it; let me see.——My Father dead! and my elder Brother abroad!—If Necessity be the Mother of Invention, she was never more pregnant than with me. [*Pauses.*] Here, Sirrah, run to Mrs. *Mandrake*, and bid her come hither presently. [*Exit* Servant.] That Woman was my Mother's Midwife when I was born, and has been my Bawd these ten Years. I have had her Endeavours to corrupt my Brother's Mistress; and now her Assistance will be necessary to cheat him of his Estate; for she's famous for understanding the right-side of a Woman, and the wrong-side of the Law. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Mandrake's *House.*

Mandrake *and* Maid.

Man. Who is there?

Maid. Madam.

Man. Has any Meſſage been left for me to day?

Maid. Yes, Madam: here has been one from my Lady *Stilborn*, that deſir'd you not to be out of the way, for ſhe expected to cry out every Minute.

Man. How! every minute! ------- Let me ſee ------ [*Takes out her Pocket-Book.*] *Stilborn* ------ Ay ------ ſhe reckons with her Husband from the firſt of *April*; and with Sir *James*, from the firſt of *March*. ----- Ay, ſhe's always a Month before her time. [*Knocking at the Door.*] Go ſee who's at the Door -----

Maid. Yes, Madam. [Exit *Maid.*

Man. Well! certainly there is not a Woman in the World ſo willing to oblige Mankind as my ſelf; and really I have been ſo ever ſince the Age of Twelve, as I can remember.---- I have deliver'd as many Women of great Bellies, and helped as many to 'um as any Perſon in *England*; but my Watching and Cares have broken me quite, I am not the ſame Woman I was forty years ago.

Enter Richmore.

Oh, Mr. *Richmore!* you're a ſad Man, a barbarous Man, ſo you are.---What will become of poor *Clelia*, Mr. *Richmore*? The poor Creature is ſo big with her Misfortunes, that they are not to be born. [*Weeps*

Rich. You, Mrs. *Mandrake*, are the fitteſt Perſon in the World to eaſe her of 'um.

Man. And won't you marry her, Mr. *Richmore*?

Rich. My Conſcience won't allow it; for I have ſworn ſince, to marry another.

Man. And will you break your Vows to *Clelia*?

Rich. Why not, when ſhe has broke hers to me?

Man. How's that, Sir?

Rich. Why, ſhe ſwore a hundred times never to grant me the Favour, and yet, you know, ſhe broke her Word.

Man. But ſhe lov'd Mr. *Richmore*, and that was the reaſon ſhe forgot her Oath.

Rich. And I love Mr. *Richmore*, and that is the reaſon I forgot mine----Why ſhou'd ſhe be angry that I follow her own Example, by doing the very ſame thing from the very ſame Motive?

Man. Well, well! take my word, you'll never thrive.---- I wonder how you can have the Face to come near me, that am the witneſs of your horrid Oaths and Imprecations! Are not you afraid that the guilty Chamber above-ſtairs ſhou'd fall down upon your Head?----Yes, yes, I was acceſſary, I was ſo; but if ever you involve my Honour in ſuch a Villany the ſecond time.----Ah, poor *Clelia!* I lov'd her as I did my own Daughter----you ſeducing Man---- [*Weeps.*

Rich. Hey, ho, my *Aurelia!*

Man. Hey, ho, ſhe's very pretty.

Rich. Doſt thou know her, my dear *Mandrake*?

Man. Hey, ho, ſhe's very pretty.------Ah, you're a ſad Man.----Poor *Clelia* was handſome, but indeed, Breeding, Pukeing, and Longing, has broken her much.----'Tis a hard caſe, Mr. *Richmore*, for a young Lady to ſee a thouſand things, and long for a thouſand things, and yet not dare to own that ſhe longs for one.----She had like to have miſcarried t'other Day for the Pith of a Loin of Veal.------Ah, you barbarous Man;——

Rich. But, my *Aurelia!* confirm me that you know her, and I'll adore thee.

Man. You would fling five hundred Guineas at my Head, that you knew as much of her as I do: Why, Sir, I brought her into the World; I have had her ſprawling in my Lap. Ah! ſhe was as plump as a Puffin, Sir.

Rich. I think ſhe has no great Portion to value her ſelf upon; her Reputation only will keep up the Market: We muſt firſt make that cheap, by crying it down, and then ſhe'll part with it at an eaſie rate.

Man. But won't you provide for poor *Clelia*?

Rich. Provide! Why ha'n't I taught her a Trade? Let her ſet up when ſhe will, I'll engage her Cuſtomers enough, becauſe I can anſwer for the goodneſs of the Ware.

Men. Nay, but you ought to ſet her up with Credit, and take a Shop; that is, get her a Husband.---- ----Have you no pretty Gentleman your Relation now, that wants a young virtuous Lady with a handſome Fortune? No young *Templer* that has ſpent his Eſtate in the Study of the Law, and ſtarves by the Practice? No ſpruce Officer that wants a handſome Wife to make Court for him among the Major-Generals? Have you none of theſe, Sir?

Rich. Pho, pho, Madam------you have tir'd me upon that Subject. Do you think a Lady that gave me ſo much trouble before Poſſeſſion ſhall ever give me any after it.----No, no, had ſhe been more obliging to me when I was in her Power,

I ſhou'd be more civil to her now ſhe's in mine: My Aſſiduity before-hand was an over-price; had ſhe made a Merit of the matter, ſhe ſhou'd have yielded ſooner.

Man. Nay, nay, Sir; tho' you have no regard to her Honour, yet you ſhall protect mine: How d'ye think I have ſecur'd my Reputation ſo long among the People of beſt Figure, but by keeping all Mouths ſtopt? Sir, I'll have no Clamours at me.----Heavens help me, I have Clamours enough at my door early and late in my t'other Capacity: In ſhort, Sir, a Husband for *Clelia*, or I baniſh you my Preſence for ever.

Rich. Thou art a neceſſary Devil, and I can't want thee. [*Aſide.*

Man. Look'e, Sir, 'tis your own Advantage; 'tis only making over your Eſtate into the Hands of a Truſtee; and tho' you don't abſolutely command the Premiſſes; yet you may exact enough out of 'um for Neceſſaries, when you will.

Rich. Patience a little, Madam!-----I have a young Nephew that is a Captain of Horſe: He mortgag'd the laſt morſel of his Eſtate to me, to make up his Equipage for the laſt Campaign. Perhaps you know him; he's a brisk Fellow, much about Court, Captain *Trueman*.

Man. Trueman! Adſmylife, he's one of my Babies;----- I can tell you the very minute he was born----preciſely at three a Clock next St. *George*'s Day, *Trueman* will be two and twenty; a Stripling, the prettieſt good natur'd Child, and your Nephew! He muſt be the Man; and ſhall be the Man; I have a kindneſs for him.

Rich. But we muſt have a care; the Fellow wants neither Senſe nor Courage.

Man. Phu, phu, never fear her part, ſhe ſha'n't want Inſtructions; and then for her Lying in, a little abruptly, 'tis my Buſineſs to reconcile matters there, a Fright or a Fall excuſes that: Lard, Sir, I do theſe things every Day.

Rich. 'Tis pity then to put you out of your Road; and *Clelia* ſhall have a Husband.

Man. Spoke like a Man of Honour.---- And now I'll ſerve you again. This *Aurelia*, you ſay----

Rich. O ſhe diſtracts me! Her Beauty, Family, and Virtue make her a noble Pleaſure.

Man. And you have a mind, for that reaſon, to get her a Husband.

Rich. Yes, faith: I have another young Relation at *Cambridge*, he's juſt going into Orders; and I think ſuch a fine Woman, with fifteen hundred Pound, is a better Preſentation

tion than any living in my Gift ; and why ſhould he like the Cure the worſe, that an Incumbent was there before?

Man. Thou art a pretty Fellow ----- At the ſame Moment you wou'd perſuade me, that you love a Woman to Madneſs, are you contriving how to part with her?

Rich. If I lov'd her not to Madneſs, I ſhou'd not run into theſe Contradictions ----- Here, my dear Mother, *Aurelia*'s the Word. ---- [*Offering her Money.*

Man. Pardon me, Sir; [*Refuſing the Money.*] Did you ever know me mercenary ------ No, no, Sir ; Virtue is its own Reward.

Rich. Nay, but Madam, I owe you for the Teeth Powder you ſent me.

Man. O, that's another matter, Sir ; [*Takes the Money.*] I hope you like it, Sir?

Rich. Extremely, Madam, but it was ſomewhat dear of twenty Guineas. [*Aſide.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, here is Mr. *Wou'dbe*'s Footman below with a Meſſage from his Maſter.

Man. I come to him preſently; Do you know that *Wou'dbe* loves *Aurelia*'s Couſin and Companion, Mrs. *Conſtance* with the great Fortune, and that I ſolicit for him ?

Rich. Why, ſhe's engag'd to his Elder Brother : Beſides, Young *Wou'dbe* has no Money to proſecute an Affair of ſuch Conſequence ----- You can have no hopes of Succeſs there, I'm ſure.

Man. Truly, I have no great hopes ; but an induſtrious Body you know, wou'd do any thing rather than be idle : The Aunt is very near her time, and I have acceſs to the Family when I pleaſe.

Rich. Now I think on't; Prithee, get the Letter from *Wou'dbe* that I gave him juſt now ; it wou'd be proper to our Deſigns upon *Trueman*, that it ſhou'd not be expos'd.

Man. And you ſhew'd *Clelia*'s Letter to *Woud'be* ?

Rich. Yes.

Man. Eh, you barbarous Man ----- Who the Devil wou'd oblige you ------ What Pleaſure can you take in expoſing the poor Creature ? Dear little Child, 'tis pity, indeed it is.

Rich. Madam, the Meſſenger waits below ; ſo I'll take my leave. [*Exit.*

Man. Ah, you're a ſad Man. [*Exit.*

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Conſtance *and* Aurelia.

Aur. PRithee, Couſin *Conſtance*, be chearful; let the dead Lord ſleep in Peace, and look up to the living; take Pen, Ink, and Paper, and write immediately to your Lover, that he is now a Baron of *England*, and that you long to be a Baroneſs.

Con. Nay, *Aurelia*, there is ſome regard due to the Memory of the Father, for the Reſpect I bear the Son; beſides, I don't know how, I cou'd wiſh my young Lord were at home in this Juncture: This Brother of his ----- Some Miſchief will happen ----- I had a very ugly Dream laſt Night ---- In ſhort, I am eaten up with the Spleen, my Dear.

Aur. Come, come, walk about and divert it; the Air will do you good; think of other People's Affairs a little ------ When did you ſee *Clelia*?

Con. I'm glad you mention'd her; don't you obſerve her Gayety to be much more forc'd than formerly, her Humour don't ſit ſo eaſie upon her.

Aur. No, nor her Stays neither, I can aſſure you.

Con. Did you obſerve how ſhe devour'd the Pomegranates Yeſterday?

Aur. She talks of viſiting a Relation in *Leiceſterſhire*.

Con. She fainted away in the Country-Dance t'other Night.

Aur. *Richmore* ſhun'd her in the Walk laſt Week.

Con. And his Footman laugh'd.

Aur. She takes *Laudanum* to make her ſleep a Nights.

Con. Ah, poor *Clelia!* What will ſhe do, Couſin?

Aur. Do! Why nothing till the nine Months be up.

Con. That's cruel, *Aurelia*, how can you make merry with her Misfortunes? I am poſitive ſhe was no eaſie Conqueſt; ſome ſingular Villany has been practis'd upon her.

Aur. Yes, yes, the Fellow wou'd be practiſing upon me too, I thank him.

Con. Have a care, Couſin, he has a promiſing Perſon.

Aur. Nay for that matter, his promiſing Perſon may as ſoon be broke as his promiſing Vows: Nature indeed has made

made him a Giant, and he wars with Heaven like the Giants of old----

Con. Then why will you admit his Viſits?

Aur. I never did---But all the Servants are more his than our own: He has a Golden Key to every Door in the Houſe; beſides, he makes my Unkle believe that his Intentions are honourable; and indeed he has ſaid nothing yet to diſprove it.------But, Couſin, do you ſee who comes yonder, ſliding along the Mall?

Con. Captain *Trueman*, I proteſt; the Campaign has improv'd him, he makes a very clean well furniſh'd Figure.

Aur. Youthful, eaſie, and good natur'd, I cou'd wiſh he wou'd know us.

Con. Are you ſure he's well-bred?

Aur. I tell you he's good-natur'd, and I take good Manners to be nothing but a natural Deſire to be eaſie and agreeable to whatever Converſation we fall into; and a Porter with this is mannerly in his way; and a Duke without it, has but the Breeding of a Dancing-Maſter.

Con. I like him for his Affection to my young Lord.

Aur. And I like him for his Affection to my young Perſon.

Con. How, how, Couſin? You never told me that.

Aur. How ſhou'd I? He never told it me, but I have diſcover'd it by a great many Signs and Tokens, that are better Security for his Heart than ten thouſand Vows and Promiſes.

Con. He's *Richmore*'s Nephew.

Aur. Ah! Wou'd he were his Heir too----He's a pretty Fellow---- But then he's a Soldier, and muſt ſhare his time with his Miſtreſs, Honour, in *Flanders*------ No, no, I'm reſolv'd againſt a Man that diſappears all the Summer like a Woodcock,

[*As theſe Words are ſpoken*, Trueman *enters behind them, as paſſing over the Stage.*

True. That's for me, whoever ſpoke it. [*The Ladies turn about*; *Aurelia ſurpriz'd*,

Con. What, Captain, you're afraid of every thing but the Enemy.

True. I have reaſon, Ladies, to be moſt apprehenſive where there is moſt Danger: The Enemy is ſatisfied with a Leg or an Arm, but here I'm in hazard of loſing my Heart.

Aur. None in the World, Sir, no body here deſigns to attack it.

True. But ſuppoſe it be aſſaulted, and taken already, Madam,

Aur. Then we'll return it without Ranſom.

True. But ſuppoſe, Madam, the Priſoner chuſe to ſtay where it is.

Aur. That were to turn Deſerter, and you know, Captain, what ſuch deſerve.

True. The Puniſhment it undergoes this Moment ---- Shot to Death -----

Con. Nay, then, 'tis time for me to put in ----- Pray, Sir, Have you heard the News of my Lord *Wou'dbe*'s Death?

True. People mind not the Death of others, Madam, that are expiring themſelves. [*To* Conſtance.] Do you conſider, Madam, the Penalty of wounding a Man in the Park?

[*To* Aurel.

Aur. Hey day! Why, Captain, d'ye intend to make a *Vigo* Buſineſs of it, and break the Boom at once? Sir, if you only rally, pray let my Couſin have her ſhare; or if you wou'd be particular, pray be more reſpectful; not ſo much upon the Declaration, I beſeech you, Sir.

True. I have been, fair Creature, a perfect Coward in my Paſſion; I have had hard ſtrugglings with my fear before I durſt engage, and now perhaps behave but too deſperately.

Aur. Sir, I am very ſorry you have ſaid ſo much; for I muſt puniſh you for't, tho' it be contrary to my Inclination ----- Come, Couſin, will you walk?

Con. Servant, Sir. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

True. Charming Creature! ---- *I muſt puniſh you for't, tho' it be contrary to my Inclination* ----- Hope and Deſpair in a Breath. But I'll think the beſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to Young* Wou'dbe's *Lodgings.*

Young Wou'dbe *and* Mandrake *meeting.*

Y. *W.* Thou Life and Soul of ſecret Dealings, welcome.

Man. My dear Child, bleſs thee ------- Who wou'd have imagin'd that I brought this great Rogue into the World? He makes me an old Woman, I proteſt ----- But adſo, my Child, I forgot; I'm ſorry for the loſs of your Father, ſorry at my Heart, poor Man. [*Weeps.*] Mr. *Wou'dbe*, have you got a drop of Brandy in your Cloſet? I a'n't very well to day.

Y. *W.* That you ſha'n't want; but be pleaſed to ſit, my dear Mother ----- Here, *Jack*, the Brandy-Bottle ---- Now, Madam ------ I have occaſion to uſe you in dreſſing up a handſome Cheat for me.

Man. I defie any Chamber-Maid in *England* to do it better ---- I have dreſt up a hundred and fifty Cheats in my time,

time. [*Enter* Jack *with the Brandy-Bottle.*] Here, Boy, this Glaſs is too big, carry it away, I'll take a Sup out of the Bottle.

Y. *W.* Right, Madam------And my Buſineſs being very urgent------In three Words, 'tis this-------

Man. Hold, Sir, till I take Advice of my Council. [*Drinks.*] There is nothing more comfortable to a poor Creature, and fitter to revive waſting Spirits, than a little plain Brandy: I a'n't for your hot Spirits, your *Roſa Solis*, your *Ratifia*'s, your Orange-Waters, and the like-----A moderate Glaſs of cool *Nants* is the beſt thing------

Y. *W.* But to our Buſineſs, Madam-----My Father is dead, and I have a Mind to inherit his Eſtate.

Man. You put the Caſe very well.

Y. *W.* One of two things I muſt chuſe-----Either to be a Lord or a Beggar.

Man. Be a Lord to chuſe-------Tho' I have known ſome that have choſen both.

Y. *W.* I have a Brother that I love very well; but ſince one of us muſt want, I had rather he ſhou'd ſtarve than I.

Man. Upon my Conſcience, dear Heart, you're in the right on't.

Y. *W.* Now your Advice upon theſe Heads.

Man. They be Matters of Weight, and I muſt conſider, [*Drinks.*] Is there a Will in the Caſe?

Y. *W.* There is; which excludes me from every Foot of the Eſtate.

Man. That's bad-----Where's your Brother?

Y. *W.* He's now in *Germany*, in his way to *England*, and is expected very ſoon.

Man. How ſoon?

Y. *W.* In a Month, or leſs.

Man. O ho! A Month is a great while! our Buſineſs muſt be done in an hour or two-------- We muſt-------- [*Drinks.*] ſuppoſe your Brother to be dead; nay, he ſhall be actually dead-------and my Lord, my humble Service t'ye-----

Y. *W.* O Madam, I'm your Ladyſhip's moſt devoted------Make your Words good, and I'll-------

Man. Say no more, Sir; you ſhall have it, you ſhall have it.

Y. *W.* Ay, but how, dear Mrs. *Mandrake*?

Man. Mrs. *Mandrake!* Is that all?------Why not Mother, Aunt, Grandmother? Sir, I have done more for you this Moment, than all the Relations you have in the World.

Y. *W.* Let me hear it.

Man. By the Strength of this potent Inſpiration, I have made you a Peer of *England*, with ſeven thouſand Pound a Year——My Lord, I wiſh you Joy. [*Drinks.*

Y. *W.* The Woman's mad, I believe.

Man. Quick, quick, my Lord! counterfeit a Letter preſently from *Germany*, that your Brother is kill'd in a Duel; Let it be directed to your Father, and fall into the Hands of the Steward when you are by: What ſort of Fellow is the Steward?

Y. *W.* Why, a timorous half-honeſt Man, that a little Perſuations will make a whole Knave: He wants Courage to be throughly Juſt, or entirely a Villain——but good backing will make him either.

Man. And he ſha'n't want that! I tell you the Letter muſt come into his Hands when you are by; upon this you muſt take immediate Poſſeſſion, and ſo you have the beſt part of the Law of your ſide.

Y. *W.* But ſuppoſe my Brother comes in the mean time?

Man. This muſt be done this very moment: Let him come when you're in Poſſeſſion, I'll warrant we'll find a way to keep him out.——

Y. *W.* But how, my dear Contriver?

Man. By your Father's Will, Man, your Father's Will---That is, one that your Father might have made, and which we will make for him——I'll ſend you a Nephew of my own, a Lawyer, that ſhall do the Buſineſs; go, get into Poſſeſſion, Poſſeſſion, I ſay; let us have but the Eſtate to back the Suit, and you'll find the Law too ſtrong for Juſtice, I warrant you.

Y. *W.* My Oracle! How ſhall we revel in Delight when this great Prediction is accompliſh'd---But one thing yet remains, my Brother's Miſtreſs, the charming *Conſtance*——Let her be mine.——

Man. Pho, pho, ſhe's your's o' Courſe; ſhe's contracted to you; for ſhe's engag'd to marry no Man but my Lord *Wou'd-be's* Son and Heir; now you being the Perſon, ſhe's recoverable by Law.

Y. *W.* Marry her! No, no, ſhe's contracted to him, 'twere Injuſtice to rob a Brother of his Wife, an eaſier Favour will ſatisfie me.

Man. Why, truly, as you ſay, that Favour is ſo eaſie, that I wonder they make ſuch a Buſtle about it——But get you gone and mind your Affairs, I muſt about mine——Oh ——I had

——I had forgot——Where's that fooliſh Letter you had this Morning from *Richmore*?

Y. *W.* I have poſted it up in the *Chocolate-houſe*.

Man. Yaw, [*Shricks.*] I ſhall fall into Fits; hold me——

Y. *W.* No, no, I did but jeſt; here it is——But be aſſur'd, Madam, I wanted only time to have expos'd it.

Man. Ah! you barbarous Man, why ſo?

Y. *W.* Becauſe when Knaves of our Sex, and Fools of yours meet, they make the beſt Jeſt in the World.

Man. Sir, the World has a better ſhare in the Jeſt when we are the Knaves and you the Fools——But look'e, Sir, if ever you open your Mouth about this Trick——I'll diſcover all your Tricks! therefore Silence and Safety on both ſides.

Y. *W.* Madam, you need not doubt my Silence at preſent; becauſe my own Affairs will employ me ſufficiently; ſo there's your Letter. [*Gives the Letter.*] And now to write my own. [*Exit.*

Man. Adieu, my Lord----Let me ſee: [*Opens the Letter and reads.*] *If there be Solemnity in Proteſtations*——That's fooliſh, very fooliſh——Why ſhou'd ſhe expect Solemnity in Proteſtations? Um, um, um. *I may ſtill depend upon the Faith of my* Richmore——Ah, poor *Clelia!*——Um, um, um, *I can no longer hide the Effects on't from the World*——The Effects on't! How modeſtly is that expreſt? Well, 'tis a pretty Letter, and I'll keep it.——

[*Puts the Letter in her Pocket, and* Exit.

SCENE, *Lord* Woudbe's *Houſe.*

Enter Steward and his Wife.

Wife. You are to blame, you are much to blame, Husband, in being ſo ſcrupulous.

Stew. 'Tis true: This fooliſh Conſcience of mine has been the greateſt Bar to my Fortune.

Wife. And will ever be ſo. Tell me but one that thrives, and I'll ſhew you a hundred that ſtarve by it——Do you think 'tis fourſcore Pound a Year makes my Lord *Gowty*'s Steward's Wife live at the rate of four hundred? Upon my Word, my Dear, I'm as good a Gentlewoman as ſhe, and I expect to be maintain'd accordingly: 'Tis Conſcience I warrant, that buys her the Point-Heads, and Diamond Necklace?——Was it Conſcience that bought her the fine Houſe in *Jermain-ſtreet*? Is it Conſcience that enables the Steward to buy when the Lord is forced to ſell?

Stew.

Stew. But what wou'd you have me do?

Wife. Do! Now's your time; that ſmall Morſel of an Eſtate your Lord bought lately, a thing not worth mentioning; take it towards your Daughter *Molly*'s Portion----What's two hundred a year? 'twill never be miſs'd.

Stew. 'Tis but a ſmall Matter, I muſt confeſs; and as a Reward for my paſt faithful Service, I think it but reaſonable I ſhou'd cheat a little now.

Wife. Reaſonable! All the Reaſon that can be; if the ungrateful World won't reward an honeſt Man, why let an honeſt Man reward himſelf------There's five hundred Pounds you receiv'd but two Days ago, lay them aſide-----you may eaſily ſink it in the Charge of the Funeral———Do my dear now, kiſs me, and do it.

Stew. Well, you have ſuch a winning way with you! But, my Dear, I'm ſo much afraid of my young Lord's coming home; he's a cunning cloſe Man, they ſay, and will examine my Accounts very narrowly.

Wife. Ay, my Dear, wou'd you had the younger Brother to deal with? you might manage him as you pleas'd-----I ſee him coming. Let us weep, let us weep.

[*They pull out their Handkerchiefs, and ſeem to mourn.*

Enter Young Wou'dbe.

Stew. Ah, Sir, we have all loſt a Father, a Friend, and a Supporter.

Y. *W.* Ay, Mr. *Steward*, we muſt ſubmit to Fate, as he has done. And it is no ſmall Addition to my Grief, honeſt Mr. *Clearaccount*, that it is not in my Power to ſupply my Father's place to you and yours----Your Sincerity and Juſtice to the Dead, merits the greateſt Regard from thoſe that ſurvive him ----Had I but my Brother's Ability, or he my Inclinations---- I'll aſſure you, Mrs. *Clearaccount*, you ſhou'd not have ſuch cauſe to mourn.

Wife. Ah, good noble Sir!

Stew. Your Brother, Sir, I hear, is a very ſevere Man.

Y. *W.* He is what the World calls a prudent Man, Mr. *Steward:* I have often heard him very ſevere upon Men of your Buſineſs; and has declar'd, That for Form's ſake indeed he wou'd keep a Steward, but that he wou'd inſpect into all his Accounts himſelf.

Wife. Ay, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, you have more Senſe than to do theſe things; you have more Honour than to trouble your Head with your own Affairs-------Wou'd to Heavens we were to ſerve you.

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* Wou'd I cou'd ſerve you, Madam,——without Injuſtice to my Brother.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A Letter for my Lord *Won'dbe.*

Stew. It comes too late, alas! for his Peruſal; let me ſee it. [*Opens, and reads.*

Frankfort, Octob. 10. *New Style.*

Frankfort! Where's *Frankfort*, Sir?

Y. *W.* In *Germany!* This Letter muſt be from my Brother; I ſuppoſe he's a coming home.

Stew. 'Tis none of his Hand. Let me ſee. [*Reads.*

My Lord,

I Am troubled at this unhappy Occaſion of ſending to your Lordſhip; your brave Son, and my dear Friend, was Yeſterday unfortunately kill'd in a Duel by a German *Count*——

I ſhall love a *German* Count as long as I live.——My Lord, my Lord, now I may call you ſo, ſince your elder Brother's ——dead.

Y. *W.* and *Wife.* How?

Stew. Read there. [*Gives the Letter*, Wou'dbe *peruſes it.*

Y. *W.* Oh, my Fate! a Father and a Brother in one Day! Heavens! 'Tis too much——Where is the fatal Meſſenger?

Ser. A Gentleman, Sir, who ſaid he came Poſt on purpoſe. He was afraid, the Contents of the Letter wou'd unqualifie my Lord for Company; ſo he would take another time to wait on him.

Y. *W.* Nay, then 'tis true; and there is Truth in Dreams. Laſt Night I dreamt——

Wife. Nay, my Lord, I dreamt too; I dreamt I ſaw your Brother dreſs'd in a long Miniſter's Gown, (Lord bleſs us!) with a Book in his Hand, walking before a dead Body to the Grave.

Y. *W.* Well, Mr. *Clearaccount*, get Mourning ready.

Stew. Will your Lordſhip have the old Coach cover'd, or a new one made.

Y. *W.* A new one——The old Coach, with the Grey Horſes, I give to Mrs. *Clearaccount* here; 'tis not fit ſhe ſhould walk the Streets.

Wife. Heav'ns bleſs the *German* Count, I ſay.——But, my Lord——.

Y. *W.* No Reply, Madam, you ſhall have it.——And receive it but as the Earneſt of my Favours.——Mr. *Clearaccount*, I double your Salary, and all the Servants Wages, to

moderate their Grief for our great Loſſes.——Pray, Sir, take order about theſe Affairs.

Stew. I ſhall, my Lord. [*Exeunt* Stew. *and* Wife.

Y. *W.* So! I have got Poſſeſſion of the Caſtle, and if I had but a little Law to fortifie me now, I believe we might hold it out a great while. Oh! Here comes my Attorney.—— Mr. *Subtleman*, your Servant.——

Enter Subtleman.

Sub. My Lord, I wiſh you Joy; my Aunt *Mandrake* has ſent me to receive your Commands.

Y. *W.* Has ſhe told you any thing of the Affair?

Sub. Not a Word, my Lord.

Y. *W.* Why then——come nearer.——Can you make a Man right Heir to an Eſtate during the Life of an elder Brother?

Sub. I thought you had been the eldeſt.

Y. *W.* That we are not yet agreed upon; for you muſt know, there is an impertinent Fellow that takes a fancy to diſpute the Seniority with me.——For, look'e, Sir, my Mother has unluckily ſow'd Diſcord in the Family, by bringing forth Twins: My Brother, 'tis true, was Firſt-born; but, I believe from the bottom of my Heart, I was the firſt begotten.

Sub. I underſtand——you are come to an Eſtate and Dignity, that by Juſtice indeed is your own, but by Law it falls to your Brother.

Y. *W.* I had rather, Mr. *Subtleman*, it were his by Juſtice, and mine by Law; for I wou'd have the ſtrongeſt Title, if poſſible.

Sub. I am very ſorry there ſhou'd happen any Breach between Brethren:——So I think it wou'd be but a Chriſtian and Charitable Act to take away all farther Diſputes, by making you true Heir to the Eſtate by the laſt Will of your Father.——Look'e——I'll divide Stakes;——you ſhall yield the Elderſhip and Honour to him, and he ſhall quit his Eſtate to you.

Y. *W.* Why, as you ſay, I don't much care if I do grant him the Eldeſt, half an hour is but a Trifle: But how ſhall we do about his Will? Who ſhall we get to prove it?

Sub. Never trouble your ſelf for that, I expect a Cargoe of Witneſſes and Uſquebaugh by the firſt fair Wind.

Y. *W.* But we can't ſtay for them; it muſt be done immediately.

Sub. Well, well; we'll find ſome Body, I warrant you, to make Oath of his laſt Words.

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* That's impoſſible; for my Father died of an Apoplexy, and did not ſpeak at all.

Sub. That's nothing, Sir: He's not the firſt dead Man that I have made to ſpeak.

Y. *W.* You're a great Maſter of Speech, I don't queſtion, Sir; and I can aſſure you there will be Ten Guineas for every Word you extort from him in my Favour.

Sub. O Sir, that's enough to make your Great Grandfather ſpeak.

Y. *W.* Come then, I'll carry you to my Steward; he ſhall give you the Names of the Mannors, and the true Titles and Denominations of the Eſtate, and then you ſhall go to work.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Park.*

Richmore *and* Trueman *meeting.*

Rich. O brave Cuz! you're very happy with the Fair, I find. Pray, which of thoſe two Ladies you encounter'd juſt now, has your Adoration.

True. She that commands by forbidding it: And ſince I had courage to declare to her ſelf, I dare now own it to the World: *Aurelia*, Sir, is my Angel.

Rich. Ha! [*A long Pauſe.*] Sir, I find you're of every body's Religion; but methinks you make a bold Flight at firſt: Do you think your Captain's Pay will ſtake againſt ſo high a Gameſter?

True. What do you mean?

Rich. Mean! bleſs me, Sir, mean!------ You're a Man of mighty Honour, we all know.-----But I'll tell you a Secret.------The thing is publick already.

True. I ſhou'd be proud that all Mankind were acquainted with it; I ſhou'd deſpiſe the Paſſion that cou'd make me either aſham'd or afraid to own it.

Rich. Ha, ha, ha: Prithee, dear Captain, no more of theſe Rhodomontado's; you may as ſoon put a Standing-Army upon us.-------I'll tell you another Secret-- --Five hundred Pound is the leaſt Penny.

True. Nay, to my Knowledge, ſhe has fifteen hundred.

Rich. Nay, to my Knowledge, ſhe took Five.

True. Took Five! How! Where?

Rich. In her Lap, in her Lap, Captain; where ſhou'd it be?

True. I'm amaz'd!

Rich. So am I; that ſhe cou'd be ſo unreaſonable------Fifteen hundred Pound! 'Sdeath! had ſhe that price from you?

True. 'Sdeath, I meant her Portion.

Rich.

Rich. Why, what have you to do with her Portion?

True. I lov'd her up to Marriage, by this Light.

Rich. Marriage! Ha, ha, ha; I love the Gipſie for her Cunning——A young, eaſie, amorous, credulous Fellow of two and twenty, was juſt the Game ſhe wanted; I find ſhe preſently ſingled you out from the Herd.

True. You diſtract me!

Rich. A Soldier too, that muſt follow the Wars abroad, and leave her to Engagements at home.

True. Death and Furies; I'll be reveng'd.

Rich. Why? What can you do? You'll challenge her, will you?

True. Her Reputation was ſpotleſs when I went over.

Rich. So was the Reputation of Mareſchal *Boufflers*; but d'e think, that while you were beating the *French* abroad, that we were idle at home?——No, no, we have had our Sieges, our Capitulations, and Surrendries, and all that.--We have cut our ſelves out good Winter Quarters as well as you.

True. And are you billetted there?

Rich. Look'e, *Trueman*, you ought to be very truſty to a Secret, that has ſav'd you from Deſtruction.----In plain terms, I have buried Five hundred Pounds in that little Spot, and I ſhould think it very hard, if you took it over my Head.

True. Not by a Leaſe for Life, I can aſſure you: But I ſhall——

Rich. What! you ha'n't five hundred Pounds to give. Look'e, ſince you make no ſport, ſpoil none. In a Year or two, ſhe dwindles to a perfect Baſſet-Bank; every Body may play at it that pleaſes, and then you may put in for a piece or two.

True. Dear Sir, I could worſhip you for this.

Rich. Not for this, Nephew; for I did not intend it, but I came to ſeek you upon another Affair.——Were not you in the Preſence laſt Night?

True. I was.

Rich. Did not you talk to *Clelia*, my Lady *Taper*'s Niece?

True. A fine Woman.

Rich. Well! I met her upon the Stairs, and handing her to her Coach; ſhe asked me, if you were not my Nephew? And ſaid two or three warm things, that perſuade me ſhe likes you: Her Relations have Intereſt at Court, and ſhe has Money in her Pocket.

True. But——this Devil *Aurelia* ſtill ſticks with me.

Rich. What then! The way to love in one place with ſucceſs, is to marry in another with Convenience. *Clelia* has Four thouſand

thousand Pound; this applied to your reigning Ambition, whether Love or Advancement, will go a great way: And for her Virtue and Conduct, be assur'd, that no body can give a better Account of it than my self.

True. I am willing to believe from this late Accident, that you consult my Honour and Interest in what you propose, and therefore I am satisfied to be govern'd.

Rich. I see the very Lady in the Walk.---We'll about it.

True. I wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Lord* Wou'dbe's *House.*

Y. Wou'dbe, Subtleman, *and* Steward.

Y. *W.* Well, Mr. *Subtleman*, you are sure the Will is firm and good in Law.

Sub. I warrant you, my Lord: And for the last Words to prove it, here they are. ----- Look'e Mr. *Clearaccount* ----Yes ----- that is an Answer to the Question that was put to him, (you know) by those about him when he was a dying ------ Yes, or No, he must have said; so we have chosen Yes---- *Yes, I have made my Will, as it may be found in the Custody of Mr.* Clearaccount *my Steward; and I desire it may stand as my Last Will and Testament.*----Did you ever hear a dying Man's Words more to the purpose? An Apoplexy! I tell you, my Lord had Intervals to the last.

Stew. Ay, but how shall these Words be prov'd?

Sub. My Lord shall speak 'em now.

Y. *W.* Shall he saith?

Sub. Ay, now ---- if the Corps ben't bury'd ----- Look'e, Sir, these Words must be put into his Mouth, and drawn out again before us all! and if they won't be his last Words then ----I'll be perjur'd.

Y. *W.* What! violate the Dead! it must not be, Mr. *Subtleman*:

Sub. With all my heart, Sir! But I think you had better violate the Dead of a Tooth or so, than violate the Living of seven thousand Pound a year.

Y. *W.* But is there no other way?

Sub. No, Sir: Why, d'ye think Mr. *Clearaccount* here will hazard Soul and Body to swear they are his last Words, unless they be made his last Words? For my part, Sir, I'll swear to nothing but what I see with my Eyes come out of a Man's Mouth.

Y. *W.* But it looks so unnatural.

Sub. What! to open a Man's Mouth, and put in a bit of Paper!-----this is all.

Y. *W.* But the Body is cold, and his Teeth can't be got asunder.

Sub. But what Occasion has your Father for Teeth now? I tell you what,——I knew a Gentleman, three Days buried, taken out of his Grave, and his dead Hand set to his last Will, (unless some body made him sign another afterwards,) and I know the Estate to be held by that Tenure to this Day; and a firm Tenure it is; for a dead Hand holds fastest; and let me tell you, dead Teeth will fasten as hard.

Y. *W.* Well, well, use your Pleasure, you understand the Law best--------- (*Exit* Subtleman *and* Steward. What a mighty Confusion is brought in Families by sudden Death? Men should do well to settle their Affairs in time——Had my Father done this before he was taken ill, what a Trouble had he sav'd us? But he was taken suddenly, poor Man!

Re-enter Subtleman.

Sub. Your Father still bears you the old Grudge, I find! it was with much strugling he consented; I never knew a Man so loth to speak in my Life.

Y. *W.* He was always a Man of few Words.

Sub. Now I may safely bear Witness my self, as the Scrivener there present:------- I love to do things with a clear Conscience. (*Subscribes.*

Y. *W.* But the Law requires three Witnesses.

Sub. O! I shall pick up a Couple more, that perhaps may take my Word for't:——But is not Mr. *Clearaccount* in your Intereſt?

Y. *W.* I hope so.

Sub. Then he shall be one; a Witness in the Family goes a great way! besides, these Foreign Evidences are risen confoundedly since the Wars. I hope, if mine escape the Privateers, to make an hundred Pound an Ear of every Head of 'em.——But the Steward is an honest Man, and shall save you the Charges. (*Exit.*

Y. *W. Solus.*] The Pride of Birth, the Heats of Appetite, and Fear of Want, are strong Temptations to Injustice.——But why Injustice?——The World hath broke all Civilities with me, and left me in the eldest State of Nature, Wild, where Force, or Cunning first created Right. I cannot say I ever knew a Father:——'Tis true, I was begotten in his Life-time, but I was Posthumous born, and liv'd not till he died——My Hours indeed I numbred, but ne'er enjoyed 'em,

'em, till this Moment.———My Brother! what is Brother? We are all ſo; and the firſt two were Enemies.———He ſtands before me in the Road of Life to rob me of my Pleaſures.———My Senſes, form'd by Nature for Delight, are all alarm'd.———My Sight, my Hearing, Taſte and Touch, call loudly on me for their Objects, and they ſhall be ſatisfy'd. (*Exit.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE, *A Levee.*

Young Wou'dbe *dreſſing, and ſeveral Gentlemen whiſpering him by turns.*

Y. *W.* SUrely the greateſt Ornament of Quality is a clean and a numerous Levee; ſuch a Croud of Attendance for the cheap Reward of Words and Promiſes, diſtinguiſhes the Nobility from thoſe that pay Wages to their Servants.

(*A Gentleman whiſpers.*)

Sir, I ſhall ſpeak to the Commiſſioners, and uſe all my Intereſt, I can aſſure you, Sir.

(*Another whiſpers.*)

Sir, I ſhall meet ſome of your Board this Evening; let me ſee you to morrow.

(*A Third whiſpers.*)

Sir, I'll conſider of it.-----That Fellow's Breath ſtinks of Tobacco. (*Aſide.*) O, Mr. *Comick*, your Servant.

Com. My Lord, I wiſh you Joy; I have ſomething to ſhew your Lordſhip.

Y. *W.* What is it, pray, Sir?

Com. I have an Elegy upon the dead Lord, and a Panegyrick upon the living one: *In utrumque paratus*, my Lord.

Y. *W.* Ha, ha, very pretty, Mr. *Comick*.----But pray, Mr. *Comick*, why don't you write Plays; it wou'd give one an Opportunity of ſerving you?

Com. My Lord, I have writ one.

Y. *W.* Was it ever Acted?

Com. No, my Lord; but it has been a rehearſing theſe three years and a half.

Y. *W.* A long time. There must be a great deal of Business in it surely.

Com. No, my Lord, none at all. ----- I have another Play just finish'd, but that I want a Plot for't.

Y. *W.* A Plot! you shou'd read the *Italian* and *Spanish* Plays, Mr. *Comick* —— I like your Verses here mightily. —— Here, Mr. *Clearaccount.*

Com. Now for five Guineas at least. [*Aside.*

Y. *W.* Here, give Mr. *Comick*, give him —— give him the *Spanish* Play that lies in the Closet Window. —— Captain, can I do you any Service?

Cap. Pray, my Lord, use your Interest with the General for that vacant Commission: I hope, my Lord, the Blood I have already lost, may intitle me to spill the remainder in my Country's Cause.

Y. *W.* All the reason in the World; --- Captain, you may depend upon me for all the Service I can.

Gen. I hope your Lordship won't forget to speak to the General about that vacant Commission, altho' I have never made a Campaign; yet my Lord, my Interest in the Country can raise me Men, which, I think, shou'd prefer me to that Gentleman, whose Bloody Disposition frightens the poor People from listing.

Y. *W.* All the reason in the World, Sir; you may depend upon me for all the Service in my power. —— Captain, I'll do your Business for you. —— Sir, I'll speak to the General! I shall see him at the House —— [*To the Gentlemen.*

Enter a Citizen.

Oh, Mr. *Alderman*, —— your Servant —— Gentlemen all, I beg your pardon. [*Exeunt* Levee.

Mr. *Alderman*, have you any Service to command me?

Ald. Your Lordship's humble Servant. —— I have a Favour to beg: You must know, I have a graceless Son, a Fellow that drinks and swears eternally, keeps a Whore in every corner of the Town: In short, he's fit for no kind of thing but a Soldier. --- I'm so tir'd of him, that I intend to throw him into the Army, let the Fellow be ruin'd, if he will.

Y. *W.* I commend your paternal Care, Sir! ----- can I do you any Service in this Affair?

Ald. Yes, my Lord: There is a vacant Company in Colonel Whatd'yecalum's Regiment, and if your Lordship wou'd but speak to the General.

Y. *W.* Has your Son ever serv'd?

Ald. Serv'd! yes, my Lord, he's an Ensign in the Train-Bands.

Y. *W.* Has he ever ſignaliz'd his Courage?

Ald. Often, often, my Lord; but one Day particularly you muſt know, his Captain was ſo buſie ſhipping off a Cargo of Cheeſes, that he left my Son to command in his Place ------Wou'd you believe it, my Lord, he charg'd up *Cheapſide* in the Front of the Buff-Coats, with ſuch Bravery and Courage, that I could not forbear wiſhing in the Loyalty of my Heart, for ten thouſand ſuch Officers upon the *Rhine*-----Ah! my Lord, we muſt employ ſuch Fellows as him, or we ſhall never humble the *French* King-----Now, my Lord, if you cou'd find a convenient time to hint theſe things to the General.

Y. *W.* All the reaſon in the World, Mr. *Alderman*, I'll do you all the Service I can.

Ald. You may tell him, he's a Man of Courage, fit for the Service; and then he loves Hardſhip-----He ſleeps every other Night in the *Round-houſe*.

Y. *W.* I'll do you all the Service I can.

Ald. Then, my Lord, he ſalutes with his Pike ſo very handſomely, it went to his Miſtreſs's Heart t'other Day----Then he beats a Drum like an Angel.

Y. *W.* Sir, I'll do you all the Service I can-----

(*Not taking the leaſt Notice of the* Alderman *all this while, but dreſſing himſelf in the Glaſs.*

Ald. But, my Lord, the hurry of your Lordſhip's Affairs may put my Buſineſs out of your Head; therefore, my Lord, I'll preſume to leave you ſome *Memorandum*.

Y. *W.* I'll do you all the Service I can. (*Not minding him.*

Ald. Pray, my Lord, (*Pulling him by the Sleeve.*) give me leave for a *Memorandum*; my Glove, I ſuppoſe, will do: Here, my Lord, pray remember me-----

(*Lays his Glove upon the Table, and Exit.*

Y. *W.* I'll do you all the Service I can--------What, is he gone? 'Tis the moſt rude familiar Fellow-----Faugh, what a greaſie Gauntlet is here-------(*A Purſe drops out of the Glove.*) Oh! No, no, the Glove is a clean well made Glove, and the Owner of it the moſt reſpectful Perſon I have ſeen this Morning, he knows what diſtance (*Chinking the Purſe.*) is due to a Man of Quality,----- but what muſt I do for this? *Friſure* (*To his Valet.*) do you remember what the Alderman ſaid to me?

Friſ. No, my Lord, I thought your Lordſhip had.

Y. *W.* This Blockhead thinks a Man of Quality can mind what People ſay ------when they do ſomething, 'tis another caſe. Here, call him back, (*Exit* Friſure.) he talk'd ſome-

thing of the General, and his Son, and Train-Bands, I know not what Stuff.

Re-enter Alder. *and* Friſure.

Oh, Mr. Alderman, I have put your *Memorandum* in my Pocket.

Ald. O, my Lord, you do me too much Honour.

Y. *W.* But, Mr. Alderman, the Buſineſs you were talking of, it ſhall be done; but if you gave a ſhort Note of it to my Secretary, it wou'd not be amiſs-------- but, Mr. Alderman, ha'n't you the Fellow to this Glove, it fits me mighty well [*Putting on the Glove.*] it looks ſo like a Challenge to give a Man an odd Glove-------and I wou'd have nothing that looks like Enmity between you and I, Mr. Alderman.

Ald. Truly, my Lord, I intended the other Glove for a *Memorandum* to the Collonel, but ſince your Lordſhip has a mind to't------ [*Gives the Glove.*

Y. *W.* Here, *Friſure*, lead this Gentleman to my Secretary, and bid him take a Note of his Buſineſs.

Ald. But, my Lord, *don't* do me all the Service you can now.

Y. *W.* Well, I *won't* do you all the Service I can--------theſe Citizens have a ſtrange Capacity of ſolliciting ſometimes. [*Exit* Ald.

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lord, here are your Taylor, your Vintner, your Bookſeller, and half a dozen more with their Bills at the Door, and they deſire their Money.

Y. *W.* Tell 'em, Mr. *Clearaccount*, that when I was a private Gentleman, I had nothing elſe to do but to run in Debt, and now that I have got into a higher Rank, I'm ſo very buſie I can't pay it--------as for that clamorous Rogue of a Taylor ſpeak him fair, till he has made up my Liveries-------then about a Year and a half hence, be at leiſure to put him off for a Year and a half longer.

Stew. My Lord, there's a Gentleman below calls himſelf Mr. *Baſſet*, he ſays your Lordſhip owes him fifty Guineas that he won of you at Cards.

Y. *W.* Look'e, Sir,-------the Gentleman's Money is a Debt of Honour, and muſt be paid immediately.

Stew. Your Father thought otherwiſe, my Lord, he always took care to have the poor Tradeſmen ſatisfy'd, whoſe only Subſiſtence lay in the Uſe of their Money, and was uſed to ſay, That nothing was honourable but what was honeſt.

Y. *W.* My Father might ſay what he pleas'd, he was a Nobleman of very ſingular Humours------but in my Notion,

there are not two things in Nature more different than Honour and Honesty------now your Honesty is a little Mechanick Quality, well enough among Citizens, People that do nothing but pitiful mean Actions according to Law------but your Honour flies a much higher Pitch, and will do any thing that's free and spontaneous, but scorns to level it self to what is only just.

Stew. But I think it a little hard to have these poor People starve for want of their Money, and yet pay this sharping Rascal fifty Guineas.

Y. *W.* Sharping Rascal! What a Barbarism that is? Why he wears as good Wigs, as fine Linen, and keeps as good Company as any at *White*'s; and between him and I, Sir, this sharping Rascal, as you are pleased to call him, shall make more Interest among the Nobility with his Cards and Counters, than a Soldier shall with his Sword and Pistol. Pray let him have fifty Guineas immediately. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the Street*; *Elder* Wou'dbe *writing in a Pocket-Book, in a Riding Habit.*

E. *W. Monday the* 1702. *I arrived safe in* London, *and so concluding my Travels*------ (*Putting up his Book.*)
Now welcome Country, Father, Friends,
My Brother too, (if Brothers can be Friends:)
But above all, my charming Fair, my *Constance.*
Through all the Mazes of my wandring Steps,
Through all the various Climes that I have run;
Her Love has been the Loadstone of my Course,
Her Eyes the Stars that pointed me the Way.
Had not her Charms my Heart entire possess'd,
Who knows what *Circe*'s artful Voice and Look
Might have ensnar'd my travelling mouth,
And fixt me to Enchantment?

Enter Teague *with a Port-Manteau. He throws it down and sits on it.*

Here comes my Fellow-Traveller. What makes you sit upon the Port-Manteau, *Teague*? you'll rumple the things.

Te. Be me Shoule, Maishter, I did carry the Port-Mantel till it tir'd me; and now the Port-Mantel shall carry me till I tire him.

E. *W.* And how d'ye like *London*, *Teague*, after our Travels?

Te. Fet, dear Joy, 'tis the braveſt Plaaſe I have ſheen in my Peregrinations, exſhepting my nown brave Shitty of *Carick-Vergus.*-- --Uf, uf, dere iſh a very fragrant Shmell here abouts.------Maiſhter, ſhall I run to that Paiſhtry-Cooks for ſhix Pennyworths of boil'd Beef?

E. *W.* Tho' this Fellow travell'd the World over he would never loſe his Brogue nor his Stomach.-----Why, you Cormorant, ſo hungry and ſo early!

Te. Early! Deel tauke me Maiſhter, 'tiſh a great deal more than almoſt twelve a-Clock.

E. *W.* Thou art never happy unleſs thy Guts be ſtuft up to thy Eyes.

Te. Oh Maiſhter, dere iſh a dam way of diſtance, and the deel a bit between.

Enter Young Wou'dbe *in a Chair, with four or five Footmen before him, and paſſes over the Stage.*

E. *W.* Hey day --- who comes here? With one, two, three, four, five Footmen! Some young Fellow juſt taſting the ſweet Vanity of Fortune.------- Run, *Teague*, inquire who that is.

Te. Yes, Maiſhter. [*Runs to one of the Footmen.*] Sir, will you give my humble Shervice to your Maiſhter, and tell him to ſend me word fat Naam iſh upon him?

Foot. You wou'd know fat Naam iſh upon him?

Te. Yeſh, fet would I.

Foot. Why, what are you, Sir?

Te. Be me Shoul, I am a Shentleman bred and born, and dere iſh my Maiſhter.

Foot. Then your Maſter would know it?

Te. Arah, you Fool, iſh it not the ſaam ting?

Foot. Then tell your Maſter 'tis the young Lord *Wou'dbe*, juſt come to his Eſtate by the Death of his Father and elder Brother. [Exit *Footman.*

E. *W.* What do I hear?

Te. You hear that you are dead, Maiſhter; fere vil you pleaſe to be buried?

E. *W.* But art thou ſure it was my Brother?

Te. Be me ſhoul it was him nown ſelf; I know'd him fery well, after his Man told me.

E. *W.* The Buſineſs requires that I be convinc'd with my own Eyes; I'll follow him, and know the bottom on't-----Stay here till I return.

Te. Dear Maiſhter, have a care upon your ſhelf; Now they know you are dead, by my ſhoul they may kill you.

E. *W.*

E. W. Don't fear; none of his Servants know me, and I'll take care to keep my Face from his ſight. It concerns me to conceal my ſelf, till I know the Engines of this Contrivance. -------Be ſure you ſtay till I come to you; and let no body know whom you belong to. (*Exit.*

Te. Oh, ho, hon, poor *Teague* is left alone.

(*Sits on the Port-Manteau.*

Enter Subtleman *and* Steward.

Sub. And you won't ſwear to the Will?

Stew. My Conſcience tells me I dare not do't with Safety.

Sub. But if we make it lawful, what ſhou'd we fear? We now think nothing againſt Conſcience, 'till the Cauſe be thrown out of Court.

Stew. In you, Sir, 'tis no Sin; becauſe 'tis the Principle of your Profeſſion: But in me, Sir, 'tis downright Perjury indeed.——You can't want Witneſſes enough, ſince Money won't be wanting----and you muſt loſe no time; for I heard juſt now, that the true Lord *Wou'dbe* was ſeen in Town, or his Ghoſt.

Sub. It was his Ghoſt, to be ſure; for a Nobleman without an Eſtate, is but the Shadow of a Lord.——Well; take no Care: Leave me to my ſelf; I'm near the *Friers*, and ten to one, ſhall pick up an Evidence.

Stew. Speed you well, Sir. (*Exit.*

Sub. There's a Fellow that has Hunger and the Gallows pictur'd in his Face, and looks like my Countryman——— How now, honeſt Friend, what have you got under you there?

Te. Noting, dear Joy.

Sub. Nothing? Is it not a Port-Manteau?

Te. That is noting to you.

Sub. The Fellow's a Wit.

Te. Fel am I? My Grandfader was an *Iriſh* Poet———He did write a great Book of Verſes concerning the Vars between St. *Patrick* and the Wolf-Dogs.

Sub. Then thou art poor, I'm afraid?

Te. Be me Shoul, my ſole Generation iſh ſo.——I have noting but thiſh Port-Manteau, and dat it ſhelf iſh not my own.

Sub. Why, who does it belong to?

Te. To my Maiſhter, dear Joy.

Sub. Then you have a Maſter?

Te. Fet I have, but he's dead.

Sub. Right!---And how do you intend to live?

Te.

Te. By eating, dear Joy, ſen I can get it, and by ſleeping ſen I can get none——'Tiſh the Faſhion of *Ireland.*

Sub. What was your Maſter's Name, pray?

Te. [*Aſide.*] I will tell a Lee now; but it ſhall be a true one.——*Macfadin*, dear Joy, was his Naam. He vent over vith King *Jamiſh* into *France*.——He was my Maſter once.---Deere iſh de true Lee; noo. [*Aſide.*

Sub. What Employment had he?

Te. Je ne ſcay pas.

Sub. What, can you ſpeak *French*?

Te. Ouy Monſieur,——I did travel *France*, and *Spain*, and *Italy*;——Dear Joy, I did kiſh the Pope's Toe, and dat will excuſe me all the Sins of my Life; and ſen I am dead, St. *Patrick* will excuſe the reſt.

Sub. A rare Fellow for my purpoſe. [*Aſide.*] Thou look'ſt like an honeſt Fellow; and if you'll go with me to the next Tavern, I'll give thee a Dinner, and a Glaſs of Wine.

Te. Be me Shoul 'tis dat I wanted, dear Joy; come along, I will follow you.

[*Runs out before* Subtleman *with the Portmanteau on his Back. Exit* Subtleman.

Enter Elder Wou'dbe.

E. *W.* My Father dead! My Birth-right loſt! How have my drowſie Stars ſlept o'er my Fortune? Ha! [*Looking about.*] my Servant gone! The ſimple, poor, ungrateful Wretch, has left me.——I took him up from Poverty and Want; and now he leaves me juſt as I found him.——My Cloaths and Money too!——But why ſhould I repine? Let Man but view the Dangers he has paſt, and few will fear what Hazards are to come. That Providence that has ſecur'd my Life from Robbers, Shipwreck, and from Sickneſs, is ſtill the ſame; ſtill kind whilſt I am juſt.——My Death, I find, is firmly believ'd; but how it gain'd ſo univerſal Credit, I fain wou'd learn.——Who comes here?——honeſt Mr. *Fairbank!* My Father's Goldſmith, a Man of Subſtance and Integrity. The Alteration of five years Abſence, with the Report of my Death, may ſhade me from his Knowledge, till I enquire ſome News. [*Enter* Fairbank.] Sir, your humble Servant.

Fair. Sir, I don't know you. [*Shunning him.*

E. *W.* I intend you no harm, Sir; but ſeeing you come from my Lord *Wou'dbe*'s Houſe, I would ask you a Queſtion or two——Pray what Diſtemper did my Lord die of?

Fair. I am told it was an Apoplexy.

E *W.* And pray, Sir, what does the World ſay? Is his Death lamented?

Fair.

Fair. Lamented! My Eyes that Queſtion ſhou'd reſolve; Friend,——Thou knew'ſt him not; elſe thy own Heart had anſwer'd thee.

E. *W.* His Grief, methinks, chides my Defect of Filial Duty. [*Aſide.*] But, I hope, Sir, his Loſs is partly recompens'd in the Merits of his Succeſſor.

Fair. It might have been; but his eldeſt Son, Heir to his Vertue and his Honour, was lately and unfortunately kill'd in *Germany*.

E. *W.* How unfortunately, Sir?

Fair. Unfortunately for him and us.——I do remember him.---He was the mildeſt, humbleſt, ſweeteſt Youth.——

E. *W.* Happy indeed, had been my Part in Life, if I had left this Humane Stage, whilſt this ſo ſpotleſs and ſo fair Applauſe, had crown'd my going off. [*Aſide.*] Well, Sir.

Fair. But thoſe that ſaw him in his Travels, told ſuch Wonders of his Improvement, that the Report recall'd his Father's Years; and with the Joy to hear his *Hermes* prais'd, he oft wou'd break the Chains of Gout and Age; and leaping up with Strength of greeneſt Youth, cry, *My* Hermes *is my ſelf: Methinks I live my ſprightly Days again, and I am young in him.*

E. *W.* Spite of all Modeſty, a Man muſt own a Pleaſure in the hearing of his Praiſe. [*Aſide.*

Fair You're thoughtful, Sir——Had you any Relation to the Family we talk of?

E. *W.* None, Sir, beyond my private Concern in the publick Loſs——But pray, Sir, what Character does the preſent Lord bear?

Fair. Your Pardon, Sir. As for the Dead, their Memories are left unregarded, and Tongues may touch them freely: But for the Living, they have provided for the Safety of their Names by a ſtrong Incloſure of the Law. There is a thing call'd *Scandalum Magnatum*, Sir.

E. *W.* I commend your Caution, Sir; but be aſſur'd I intend not to entrap you.---I am a poor Gentleman: and having heard much of the Charity of the old Lord *Wou'dbe*, I had a mind to apply to his Son; and therefore enquir'd his Character.

Fair. Alas! Sir, things are chang'd: That Houſe was once what Poverty might go a Pilgrimage to ſeek, and have its Pains rewarded.------The noble Lord, the truly noble Lord, held his Eſtate, his Honour, and his Houſe, as if they were only lent upon the Intereſt of doing good to others. He kept a Porter, not to exclude, but ſerve the Poor. No Creditor

was

was seen to guard his going out, or watch his coming in: No craving Eyes, but Looks of smiling Gratitude.——But now, that Family, which like a Garden fairly kept, invited every Stranger to its Fruit and Shade, is now run o'er with Weeds: ——Nothing but Wine and Revelling within, a Croud of noisie Creditors without, a Train of Servants insolently proud. ———Wou'd you believe it, Sir, as I offer'd to go in just now, the rude Porter push'd me back with his Staff.——I am at this present (thanks to Providence and my Industry) worth twenty thousand Pounds. I pay the fifth Part of this to maintain the Liberty of the Nation; and yet this Slave, the impudent *Swiss* Slave offer'd to strike me.

E. *W.* 'Twas hard, Sir, very hard:——And if they us'd a Man of your Substance so roughly, how will they manage me, that am not worth a Groat?

Fair. I wou'd not willingly defraud your Hopes of what may happen.---If you can drink and swear, perhaps——

E. *W.* I shall not pay that Price for his Lordship's Bounty wou'd it extend to half he's worth.——Sir, I give you thanks for your Caution, and shall steer another Course.

Fair. Sir, you look like an honest, modest Gentleman. Come home with me; I am as able to give you a Dinner as my Lord; and you shall be very welcome to eat at my Table every Day till you are better provided.

E. *W.* Good Man. (*Aside.*) Sir, I must beg you to excuse me to Day: But I shall find a time to accept of your Favours, or at least to thank you for 'em.

Fair. Sir, you shall be very welcome when ever you please. (*Exit.*

E. *W.* Gramercy, Citizen! Surely, if Justice were an Herald, she wou'd give this Tradesman a nobler Coat of Arms than my Brother.———But I delay: I long to vindicate the Honour of my Station, and to displace this bold Usurper:--- But one Concern, methinks, is nearer still, my *Constance!* Shou'd she, upon the Rumour of my Death, have fixt her Heart elsewhere,———then I were dead indeed; but if she still proves true,——Brother, sit fast.

I'll shake your Strength, all Obstacles remove,
Sustain'd by Justice, and inspir'd by Love. (Exit.

SCENE *an Apartment.* Constance, Aurelia.

Con. For Heaven's sake, Cousin, cease your impertinent Consolation: It but makes me angry, and raises two Passions in

in me instead of one. You see I commit no Extravagance, my Grief is silent enough: My Tears make no Noise to disturb any Body. I desire no Companion in my Sorrows; leave me to my self, and you comfort me.------

Aur. But, Cousin, have you no regard to your Reputation? this immoderate Concern for a young Fellow. What will the World say? you lament him like a Husband.------

Con. No: you mistake: I have no Rule nor Method for my Grief; no Pomp of black and darkned Rooms; no formal Month for Visits on my Bed. I am content with the slight Mourning of a broken-heart; and all my Form is Tears. (*Weeps.*

Enter Mandrake.

Man. Madam *Aurelia*, Madam, don't disturb her.---- Every thing must have its vent. 'Tis a hard Case to be cross'd in one's first Love: But you shou'd consider, Madam, (*To* Constance.) that we are all born to die, some young, some old.

Con. Better we all dy'd young, than to be plagu'd with Age, as I am. I find other folks Years are as troublesome to us as our own.

Man. You have Reason, you have Cause to mourn. He was the handsomest Man, and the sweetest Babe, that I know; tho' I must confess too, that *Ben* had much the finer Complection when he was born: But then *Hermes*, O yes, *Hermes* had the Shape that he had——But of all the Infants that I ever beheld with my Eyes, I think *Ben* had the finest Ear, Wax-work, perfect Wax-work; and then he did so sputter at the Breast!---- His Nurse was a hale, well-complection'd, sprightly Jade, as ever I saw; but her Milk was a little too stale; tho' at the same time, 'twas as blue and clear as a Cambrick.

Aur. Do you intend all this, Madam, for a Consolation to my Cousin?

Man. No, no, Madam, that's to come.——I tell you, fair Lady, you have only lost the Man; the Estate and Title are still your own; and this very moment I wou'd salute you Lady *Wou'dbe*, if you pleas'd.

Con. Dear Madam, your Proposal is very tempting, let me but consider till to morrow, and I'll give you an Answer.

Man. I knew it, I knew it; I said, when you were born, you wou'd be a Lady; I knew it. To morrow, you say. My Lord shall know it immediately. (*Exit.*

Aur. What d'ye intend to do, Cousin?

Con. To go into the Country this moment, to be free from the Impertinence of Condoleance, the Persecution of that Monster

ſter of a Man, and that Devil of a Woman.——O *Aurelia*, I long to be alone. I am become ſo fond of Grief, that I would fly where I might enjoy it all, and have no Interruption in my darling Sorrow.

Enter Elder Wou'dbe *unperceiv'd.*

E. *W.* In Tears! perhaps for me! I'll try—— (*Drops a Picture, and goes back to the Entrance, and liſtens.*

Aur. If there be ought in Grief delightful, don't grudge me a ſhare.

Con. No, my dear *Aurelia*, I'll ingroſs it all. I lov'd him ſo, methinks I ſhou'd be jealous if any mourned his Death beſides my ſelf. What's here! (*Takes up the Picture.*) Ha! ſee Couſin——the very Face and Features of the Man! Sure, ſome officious Angel has brought me this for a Companion in my Solitude----Now I'm fitted out for Sorrow. With this I'll ſigh, with this converſe, gaze on his Image till I grow blind with Weeping.

Aur. I'm amaz'd! how came it here!

Con. Whether by Miracle or humane Chance, 'tis all alike; I have it here: Nor ſhall it ever ſeparate from my Breaſt.---- it's the only thing cou'd give me Joy, becauſe it will encreaſe my Grief.

E. *W.* (*Entring.*) Moſt glorious Woman! now I am fond of Life.

Aur. Ha! What's this? Your Buſineſs, pray Sir?

E. *W.* With this Lady. (*Goes to* Conſtance, *takes her Hand, and kneels.*) Here let me worſhip that Perfection, whoſe Vertue might attract the liſtning Angels, and make 'em ſmile to ſee ſuch Purity, ſo like themſelves in humane Shape.

Con. Hermes!

E. *W.* Your living *Hermes*, who ſhall die yours too.

Con. Now Paſſion, powerful Paſſion, would bear me like a Whirlwind to his Arms:- ----But my Sex has Bounds------ 'Tis wondrous, Sir!

E. *W.* Moſt wondrous are the Works of Fate for Man, and moſt cloſely laid, is the Serpentine Line that guides him into Happineſs!------that hidden Power which did permit thoſe Arts to cheat me of my Birthright, had this ſurpriſe of Happineſs in ſtore, well knowing that Grief is the beſt Preparative for Joy.

Con. I never found the true Sweets of Love, till this Romantick turn, dead and alive! my Stars are Poetical. For Heaven's ſake, Sir, unriddle your Fortune.

E. *W.* That my dear Brother muſt do; for he made the *Ænigma.*

Aur.

Aur. Methinks I ſtand here like a Fool all this while: Wou'd I had ſomebody or other to ſay a fine thing or two to me.

E. *W.* Madam, I beg ten thouſand Pardons: I have my Excuſe in my Hand.

Aur. My Lord, I wiſh you Joy.

E. *W.* Pray, Madam, don't trouble me with a Title till I am better equipt for it. My Peerage wou'd look a little ſhabby in theſe Robes.

Con. You have a good Excuſe, my Lord; you can wear better when you pleaſe.

E. *W.* I have a better Excuſe, Madam.------Theſe are the beſt I have.

Con. How, my Lord?

E. *W.* Very true, Madam; I am at preſent, I believe, the pooreſt Peer in *England.*------Hark'e, *Aurelia*, prithee lend me a Piece or two.

Aur. Ha, ha, ha, poor Peer indeed! he wants a Guinea.

Con. I'm glad on't with all my Heart.

E. *W.* Why ſo, Madam?

Con. Becauſe I can furniſh you with Five thouſand.

E. *W.* Generous Woman!

Enter Trueman.

Ha, my Friend too!

True. I'm glad to find you here, my Lord: Here's a current Report about Town that you were kill'd. I was afraid it might reach this Family; ſo I come to diſprove the Story by your Letter to me by the laſt Poſt.

Aur. I'm glad he's come; now it will be my turn, Couſin.

True. Now, my Lord, I wiſh you Joy; and I expect the ſame from you.

E. *W.* With all my Heart; but upon what Score?

True. The old Score, Marriage.

E. *W.* To whom?

True. To a Neighbour Lady here. [*Looking at* Aurelia.

Aur. Impudence! [*Aſide.*] The Lady mayn't be ſo near as you imagine, Sir.

True. The Lady mayn't be ſo near as you imagine, Madam.

Aur. Don't miſtake me, Sir: I did not care if the Lady were in *Mexico.*

True. Nor I neither, Madam.

Aur. You're very ſhort, Sir.

True. The ſhorteſt Pleaſures are the ſweeteſt, you know.

Aur. Sir, you appear very different to me, from what you were lately.

True. Madam, you appear very indifferent to me, to what you were lately.

Aur.

Aur. Strange! [*This while* Conſtance *and* Wou'dbe *entertain one another in dumb ſhew.*

True. Miraculous!

Aur. I cou'd never have believ'd it.

True. Nor I, as I hope to be ſav'd.

Aur. Ill Manners!

True. Worſe.

Aur. How have I deſerv'd it, Sir?

True. How have I deſerv'd it, Madam?

Aur. What?

True. You.

Aur. Riddles!

True. Women!------My Lord, you'll hear of me at *White*'s: Farewel. [*Runs off.*

E. *W.* What, *Trueman* gone!

Aur. Yes. [*Walks about in diſorder.*

Con. Bleſs me; what's the matter, Couſin?

Aur. Nothing.

Con. Why are you uneaſie?

Aur. Nothing.

Con. What ails you then?

Aur. Nothing,------I don't love the Fellow,------yet to be affronted,---I can't bear it. [*Burſts out a crying, and runs off.*

Con. Your Friend, my Lord, has affronted *Aurelia.*

E. *W.* Impoſſible! His regard to me were ſufficient Security for his good Behaviour here, tho' it were in his Nature to be rude elſewhere.-----She has certainly us'd him ill.

Con. Too well rather.

E. *W.* Too well! have a care, Madam;-----that, with ſome Men, is the greateſt Provocation to a Slight.

Con. Don't miſtake, my Lord, her Uſage never went farther than mine to you; and I ſhould take it very ill to be abus'd for it.

E. *W.* I'll follow him, and know the Cauſe of it.

Con. No, my Lord, we'll follow her, and know it: Beſides, your own Affairs with your Brother require you at preſent. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Lord* Wou'dbe's *Houſe.*

Young Wou'dbe *and* Subtleman.

Y. *W.* RETurn'd! Who ſaw him? Who ſpoke with him? He can't be return'd.

Sub. My Lord, he's below at the Gate parlying with the Porter, who has private Orders from me to admit no body till you ſend him word, that we may have the more time to ſettle our Affairs.

Y. *W.* 'Tis a hard caſe, Mr. *Subtleman*, that a Man can't enjoy his Right without all this Trouble.

Sub. Ay, my Lord, you ſee the benefit of Law now, what an advantage it is to the Publick for ſecuring of Property.---Had you not the Law o' your ſide, who knows what Devices might be practis'd to defraud you of your Right--- --But I have ſecur'd all.----The Will is in true form; and you have two Witneſſes already to ſwear to the laſt Words of your Father.

Y. *W.* Then you have got another.

Sub. Yes, yes, a right one;-----and I ſhall pick up another time enough before the Term;------And I have planted three or four Conſtables in the next Room, to take care of your Brother if he ſhou'd be boiſterous.

Y. *W.* Then you think we are ſecure.

Sub. Ay, ay; let him come now when he pleaſes: -----I'll go down, and give Orders for his admittance.

Y. *W.* Unkind Brother! to diſturb me thus, juſt in the ſwing, and ſtretch of my full Fortune! Where is the Tye of Blood and Nature, when Brothers will do this? Had he but ſtaid till *Conſtance* had been mine, his Preſence or his Abſence had been then indifferent.

Enter Mandrake.

Man. Well; my Lord, [*Pants as out of Breath.*] you'll ne'er be ſatisfied till you have broken my poor Heart. I have had ſuch ado yonder, about you, with Madam *Conſtance*——but ſhe's our own.

Y. *W.* How! my own! Ah, my dear Helpmate, I'm afraid we are routed in that Quarter: my Brother's come home.

Man. Your Brother come home; then I'll go travel. [*Going.*

Y. *W.* Hold, hold, Madam, we are all ſecure; we have

provided for his Reception; your Nephew *Subtleman* has ſtopt up all Paſſages to the Eſtate.

Man. Ay, *Subtleman* is a pretty, thriving, ingenious Boy. Little do you think who is the Father of him. I'll tell you; Mr. *Moabite* the rich *Jew* in *Lombard-ſtreet.*

Y. *W. Moabite* the *Jew!*

Man. You ſhall hear, my Lord: ----- One Evening, as I was very grave in my own Houſe, reading the---*Weekly Preparation:* ----Ay, it was the *Weekly Preparation*, I do remember particularly well.----What hears me I ----- but pat, pat, pat, very ſoftly at the Door. Come in, cries I, and preſently enters Mr. *Moabite*, follow'd by a ſnug Chair, the Windows cloſe drawn, and it was a fine young Virgin juſt upon the point of being deliver'd.-----We were all in a great hurly burly for a while to be ſure; but our Production was a fine Boy. -----I had fifty Guineas for my trouble, the Lady was wrapt up very warm, plac'd in her Chair, and re-convey'd to the place ſhe came from. Who ſhe was, or what ſhe was, I cou'd never learn, tho' my Maid ſaid that the Chair went thro' the Park---but the Child was left with me.---The Father wou'd have made a *Jew* on't preſently, but I ſwore, if he committed ſuch a Barbarity on the Infant, that I would diſcover all. -----So I had him brought up a good Chriſtian, and bound Prentice to an Attorney.

Y. *W.* Very well!

Man. Ah, my Lord, there's many a pretty Fellow in *London* that knows as little of their true Father and Mother as he does: I have had ſeveral ſuch Jobbs in my time;----there was one *Scotch* Nobleman that brought me four in half a year.

Y. *W.* Four! and how were they all provided for?

Man. Very handſomely indeed; they were two Sons and two Daughters, the eldeſt Son rides in the firſt Troop of Guards, and the other is a very pretty Fellow, and his Father's *Valet de Chambre.*

Y. *W.* And what is become of the Daughters, pray?

Man. Why, one of 'em is a Manteau-maker, and the youngeſt has got into the Play-houſe. -------Ay, ay, my Lord, let *Subtleman* alone, I'll warrant, he'll manage your Brother: Adſmylife, here's ſomebody coming, I wou'd not be ſeen.

Y. *W.* 'Tis my Brother, and he'll meet you upon the ſtairs; 'adſo, get into this Cloſet till he be gone.

[*Shuts her into the Cloſet.*

Enter E. Wou'dbe *and* Subtleman.

My Brother! deareſt Brother, welcome!

[*Runs and embraces him.*

E. *W.*

E. *W.* I can't diſſemble, Sir, elſe I wou'd return your falſe Embrace.

Y. *W.* Falſe embrace! ſtill ſuſpicious of me! I thought that five Years abſence might have cool'd the unmanly Heats of our childiſh Days;---- that I am overjoy'd at your Return, let this teſtifie, this Moment I reſign all Right and Title to your Honour, and ſalute you, Lord.

E. *W.* I want not your Permiſſion to enjoy my Right; here I am Lord and Maſter without your Reſignation: and the firſt uſe I make of my Authority, is, to diſcard that rude, Bull-fac'd Fellow at the Door. Where is my Steward? [*Enter* Clearaccount.] Mr. *Clearaccount*, let that pamper'd Sentinel below, this minute be diſcharg'd.-----Brother, I wonder you cou'd feed ſuch a ſwarm of lazy, idle Drones about you, and leave the poor induſtrious Bees, that fed you from their Hives, to ſtarve for want.----- Steward, look to't; if I have not Diſcharges for every Farthing of my Father's Debts upon my Toylet to morrow Morning, you ſhall follow the Tipſtaff, I can aſſure you.

Y. *W.* Hold, hold, my Lord, you uſurp too large a Power, methinks, o'er my Family.

E. *W.* Your Family!

Y. *W.* Yes, my Family; you have no Title to Lord it here.---Mr. *Clearaccount*, you know your Maſter.

E. *W.* How! a Combination againſt me!---Brother, take heed how you deal with one that, cautious of your Falſhood, comes prepar'd to meet your Arts, and can retort your Cunning to your Infamy: Your black, unnatural Deſigns againſt my Life, before I went abroad, my Charity can pardon; but my Prudence muſt remember to guard me from your Malice for the future.

Y. *W.* Our Father's weak and fond ſurmiſe! which he upon his Death-bed own'd; and to recompence me for that injurious, unnatural Suſpicion, he left me ſole Heir to his Eſtate. ——Now, my Lord, my Houſe and Servants are----- at your Service.

E. *W.* Villany beyond Example! have I not Letters from my Father, of ſcarce a Fortnight's Date, where he repeats his Fears for my Return, leſt it ſhould again expoſe me to your Hatred?

Sub. Well, well, theſe are no Proofs, no Proofs, my Lord; they won't paſs in Court againſt poſitive Evidence: Here is your Father's Will, *ſignatum & ſigillatum*, beſides his laſt Words to confirm it, to which I can take my poſitive Oath in any Court of *Weſtminſter*.

E. *W.* What are you, Sir?

Sub. Of *Clifford*'s Inn, my Lord, I belong to the Law

E. *W.* Thou art the Worm and Maggot of the Law, bred in the bruis'd and rotten Parts, and now art nouriſh'd on the ſame Corruption that produc'd thee.——The *Engliſh* Law, as planted firſt, was like the *Engliſh* Oak, ſhooting its ſpreading Arms around, to ſhelter all that dwelt beneath its Shade:—— but now whole Swarms of Caterpillars, like you, hang in ſuch Cluſters upon every Branch, that the once thriving Tree now ſheds infectious Vermin on our Heads.

Y. *W.* My Lord, I have ſome Company above; if your Lordſhip will drink a Glaſs of Wine, we ſhall be proud of the Honour! if not, I ſhall attend you at any Court of Judicature, whenever you pleaſe to ſummon me. [*Going.*

E. *W.* Hold, Sir,——perhaps my Father's dying Weakneſs was impos'd on, and he has left him Heir; if ſo, his Will ſhall freely be obey'd. [*Aſide.*]——Brother, you ſay you have a Will.

Sub. Here it is. [*Shewing a Parchment.*

E. *W.* Let me ſee it.

Sub. There's no Preſident for that, my Lord.

E. *W.* Upon my Honour, I'll reſtore it.

Y. *W.* Upon my Honour, but you ſhan't.——

[*Takes it from* Sub. *and puts it in his Pocket.*

E. *W.* This over-caution, Brother, is ſuſpicious.

Y. *W.* Seven thouſand Pound a year is worth looking after.

E. *W.* Therefore you can't take it ill that I am a little inquiſitive about it.——Have you Witneſſes to prove my Father's dying Words?

Y. *W.* A couple in the Houſe.

E. *W.* Who are they?

Sub. Witneſſes, my Lord:——'Tis unwarrantable to enquire into the Merits of the Cauſe out of Court;——my Client ſhall anſwer no more Queſtions.

E. *W.* Perhaps, Sir, upon a ſatisfactory Account of his Title, I intend to leave your Client to the quiet Enjoyment of his Right, without troubling any Court with the Buſineſs; I therefore deſire to know what kind of Perſons are theſe Witneſſes.

Sub. Oho, he's a coming about. [*Aſide.*] I told your Lordſhip already, that I am one, another is in the Houſe, one of my Lord's Footmen.

E. *W.* Where is this Footman?

Y. *W.* Forthcoming.

E. *W.* Produce him.

Sub. That I ſhall preſently.——The Day's our own, Sir;

[*To* Y. *W.*] but you shall engage first to ask him no cross Questions. [*Exit* Sub.

E. *W.* I am not skill'd in such: But, pray Brother, did my Father quite forget me? left me nothing!

Y. *W.* Truly, my Lord, nothing:——He spoke but little, left no Legacies.

E. *W.* 'Tis strange; he was extremely just, and lov'd me too;——but, perhaps —— [*Enter* Subtleman *with* Teague.

Sub. My Lord, here's another Evidence.

E. *W. Teague!*

Y. *W.* My Brother's Servant! [*They all four stare upon one another.*

Sub. His Servant!

Tea. Maishter! see here Maishter, I did get all dish [*Chinks Money.*] for being an Evidensh, dear Joy; an be me shoule, I will give the half of it to you, if you will give me your Permission to make swear against you.

E. *W.* My Wonder is divided between the Villany of the Fact, and the Amazement of the Discovery! *Teague!* my very Servant! sure I dream.

Tea. Fet, dere ish no dreaming in the Cash; I'm sure the Croon Pieceish are awake, for I have been taaking with dem dish half hour.

Y. *W.* Ignorant, unlucky Man, thou hast ruin'd me; why had not I a sight of him before?

Sub. I thought the Fellow had been too ignorant to be a Knave.

Tea. Be me Shoule, you lee, dear Joy.---I can be a Knave as well as you, sen I think it conveniency.

E. *W.* Now Brother! Speechless! Your Oracle too silenc'd! Is all your boasted Fortune sunk to the guilty Blushing for a Crime? But I scorn to insult.——Let Disappointment be your Punishment: But for your Lawyer there,———*Teague*, lay hold of him.

Sub. Let none dare to attach me without a legal Warrant.

Tea. Attach! no dear Joy, I cannot attach you——but I can catch you by the Troat, after the Fashion of *Ireland.*

[*Takes* Subtleman *by the Throat.*

Sub. An Assault! an Assault!

Tea. No, no, 'tish nothing but choaking, nothing but choaking.

E. *W.* Hold him fast, *Teague*——Now, Sir, [*To* Y. *W.*] because I was your Brother, you wou'd have betray'd me; and because I am your Brother, I forgive it;——dispose your self as you think fit.---I'll order Mr. *Clearaccount* to give you a thousand Pounds. Go take it, and pay me by your Absence.

Y. *W.* I ſcorn your beggarly Benevolence: Had my Deſigns ſucceeded, I wou'd not have allow'd you the Weight of a Wafer, and therefore will accept none.——As for that Lawyer, he deſerves to be Pillory'd, not for his Cunning in deceiving you, but for his Ignorance in betraying me.——The Villain has defrauded me of Seven thouſand Pounds a Year. Farewel.—— [*Going.*

Enter Mandrake *out of the Cloſet, runs to* Y. W. *and kneels.*

Man. My Lord, my dear Lord *Wou'dbe*, I beg you ten thouſand Pardons.

Y. *W.* What Offence haſt thou done to me?

Man. An Offence the moſt injurious——I have hitherto conceal'd a Secret in my Breaſt, to the Offence of Juſtice, and the defrauding your Lordſhip of your true Right and Title. You, *Benjamin Wou'dbe*, with the crooked Back, are the Eldeſt born, and true Heir to the Eſtate and Dignity.

Om. How!

Tea. Arah, how?

Man. None, my Lord, can tell better than I, who brought you both into the World——My deceas'd Lord, upon the ſight of your Deformity, engag'd me, by a conſiderable Reward, to ſay you were the laſt born, that the beautiful Twin, likely to be the greater Ornament to the Family, might ſucceed him in his Honour.——This Secret my Conſcience has long ſtruggled with.——Upon the News that you were left Heir to the Eſtate, I thought Juſtice was ſatisfied, and I was reſolv'd to keep it a Secret ſtill; but by ſtrange Chance, overhearing what paſs'd juſt now, my poor Conſcience was rack'd, and I was forc'd to declare the Truth.

Y. *W.* By all my forward Hopes, I cou'd have ſworn it: I found the Spirit of Elderſhip in my Blood; my Pulſes beat, and ſwell'd for Seniority.—— Mr. *Hermes Wou'dbe*, ——I'm your moſt humble Servant. [*Foppiſhly.*

E. *W.* *Hermes* is my Name, my Chriſtian Name; of which I am prouder than of all Titles that Honour gives, or Flattery beſtows.——But thou, vain Bubble, puſt up with the empty Breath of that more empty Woman; to let thee ſee how I deſpiſe thy Pride, I'll call thee Lord, dreſs thee up in Titles like a King at Arms; you ſhall be blazon'd round, like any Church in *Holland*; thy Pageantry ſhall exceed the Lord-Mayor's; and yet this *Hermes*, plain *Hermes*, ſhall deſpiſe thee.

Sub. Well, well, this is nothing to the purpoſe.——Miſtreſs, will you make an Affidavit of what you have ſaid, before a Maſter in *Chancery*?

Man.

Man. That I can, tho' I were to die the next Minute after it.

Tea. Den, dear Joy, you wou'd be dam the nex minute after dat.

E. *W.* All this is trifling: I muſt purge my Houſe of this Neſt of Villany at once.----- Here *Teague*, (*Whiſpers* Teague.) go, make haſte.

Tea. Dat I can.----- [*As he runs out* Y. W. *ſtops him.*

Y. *W.* Where are you going, Sir?

Tea. Only for a Pot of Ale, dear Joy, for you and my Maiſhter, to drink Friends.

Y. *W.* You lie, Sirrah. [*Puſhes him back.*

Tea. Fet, I do ſo.

E. *W.* What! Violence to my Servant! Nay, then I'll force him a Paſſage. [*Draws.*

Sub. An Aſſault, an Aſſault upon the Body of a Peer. Within there!

Enter three or four Conſtables, one of 'em with a Black Patch on his Eye. They diſarm E. W. *and ſecure* Teague.

E. *W.* This Plot was laid for my Reception. Unhand me, Conſtable.

Y. *W.* Have a care, Mr. Conſtable, the Man is mad; he's poſſeſs'd with an odd Frenſie, that he's my Brother, and my elder too: So, becauſe I wou'd not very willingly reſign my Houſe and Eſtate, he attempted to murder me.

Sub. Gentlemen, take care of that Fellow: He made an Aſſault upon my Body, *vi & armis.*

Tea. Arah, fat is dat *wy at armiſh*?

Sub. No matter, Sirrah; I ſhall have you hang'd.

Tea. Hang'd! dat is nothing, dear Joy; ——We are us'd to't.

E. *W.* Unhand me, Villains, or by all———

Tea. Have a caar, dear Maiſhter, don't ſwear; we ſhall be had in the Croon-Offiſh: You know dere iſh ſharpers about us. [*Looking about on 'em that hold him.*

Y. *W.* Mr. Conſtable, you know your Directions; away with 'em.

E. *W.* Hold———

Conſt. No, no, force him away.—— [*They all hurry off,* Manent, Y. W. *and* Mandrake.

Y. *W.* Now, my dear Phropheteſs, my Sibyl; by all my dear Deſires and Ambitions, I do believe you have ſpoken the truth.——I am the Elder.

Man. No, no, Sir, the Devil a word on't is true.——I wou'd not wrong my Conſcience neither: For, faith and troth, as I am an honeſt Woman, you were born above three

quarters of an hour after him;——but I don't much care if I do ſwear that you are the eldeſt.——What a Bleſſing it was, that I was in the Cloſet at that pinch. Had I not come out that Moment, you wou'd have ſneakt off; your Brother had been in Poſſeſſion, and then we had loſt all; but now you are eſtabliſh'd: Poſſeſſion gets you Money, that gets you Law, and Law, you know——Down on your Knees, Sirrah, and ask me Bleſſing.

Y. *W.* No, my dear Mother, I'll give thee a Bleſſing, a Rent-charge of Five hundred Pound a Year, upon what part of the Eſtate you will, during your Life.

Man. Thank you, my Lord: That five Hundred a Year will afford me a leiſurely Life, and a handſome Retirement in the Country, where I mean to repent me of my Sins, and die a good Chriſtian: For Heaven knows, I am old, and ought to bethink me of another Life.——Have you none of the Cordial left that we had in the Morning?

Y. *W.* Yes, yes, we'll go to the Fountain-head. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Teague.

Tea. Deel tauke me but diſh iſh a moſt ſhweet Buſineſs indeed; Maiſhters play the Fool, and Shervants muſt ſhuffer for it. I am Priſhoner in the Conſtable's Houſe, be me Shoule, and ſhent abrode to fetch ſome Bail for my Maiſhter; but ſoo ſhall bail poor *Teague* agra?

Enter Conſtance.

Oh, dere iſh my Maiſhter's old Love. Indeed, I fear diſh Biſhneſs will ſpoil his Fortune.

Con. Who's here? *Teague*? [*He turns from her.*

Tea. Deel tauke her, I did tought ſhe cou'd not know me agen. [Conſtance *goes about to look him in the Face. He turns from her.*] Diſh iſh not ſhivil, be me Shoule, to know a Shentleman fither he will or no.

Con. Why this *Teague*? What's the matter? Are you aſham'd of me, or your ſelf, *Teague*?

Tea. Of bote, be me Shoule.

Con. How does your Maſter, Sir?

Tea. Very well, dear Joy, and in Priſhon.

Con. In Priſon! how? where?

Tea. Why, in the little *Baſhtile* yonder, at the end of the Street.

Con. Shew me the way immediately.

Tea. Fet, I can ſhew you the Hooſe yonder: She yonder; be

be me Shoule I ſhe his Faace yonder peeping troo the Iron Glaſh Window.

Con. I'll ſee him, tho' a Dungeon were his Confinement. [*Runs out.*

Tea. Ah——auld kindneſh, be me Shoule, cannot be forgotten. Now, if my Maiſhter had but Graſh enough to get her wit Child, her Word wou'd go for two; and ſhe wou'd bail him and I bote. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *A Room miſerably furniſhed*, E. W. *ſitting and writing.*

E. W. The Tow'r confines the Great,
The Spunging-Houſe the Poor;
Thus there are Degrees of State
That ev'n the Wretched muſt endure.

Virgil, *tho' cheriſh'd in Courts,*
Relates but a ſplenatick Tale,
Cervantes *Revels, and Sports,*
Altho' he writ in a Jail.

Then hang Reflections, [*Starts up.*] I'll go write a Comedy. Ho, within there: Tell the Lieutenant of the Tower that I would ſpeak with him.

Enter Conſtable.

Conſt. Ay, ay, the Man is mad: Lieutenant o'th' Tower! Ha, ha, ha; wou'd you cou'd make your Words good, Maſter.

E. *W.* Why? am not I a Priſoner there? I know it by the ſtately Apartments.——What is that, pray, that hangs ſtreaming down upon the Wall yonder?

Conſt. Yonder! 'tis Cobweb, Sir.

E. *W.* 'Tis falſe, Sir: 'tis as fine Tapeſtry as any in *Europe*.

Conſt. The Devil it is.

E. *W.* Then your Damask Bed, here; the Flowers are ſo bold, I took 'em for Embroidery; and then the Head-work! Point *de Venice*, I proteſt.

Conſt. As good *Kidderminſter* as any in *England*, I muſt confeſs; and tho' the Sheets be a little ſoil'd, yet I can aſſure you, Sir, that many an honeſt Gentleman has lain in them.

E. *W.* Pray, Sir, what did thoſe two *Indian* Pieces coſt, that are fixt up in the Corner of the Room.

Conſt. Indian Pieces! What the Devil, Sir, they are my old Jack-Boots, my Militia Boots.

E. *W.*

E. *W.* I took 'em for two *China* Jars, upon my Word: But hark'e Friend, art thou content that theſe things ſhou'd be as they are?

Conſtab. Content! ay, Sir.

E. *W.* Why then ſhould I complain? [*One calls within.*

[*Within.*] Mr. Conſtable, here's a Woman will force her way upon us: We ca'n't ſtop her.

Conſtab. Knock her down then, knock her down; let no Woman come up, the Man's mad enough already.

Enter Conſtance.

Con. Who dares oppoſe me? [*Throws him a handful of Money.*

Conſtab. Not I truly, Madam. [*Gathers up the Money.*

E. *W.* My *Conſtance!* my Guardian-Angel here! Then nought can hurt me.

Conſtab. Hark'e, Sir, you may ſuppoſe the Bed to be a Damask Bed for half an hour, if you pleaſe.——

Con. No, no, Sir, your Priſoner muſt along with me.

Conſtab. Ay! faith, the Woman's madder than the Man.

Enter Trueman *and* Teague.

E. *W.* Ha! *Trueman* too! I'm proud to think that many a Prince has not ſo many true Friends in his Palace, as I have here in Priſon;——two ſuch——

Tea. Tree, be me Shoule.

True. My Lord, juſt as I heard of your Confinement, I was going to make my ſelf a Priſoner. Behold the Fetters; I had juſt bought the Wedding-Ring.

Con. I hope they are golden Fetters, Captain?——

True. They weigh Four thouſand Pound, Madam, beſides the Purſe, which is worth a Million.——My Lord, this very Evening was I to be marry'd; but the News of your Misfortune has ſtopt me: I wou'd not gather Roſes in a wet Hour.

E. *W.* Come, the Weather ſhall be clear; the Thoughts of your good Fortune will make me eaſie, more than my own can do, if purchaſed by your Diſappointment.

True. Do you think, my Lord, that I can go to the Bed of Pleaſure whilſt you lie in a Hovel.—— Here, where is this Conſtable? How dare you do this, inſolent Raſcal?

Conſtab. Inſolent Raſcal! do you know who you ſpeak to, Sir?

True. Yes, Sirrah, don't I call you by your proper Name? How dare you confine a Peer of the Realm?

Conſtab. Peer of the Realm! you may give good Words tho', I hope.

E. *W.*

E. *W.* Ay, ay, Mr. Conſtable is in the right, he did but his Duty; I ſuppoſe he had twenty Guineas for his Pains.

Conſtab. No, I had but Ten.

Y. *W.* Hark'e, *Trueman*, this Fellow muſt be ſooth'd, he'll be of uſe to us; I muſt employ you too in this Affair with my Brother.

True. Say no more, my Lord, I'll cut his Throat, 'tis but flying the Kingdom.

E. *W.* No, no, 'twill be more Revenge to worſt him at his own Weapons. Cou'd I but force him out of his Garriſon, that I might get into Poſſeſſion, his Claim wou'd vaniſh immediately.———Does my Brother know you?

True. Very little, if at all.

E. *W.* Hark'e [*Whiſpers.*

True. It ſhall be done;----Look'e, Conſtable, you're drawn into a wrong Cauſe, and it may prove your Deſtruction if you don't change Sides immediately;———We deſire no Favour, but the uſe of your Coat, Wig, and Staff, for half an Hour.

Conſtab. Why truly, Sir, I underſtand now, by this Gentlewoman, that I know to be our Neighbour, that he is a Lord, and I heartily beg his Worſhip's Pardon, and if I can do your Honour any Service, your Grace may command me.

E. *W.* I'll reward you, but we muſt have the black Patch for the Eye too.

Tea. I can give your Lordſhip wan; here ſet, 'tis a Plaiſhter for a ſhore Finger, and I have worn it but twice.

Con.———But pray, Captain, what was your Quarrel at *Aurelia* to Day.

True. With your Permiſſion, Madam, we'll mind my Lord's Buſineſs at preſent; when that's done, we'll mind the Lady's. ———My Lord, I ſhall make an excellent Conſtable; I never had the Honour of a Civil Employment before: We'll equip our ſelves in another place. Here, you *Prince of Darkneſs*, have you ne'er a better Room in your Houſe, theſe Iron-Grates frighten the Lady.

Conſtab. I have a handſome, neat Parlour below, Sir.

True. Come along then, you muſt conduct us.———We don't intend to be out of your ſight, that you mayn't be out of ours.———[*Aſide.*] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment.*

Enter Aurelia *in a Paſſion*, Richmore *following.*

Aur. Follow me not;———Age and Deformity, with Quiet, were preferable to this vexatious Perſecution; for

Heaven's ſake, Mr. *Richmore*, what have I ever ſhewn to vindicate this Preſumption of yours.

Rich. You ſhew it now, Madam; your Face, your Wit, your Shape, are all Temptations to undergo even the Rigour of your Diſdain, for the bewitching Pleaſure of your Company.

Aur. Then be aſſur'd, Sir, you ſhall reap no other Benefit by my Company; and if thou think it a Pleaſure to be conſtantly ſlighted, ridicul'd, and affronted, you ſhall have Admittance to ſuch Entertainment whenever you will.

Rich. I take you at your Word, Madam; I am arm'd with Submiſſion againſt all the Attacks of your Severity, and your Ladyſhip ſhall find, that my Reſignation can bear much longer than your Rigour can inflict.

Aur. That is, in plain Terms, your Sufficiency will preſume much longer than my Honour can reſiſt——Sir, you might have ſpar'd the unmannerly Declaration to my Face, having already taken Care to let me know your Opinion of my Vertue, by your impudent Settlement, propos'd by Mrs. *Mandrake.*

Rich. By thoſe fair Eyes, I'll double the Propoſal; this ſoft, this white, this powerful Hand, [*Takes her Hand.*] ſhall write its own Conditions.

Aur. Then it ſhall write this———[*Strikes him.*] and if you like the Terms, you ſhall have more another time.

[*Exit.*

Rich. Death and Madneſs! a Blow———Twenty thouſand Pound Sterling for one Night's Revenge upon her dear, proud, diſdainful Perſon!——— Am I rich as many a Sovereign Prince, wallow in Wealth, yet can't command my Pleaſure?—— Woman!——— If there be Power in Gold, I yet ſhall triumph o'er thy Pride.

Enter Mandrake.

Man. O' my troth, and ſo you ſhall, if I can help it.

Rich. Madam, Madam, here, here, here's Money, Gold, Silver, take, take, all, all, my Rings too; all ſhall be yours, make me but happy in this preſumptuous Beauty, I'll make thee rich as Avarice can crave; if not, I'll murder thee, and my ſelf too.

Man. Your Bounty is too large, too large indeed, Sir.

Rich. Too large! no, 'tis Beggary without her——Lordſhips, Mannors, Acres, Rents, Tythes and Trees, all, all ſhall fly for my dear ſweet Revenge.

Man. Say no more, this Night I'll put you in a way.

Rich.

Rich. This Night?

Man. The Lady's Aunt is very near her Time——she goes abroad this Evening a visiting; in the mean time I send to your Mistress, that her Aunt is fallen in Labour at my House: She comes in a Hurry, and then——

Rich. Shall I be there to meet her?

Man. Perhaps.

Rich. In a private Room?

Man. Mum.

Rich. No Creature to disturb us?

Man. Mum, I say, but you must give me your Word not to ravish her; nay, I can tell you, she won't be ravish'd.

Rich. Ravish! Let me see, I'm worth five thousand Pound a Year, twenty thousand Guineas in my Pocket, and may not I force a Toy that's scarce worth fifteen hundred Pound? I'll do't.

Her Beauty sets my Heart on Fire, beside
The injurious Blow has set on Fire my Pride;
The bare Fruition were not worth my Pain,
The Joy will be to humble her Disdain;
Beyond Enjoyment will the Transport last
In Triumph when the Extasie is past. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *Lord* Wou'dbe's *House.*

Young Wou'dbe *solus.*

Y. *W.* SHew me that proud Stoick that can bear Success and Champain, Philosophy can support us in hard Fortune, but who can have Patience in Prosperity? The Learned may talk what they will of human Bodies, but I am sure there is not one Atom in mine, but what is truly Epicurean. My Brother is secur'd, I guarded with my Friends, my lewd and honest Midnight Friends——Holla, who waits there?

Enter

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord?

Y. *W.* A freſh Battalion of Bottles to reinforce the Ciſtern. Are the Ladies come?

Ser. Half an Hour ago, my Lord------they're below in the Bathing-Chamber.

Y. *W.* Where did you light on 'em?

Ser. One in the Paſſage at the Old Play-houſe, my Lord----- I found another very melancholy paring her Nails by *Roſamond*'s Pond,------and a Couple I got at the *Chequer* Ale-houſe in *Holbourn*; the two laſt came to Town Yeſterday in a Weſt-Country Waggon.

Y. *W.* Very well, order *Baconface* to haſten Supper-------- and d'ye hear? And bid the *Swiſs* admit no Stranger without acquainting me-----[Exit *Servant.*] Now Fortune I defie thee, this Night's my own at leaſt. [*Re-enter Servant.*

Ser. My Lord, here's the Conſtable below with the black Eye, and he wants to ſpeak with your Lordſhip in all haſte.

Y. *W.* Ha! the Conſtable! Shou'd Fortune jilt me now? ------bid him come up, I fear ſome curſed Chance to thwart me.

Enter Trueman *in the Conſtable's Cloaths.*

True. Ah! My Lord, here is ſad News---your Brother is---

Y. *W.* Got away, made his Eſcape, I warrant you.

True Worſe, worſe, my Lord.

Y. *W.* Worſe, worſe! What can be worſe?

True. I dare not ſpeak it.

Y. *W.* Death and Hell, Fellow, don't diſtract me.

True. He's dead.

Y. *W.* Dead!

True. Poſitively.

Y. *W. Coup de Grace, Ciel gramercy.*

True. Villain, I underſtand you. [*Aſide.*

Y. *W.* But, how, how, Mr. Conſtable? Speak it aloud, kill me with the Relation.

True. I don't know how, the poor Gentleman was very melancholy upon his Confinement, and ſo he deſir'd me to ſend for a Gentlewoman that lives hard by here, may-hap your Worſhip may know her.

Y. *W.* At the gilt Balcony in the Square?

True. The very ſame, a ſmart Woman truly———I went for her my ſelf, but ſhe was otherways engag'd, not ſhe truly, ſhe wou'd not come——Wou'd you believe it, my Lord, at the hearing of this, the poor Man was like to drop down dead.

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* Then he was but likely to drop dead?

True. Wou'd it were no more. Then I left him, and coming about two Hours after, I found him hang'd in his Sword-Belt.

Y. *W.* Hang'd!

True. Dangling.

Y. *W. Le Coup declat!* Done like the nobleſt *Roman* of 'em all; but are you ſure he's paſt all Recovery? Did you ſend for no Surgeon to bleed him?

True. No, my Lord, I forgot that———but I'll ſend immediately.

Y. *W.* No, no, Mr. Conſtable, 'tis too late now, too late ——and the Lady wou'd not come, you ſay.

True. Not a ſtep wou'd ſhe ſtir.

Y. *W.* Inhumane! barbarous!-------- dear, delicious Woman, thou now art mine------Where is the Body, Mr. Conſtable, I muſt ſee it.

True. By all means, my Lord, it lies in my Parlour; there's a Power of Company come in, and among the reſt one, one, one *Trueman*, I think they call him, a deviliſh hot Fellow, he had like to have pull'd the Houſe down about our Ears, and ſwears——I told him he ſhould pay for ſwearing——he gave me a ſlap in the Face, ſaid he was in the Army, and had a Commiſſion for't.

Y. *W.* Capt. *Trueman*? A bluſtering kind of Rakehelly Officer.

True. Ay, my Lord, one of thoſe Scoundrels that we pay Wages to for being knockt o'th' head for us.

Y. *W.* Ay, ay, one of thoſe Fools that have only Brains to be knock'd out.

True. Son of a Whore. [*Aſide.*] He's a plaguy impudent Fellow, my Lord; he ſwore that you were the greateſt Villain upon the Earth.

Y. *W.* Ay, ay, but he durſt not ſay that to my Face, Mr. Conſtable.

True. No, no, hang him, he ſaid it behind your Back to be ſure———and he ſwore moreover.———Have a care, my Lord,——he ſwore that he wou'd cut your Throat whenever he met you.

Y. *W.* Will you ſwear that you heard him ſay ſo?

True. Heard him! Ay, as plainly as you hear me: He ſpoke the very Words that I ſpeak to your Lordſhip.

Y. *W.* Well, well, I'll manage him——But now I think on't, I won't go to ſee the Body; it will but encreaſe my Grief. ——Mr. Conſtable, do you ſend for the Coroner: They muſt find

find him *Non Compos*. He was mad before, you know. Here ——something for your Trouble. [*Gives Money.*

True. Thank your Honour.——But pray, my Lord, have a Care of that *Trueman*; he ſwears that he'll cut your Throat, and he will do't, my Lord, he will do't.

Y. *W.* Never fear, never fear.

True. But he ſwore it, my Lord, and he will certainly do't. Pray have a Care. [*Exit.*

Y. *W.* Well, well,---ſo,---the Devil's in't if I been't the eldeſt now. What a Pack of civil Relations have I had here? My Father takes a fit of the Apoplexy, makes a Face, and goes off one way; my Brother takes a Fit of the Spleen, makes a Face, and goes off t'other way.—— Well, I muſt own he has found the way to mollifie me, and I do love him now with all my Heart, ſince he was ſo very civil to juſtle into the World before me, I think he did very civilly to juſtle out of it before me.——But now my Joys! Without there---hollo———take off the Inquiſition of the Gate; the Heir may now enter unſuſpected.

The Wolf is dead, the Shepherds may go play:
Eaſe follows Care; ſo rowls the World away.

'Tis a Queſtion whether Adverſity or Proſperity makes the moſt Poets.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, a Footman brought this Letter, and waits for an Anſwer.

Y. *W.* Nothing from the *Eliſian* Fields, I hope. [*Opening the Letter.*] What do I ſee, *CONSTANCE*? Spells and Magick in every Letter of the Name———Now for the ſweet Contents.

MY Lord, I'm pleas'd to hear of your happy Change of Fortune, and ſhall be glad to ſee your Lordſhip this Evening to wiſh you Joy.

CONSTANCE.

Now the Devil's in this *Mandrake*; ſhe told me this Afternoon, that the Wind was chopping about; and has it got into the warm Corner already? Here, my Coach and ſix to the Door: I'll viſit my *Saltana* in State.——As for the *Seraglio* below Stairs, you, my *Baſhaws*, may poſſeſs 'em. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE, *The Street.* Teague *with a Lanthorn*, Trueman *in the Conſtable's Habit following*,

True. Blockhead, thou haſt led us out of the way; we have certainly paſt the Conſtable's Houſe.

Tea. Be me Shoule, dear Joy, I am never out of my ways; for poor *Teague* has been a Vanderer ever ſince he was borned.

True. Hold up the Lanthorn:——What Sign is that? The St. *Albans* Tavern! Why, you blundering Fool, you have led me directly to St. *James*'s-*Square*, when you ſhou'd have gone towards *Soho*. [*Shrieking within.*] Hark! What Noiſe is that over the Way? a Woman's Cry!

Tea. Fet is it——ſhome Daumſel in Diſtreſs I believe, that has no Mind to be reliev'd.

True. I'll uſe the Privilege of my Office to know what the Matter is.

Tea. Hol, Hold, Maiſhter Captain, be me fet, dat iſh not the way Home.

Within.]———Help, Help, Murder! Help.

True. Ha! Here muſt be Miſchief.——Within there, open the Door in the King's Name, or I'll force it open.——Here, *Teague*, break down the Door.

[Teague *takes the Staff, thumps at the Door.*

Tea. Deel tauke him, I have knock ſo long as I am able. Arah, Maiſhter, get a great long Ladder to get in the Window of the firſht Room, and ſho open the Door, and let in your ſhelf.

Within.] Help, help, help.

True. Knock harder; let's raiſe the Mob.

Tea. O Maiſhter, I have tink juſt now of a brave Invention to maake dem come out; and be St. *Patrick*, dat very Buſhineſs did maake my nown ſhelf and my Fader run like de Devil out of my nown Hooſe in my nown Country:——Be me Shoule, ſet the Hooſe a-fire.

Enter the Mob.

Mob. What's the Matter, Maſter Conſtable?

True. Gentlemen, I command your Aſſiſtance in the King's Name, to break into the Houſe: There is Murder cry'd within.

Mob. Ay, ay, break open the Door.

[Mandrake *at the Balcony.*

Man. What Noiſe is that below?

Tea. Arah, vat Noiſe iſh dat above?

Man. Only a poor Gentlewoman in Labour ;——'twill be over preſently——— Here, Mr. *Conſtable* ; there's ſomething for you to drink.

[*Throws down a Purſe*, Teague *takes it up.*

Tea. Come, Maiſhter, we have no more to ſhay, be me Shoule, [*Going.*] Arah, if you vill play the Conſtable right now, ſet you vill come away.

True. No, no; there muſt be Villainy by this Bribe : Who lives in this Houſe?

Mob. A Midwife, a Midwife; 'tis none of our Buſineſs : Let us be gone. [Aurelia *at the Window.*

Aur. Gentlemen, dear Gentlemen, help; a Rape, a Rape, Villainy.

True. Ha ! That Voice I know———— Give me the Staff; I'll make a Breach, I warrant you.

[*Breaks open the Door, and all go in.*

SCENE *changes to the Inſide of the Houſe.*

Re-enter Trueman *and* Mob.

True. Gentlemen, ſearch all about the Houſe ; let not a Soul eſcape.

Enter Aurelia *running with her Hair about her Ears, and out of Breath.*

Aur. Dear Mr. Conſtable,—— had you ——ſtaid but a Moment longer, I had been ruined.

Tru. Aurelia! Are you ſafe, Madam ?

Aur. Yes, yes ; I am ſafe——I think——but with enough ado : He's a Deviliſh ſtrong Fellow.

True. Where is the Villain that attempted it?

Aur. Pſhaw,——never mind the Villain ; ——look out the Woman of the Houſe, the Devil, the Monſter, that decoy'd me hither.

Enter Teague, *haling in* Mandrake *by the Hair.*

Tea. Be me Shoul, I have taaken my Shaar of the Plunder. Let me ſhe fat I have gotten, [*Takes her to the Light.*] Ububboo, a Witch, a Witch ; the very ſaam Witch dat would ſwaar my Maiſhter was the youngeſt.

True. How ! *Mandrake!* This was the luckieſt Diſguiſe—— Come, my dear *Proſerpine*, I'll take care of you.

Man. Pray, Sir, let me ſpeak to you.

True. No, no ; I'll talk with you before a Magiſtrate.——— A Cart, *Bridewel*,--- you underſtand me——*Teague*, let her be your Priſoner, I'll wait on this Lady.

Aur. Mr. Conſtable, I'll reward you.

Tea.

Tea. It iſh convenient noo by the Law of Armſh, that I ſearch my Priſhoner, for fear ſhe may have ſome Pocket-Piſhtols: Dere is a Joak for you. [*Searches her Pocket.*

Man. Ah! don't uſe an old Woman ſo barbarouſly.

Tea. Dear Joy, den ſy vere you aa old Woman? Dat is your Falt, not mine, Joy! Uboo, here iſh nothing but ſcribble ſcrabble Papers, I tink. [*Pulls out a handful of Letters.*

True. Let me ſee 'em; they may be of Uſe——[*Looks over the Letters.*] *For Mr.* Richmore---Ay! Does he traffick hereabouts?

Aur. That is the Villain that would have abus'd me.

True. Ha! Then he has abus'd you; Villain indeed!——— Was his Name *Richmore*, Miſtreſs? A luſty handſome Man?

Aur. Ay, ay, the very ſame: a luſty, ugly Fellow.

True. Let me ſee——whoſe Scrawl is this? [*Opens a Letter.*] Death and Confuſion to my ſight; *Clelia!* My Bride!——— His Whore——————I've paſt a Precipice unſeen, which to look back upon, ſhivers me with Terror.———This Night, this very Moment, had not my Friend been in Confinement, had not I worn this Dreſs, had not *Aurelia* been in Danger, had not *Teague* found this Letter, had the leaſt minuteſt Circumſtance been omitted, what a Monſter had I been! Miſtriſs, is this ſame *Richmore* in the Houſe ſtill, think'e?

Aur. 'Tis very probable he may.——

True. Very well.——*Teague*, take theſe Ladies over to the Tavern, and ſtay there till I come to you.———Madam, [*To* Aurelia.] fear no Injury,———your Friends are near you.

Aur. What does he mean?

Tea. Come, dear Joy, I vill give you a Pot of Wine, out of your own Briberies here.

[*Hales out* Mandrake. *Exit* Aurelia *and* Mob. *Manet* Trueman.

Enter Richmore.

Rich. Since my Money won't prevail on this croſs Fellow, I'll try what my Authority can do.——What's the meaning of this Riot, Conſtable? I have the Commiſſion of the Peace, and can command you. Go about your Buſineſs, and leave your Priſoners with me.

True. No, Sir; the Priſoners ſhall go about their Buſineſs, and I'll be left with you————Look'e Maſter, we don't uſe to make up theſe Matters before Company: So you and I muſt be in private a little.———You ſay, Sir, that you are a Juſtice of Peace.

Rich. Yes, Sir; I have my Commiſſion in my Pocket.

True. I believe it.———Now, Sir, one good Turn deſerves another: And if you will promiſe to do me a Kindneſs, why you ſhall have as good as you bring.

Rich. What is it?

True. You muſt know, Sir, there is a Neighbour's Daughter that I had a woundy Kindneſs for: She had a very good Repute all over the Pariſh, and might have marry'd very handſomely, that I muſt ſay; but I don't know how, we came together after a very kindly natural manner, and I ſwore, that I muſt ſay, I did ſwear confoundedly, that I would marry her: But, I don't know how, I never car'd for marrying of her ſince.

Rich. How ſo?

True. Why, becauſe I did my Buſineſs without it: That was the beſt way, I thought———The truth is, ſhe has ſome fooliſh Reaſons to ſay ſhe's with Child, and threatens mainly to have me taken up with a Warrant, and brought before a Juſtice of Peace. Now, Sir, I intend to come before you, and I hope your Worſhip will bring me off.

Rich. Look'e, Sir, if the Woman prove with Child, and you ſwore to marry her, you muſt do't.

True. Ay, Maſter; but I am for Liberty and Property. I I vote for Parliament-Men: I pay Taxes, and truly I don't think Matrimony conſiſtent with the Liberty of the Subject.

Rich. But in this Caſe, Sir, both Law and Juſtice will oblige you.

True. Why if it be the Law of the Land----I found a Letter here---I think it is for your Worſhip.

Rich. Ay, Sir, how came you by it?

True. By a very ſtrange Accident truly———*Clelia*——— ſhe ſays here you ſwore to marry her. Eh!——Now, Sir, I ſuppoſe that what is Law for a Petty-Conſtable, may be Law for a Juſtice of Peace.

Rich. This is the oddeſt Fellow———

True. Here was the t'other Lady that cry'd out ſo———I warrant now, if I were brought before you for raviſhing a Woman---the Gallows wou'd raviſh me for't.

Rich. But I did not raviſh her.

True. That I'm glad to hear: I wanted to be ſure of that. [*Aſide.*

Rich. I don't like this Fellow: Come, Sir, give me my Letter, and go about your Buſineſs; I have no more to ſay to you.

True. But I have ſomething to ſay to you. [*Coming up to him.*

Rich.

Rich. What!

True. Dog. [*Strikes him.*

Rich. Ha! ſtruck by a Peaſant! [*Draws.*] Slave, thy Death is certain. [*Runs at* Trueman.

True. O brave Don *John*, Rape and Murder in one Night! [*Diſarms him.*

Rich. Raſcal, return my Sword, and acquit your Priſoners, elſe will I proſecute thee to Beggary. I'll give ſome Petty-fogger a Thouſand Pound to ſtarve thee and thy Family according to Law.

True. I'll lay you a Thouſand Pound you won't. [*Diſcovering himſelf.*

Rich. Ghoſts and Apparitions! *Trueman!*

True. Words are needleſs to upbraid you: my very Looks are ſufficient; and if you have the leaſt Senſe of Shame, this Sword wou'd be leſs painful in your Heart, than my Appearance is in your Eye.

Rich. Truth, by Heavens.

True. Think on the Contents of this, [*Shewing a Letter.* think next on me; reflect upon your Villainy to *Aurelia*, then view thy ſelf.

Rich. Trueman, canſt thou forgive me?

True. Forgive thee! [*A long Pauſe.*] Do one thing, and I will.

Rich. Any thing:———I'll beg thy Pardon.

True. The Blow excuſes that.

Rich. I'll give thee half my Eſtate.

True. Mercenary.

Rich. I'll make thee my ſole Heir.

True. I deſpiſe it.

Rich. What ſhall I do?

True. You ſhall——marry *Clelia.*

Rich. How! that's too hard.

True. Too hard! why was it then impos'd on me? If you marry her your ſelf, I ſhall believe you intended me no Injury; ſo your Behaviour will be juſtified, my Reſentment appeas'd, and the Lady's Honour repair'd.

Rich. 'Tis infamous.

True. No, by Heavens, 'tis Juſtice, and what is juſt is honourable: if Promiſes from Man to Man have Force, why not from Man to Woman?——Their very Weakneſs is the Charter of their Power, and they ſhou'd not be injur'd, becauſe they can't return it.

Rich. Return my Sword.

True. In my Hand 'tis the Sword of Juſtice, and I ſhou'd not part with it.

Rich. Then ſheath it here, I'll die before I conſent ſo baſely.

True. Conſider, Sir, the Sword is worn for a diſtinguiſhing Mark of Honour:——Promiſe me one, and receive t'other.

Rich. I'll promiſe nothing, 'till I have that in my Power.

True. Take it. [*Throws him his Sword.*

Rich. I ſcorn to be compell'd even to Juſtice; and now that I may reſiſt, I yield.——*Trueman*, I have injur'd thee, and *Clelia* I have ſeverely wrong'd.

True. Wrong'd indeed, Sir;——and to aggravate the Crime, the Fair Afflicted loves you. Mark'd you with what Confuſion ſhe receiv'd me? She wept, the injur'd Innocence wept, and with a ſtrange Reluctance gave conſent; her moving Softneſs pierc'd my Heart, tho' I miſtook the Cauſe.

Rich. Your youthful Vertue warms my Breaſt, and melts it into Tenderneſs.

True. Indulge it, Sir; Juſtice is noble in any Form: think of the Joys and Raptures will poſſeſs her, when ſhe finds you inſtead of me: you, the dear Diſſembler, the Man ſhe loves, the Man ſhe gave for loſt, to find him true, return'd, and in her Arms.

Rich. No new Poſſeſſion can give equal Joy:——It ſhall be done, the Prieſt that waits for you, ſhall tie the Knot this Moment; in the Morning I'll expect you'll give me Joy.

[*Exit.*

True. So, is not this better now than cutting of Throats? I have got my Revenge, and the Lady will have hers without Blood-ſhed. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment*, Conſtance *and Servant.*

Ser. He's juſt a coming up, Madam.

Con. My Civility to this Man will be as great a Conſtraint upon me, as Rudeneſs wou'd be to his Brother; but I muſt bear it a little, becauſe our Deſigns require it; [*Enter Y. Wou'dbe.*] his Appearance ſhocks me:——My Lord, I wiſh you Joy.

Y. *W.* Madam, 'tis only in your Power to give it; and wou'd you honour me with a Title to be really proud of, it ſhou'd be that of your humbleſt Servant.

Con. I never admitted any body to the Title of an humble Servant, that I did not intend ſhould command me; if your Lordſhip will bear with the Slavery, you ſhall begin when you pleaſe, provided you take upon you the Authority when I have a mind.

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* Our Sex, Madam, make much better Lovers than Husbands; and I think it highly unreasonable, that you should put your self in my Power, when you can so absolutely keep me in yours.

Con. No, my Lord, we never truly command till we have given our Promise to obey; and we are never in more danger of being made Slaves, than when we have 'em at our Feet.

Y. *W.* True, Madam, the greatest Empires are in most Danger of falling; but it is better to be absolute there, than to act by a Prerogative that's confin'd.

Con. Well, well, my Lord, I like the Constitution we live under; I'm for a limited Power, or none at all.

Y. *W.* You have so much the Heart of the Subject, Madam, that you may rule as you please; but you have weak Pretences to a limited Sway, where your Eyes have already play'd the Tyrant.——I think one Privilege of the People is to kiss their Sovereign's Hand. [*Taking her Hand.*

Con. Not till they have taken the Oaths, my Lord; and he that refuses them in the Form the Law prescribes, is, I think, no better than a Rebel.

Y. *W.* By Shrines and Altars, [*Kneeling.*] by all that you think just, and I hold good, by this, [*Taking her Hand.*] the fairest, and the deerest Vow—— [*Kissing her Hand.*

Con. Fie, my Lord. [*Seemingly yielding.*

Y. *W.* Your Eyes are mine, they bring me Tidings from your Heart, that this Night I shall be happy.

Con. Wou'd not you despise a Conquest so easily gain'd?

Y. *W.* Yours will be the Conquest, and I shall despise all the World but you.

Con. But will you promise to make no Attempts upon my Honour.

Y. *W.* That's foolish. [*Aside.*] Not Angels sent on Messages to Earth, shall visit with more Innocence.

Con. Ay, ay, to be sure—— [*Aside.*] My Lord, I'll send one to conduct you. [*Exit.*

Y. *W.* Ha, ha, ha;—— no Attempts upon her Honour! When I can find the place where it lies, I'll tell her more of my Mind.——Now do I feel ten thousand *Cupids* tickling me all over with the Points of their Arrows.——Where's my Deformity now? I have read somewhere these Lines.

Tho' Nature cast me in a rugged Mould,
Since Fate has chang'd the Bullion into Gold:
Cupid *returns, breaks all his Shafts of Lead,*
And tips each Arrow with a Golden Head.

Feather'd with Title, the gay lordly Dart
Flies proudly on, whilſt every Virgin's Heart
Swells with Ambition to receive the Smart.

Enter Elder Wou'dbe *behind him.*

E. W. Thus to adorn Dramatick Story,
Stage-Hero ſtruts in borrow'd Glory,
Proud and Auguſt as ever Man ſaw,
And ends his Empire in a Stanza. [Slaps him on the Shoulder.

Y. *W.* Ha! my Brother!

E. *W.* No, perfidious Man; all Kindred and Relation I diſown: The poor Attempts upon my Fortune I cou'd pardon, but thy baſe Deſigns upon my Love I can never forgive;—— my Honour, Birth-right, Riches, All I cou'd more freely ſpare, than the leaſt Thought of thy prevailing here.

Y. *W.* How! my Hopes deceived; curs'd be the fair Deluſions of her Sex: whilſt only Man oppos'd my Cunning, I ſtood ſecure; but ſoon as Woman interpos'd, Luck chang'd Hands, and the Devil was immediately on her ſide.——Well, Sir, much good may do you with your Miſtreſs, and may you love, and live, and ſtarve together. [*Going.*

E. *W.* Hold, Sir, I was lately your Priſoner, now you are mine; when the Ejectment is executed, you ſhall be at Liberty.

Y. *W.* Ejectment!

E. *W.* Yes, Sir, by this time, I hope, my Friends have purg'd my Father's Houſe of that debauch'd and riotous Swarm that you had hiv'd together.

Y. *W.* Confuſion, Sir, let me paſs; I am the Elder, and will be obey'd. [*Draws.*

E. *W.* Dar'ſt thou diſpute the Elderſhip ſo nobly?

Y. *W.* I dare, and will, to the laſt Drop of my inveterate Blood. [*They fight.*

Enter Trueman *and* Teague. Trueman *ſtrikes down their Swords.*

True. Hold, hold, my Lord, I have brought thoſe ſhall ſoon decide the Controverſie.

Y. *W.* If I miſtake not, this is the Villain that decoy'd me abroad. [*Runs at* Trueman, Teague *catches his Arm behind, and takes away his Sword.*

Tea. Ay, be me Shoule, thiſh iſh the beſht Guard upon the Rules of Fighting, to catch a Man behind his Back.

True.

True. My Lord, a Word: [*Whiſpers E.* Wou'dbe.] Now, Gentlemen, pleaſe to hear this venerable Lady.

[*Goes to the Door, and brings in* Mandrake.

E. *W. Mandrake* in Cuſtody!

Tea. In my Cuſhtody, ſet.

True. Now, Madam, you know what Puniſhment is deſtin'd for the Injury offer'd to *Aurelia*, if you don't immediately confeſs the Truth.

Man. Then I muſt own, (Heaven forgive me,) [*Weeping.*] I muſt own, that *Hermes*, as he was ſtill eſteem'd, ſo he is the Firſt-born.

Tea. A very honeſt Woman, be me Shoule.

Y. *W.* That Confeſſion is extorted by Fear, and therefore of no Force.

True. Ay, Sir, but here is your Letter to her, with the Ink ſcarce dry, where you repeat your Offer of Five hundred Pound a Year to ſwear in your behalf.

Tea. Dat was *Teague*'s finding out, and, I believe St. *Patrick* put it in my Thoughts to pick her Pockets.

Enter Conſtance *and* Aurelia.

Con. I hope, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, you will make no Attempts upon my Perſon.

Y. *W.* Damn your Perſon.

E. *W.* But pray, Madam, where have you been all this Evening? [*To* Aurelia.

Aur. Very buſie, I can aſſure you, Sir, here's an honeſt Conſtable that I could find in my Heart to marry, had the greaſie Rogue but one Drop of genteel Blood in his Veins; what's become of him? [*Looking about.*

Con. Bleſs me, Couſin, marry a Conſtable!

Aur. Why truly, Madam, if that Conſtable had not come in a very critical Minute, by this Time I had been glad to marry any Body.

True. I take you at your Word, Madam, you ſhall marry him this Moment; and if you don't ſay that I have genteel Blood in my Veins by to morrow Morning———

Aur. And was it you, Sir?

True. Look'e, Madam, don't be aſham'd; I found you a little in the *diſhabilé*, that's the Truth on't, but you made a brave Defence.

Aur. I am oblig'd to you; and tho' you were a little whimſical to Day; this late Adventure has taught me how dangerous it is to provoke a Gentleman by ill Uſage; therefore, if my

my Lord and this Lady will ſhew us a good Example, I think we muſt follow our Leaders, Captain.

True. As boldly as when Honour calls.

Con. My Lord, there was taken among your Brother's jovial Crew, his Friend *Subtleman*, whom we have taken care to ſecure.

E. *W.* For him the Pillory; for you, Madam---[*To* Mandrake.

Tea. Be me Shoule, ſhe ſhall be married to Maiſhter *Fuller*.

E. *W.* For you, Brother! ———

Y. *W.* Poverty and Contempt———

To which I yield as to a milder Fate,
Than Obligations from the Man I hate. [Exit.

E. *W.* Then take thy Wiſh———And now, I hope, all Parties have receiv'd their due Rewards and Puniſhments.

Tea. But what will you do for poor *Teague*, Maiſhter?

E. *W.* What ſhall I do for thee?

Tea. Arah, maak me a Juſtice of Peaſh, dear Joy.

E. *W.* Juſtice of Peace! thou art not qualify'd, Man.

Tea. Yeſt, fet am I———I can take the Oats, and write my Mark—— I can be an honeſht Man my ſhelf, and keep a great Rogue for my Clerk.

E. *W.* Well, well, you ſhall be taken Care of; and now, Captain we ſet out for Happineſs———.

Let none deſpair whate'er their Fortunes be,
Fortune muſt yield, won'd Men but act like me.
Chuſe a brave Friend as Partner of your Breaſt,
Be active when your Right is in Conteſt;
Be true to Love, and Fate will do the reſt.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE:

Spoken by Mrs. HOOK.

OUR Poet open'd with a loud Warlike Blaſt,
But now weak Woman is his ſafeſt Caſt,
To bring him off with Quarter at the laſt:
Not that he's vain to think, that I can ſay,
Or he can write fine things to help the Play.
The various Scenes have drain'd his Strength and Art;
And I, you know, had a hard ſtruggling Part:
But then he brought me off with Life and Limb;
Ah! Wou'd that I cou'd do as much for him——
Stay, let me think——your Favours to excite,
I ſtill muſt act the Part I play'd to Night.
For whatſoe'er may be your ſly Pretence,
You like thoſe beſt, that make the beſt Defence:
But this is needleſs————'Tis in vain to crave it,
If you have damn'd the Play, no Power can ſave it.
Not all the Wits of Athens, *and of* Rome;
Not Shakeſpear, Johnſon, *cou'd revoke its Doom:*
Nay, what is more——if once your Anger rouſes,
Not all the courted Beauties of both Houſes.
He wou'd have ended here——but I thought meet,
To tell him there was left one ſafe Retreat,
Protection ſacred, at the Ladies Feet.
To that he anſwer'd in ſubmiſſive Strain,
He pay'd all Homage to this Female Reign,
And therefore turn'd his Satyr 'gainſt the Men.
From your great Queen, this Sovereign Right ye draw,
To keep the Wits, as ſhe the World in Awe:
To her bright Scepter, your bright Eyes they bow;
Such awful Splendour ſits on ev'ry Brow,
All Scandal on the Sex were Treaſon now.
The Play can tell with what Poetick Care,
He labour'd to redreſs the injur'd Fair,
And if you won't protect, the Men will damn him there.
Then ſave the Muſe, that flies to ye for Aid;
Perhaps my poor Requeſt may ſome perſuade,
Becauſe it is the firſt I ever made.

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Recruiting Officer.

THE

Recruiting Officer.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

——*Captique dolis, doniſque coacti.*

Virg. Lib. II. Æneid.

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT. 1714.

TO ALL

Friends round the *Wrekin*.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

INſtead of the mercenary Expectations that attend Addreſſes of this Nature, I humbly beg, That this may be received as an Acknowledgment for the Favours you have already confer'd: I have tranſgreſs'd the Rules of Dedication in offering you any thing in that Style, without firſt asking your Leave: But the Entertainment I found in *Shropſhire*, commands me to be grateful, and that's all I intend.

'Twas my good Fortune to be order'd ſome time ago into the Place which is made the Scene of this Comedy; I was a perfect Stranger to every thing in *Salop*, but its Character of Loyalty, the Number of its Inhabitants, the Alacrity of the Gentlemen in Recruiting the Army, with their generous and hoſpitable Reception of Strangers.

This Character I found ſo amply verify'd in every Particular, that you made Recruiting, which is the greateſt Fatigue upon Earth to others, to be the greateſt Pleaſure in the World to me.

The Kingdom cannot ſhew better Bodies of Men, better Inclinations for the Service, more Generoſity, more good Underſtanding, nor more Politeneſs than is to be found at the Foot of the *Wrekin*.

Some little Turns of Humour that I met with almoſt within the Shade of that famous Hill, gave the Riſe to this Comedy; and People were apprehenſive that, by the Example of ſome others, I would make the Town merry at the Expence of the Country-Gentlemen: But they forgot that I was to write a Comedy, not a Libel; and that whilſt I held to Nature, no Perſon of any Character in your Country could ſuffer by being expos'd. I have drawn the Juſtice and the Clown in their *Puris Naturalibus*; the one an apprehenſive, ſturdy, brave Blockhead; and the other a worthy, honeſt, generous Gentleman, hearty in his Country's Cauſe, and of as good an Underſtanding as I could give him, which I muſt confeſs is far ſhort of his own.

I hum-

I humbly beg leave to interline a Word or two of the Adventures of the *Recruiting-Officer* upon the Stage. Mr. *Rich*, who commands the Company for which thoſe Recruits were rais'd, has deſir'd me to acquit him before the World of a Charge which he thinks lies heavy upon him, for acting this Play on Mr. *Durfey*'s third Night.

Be it known unto all Men by theſe Preſents, That it was my Act and Deed, or rather Mr. *Durfey*'s; for he *wou'd* play his third Night againſt the firſt of mine. He brought down a huge Flight of frightful Birds upon me; when (Heaven knows) I had not a feather'd Fowl in my Play, except one ſingle *Kite:* But I preſently made *Plume* a Bird, becauſe of his Name, and *Brazen* another, becauſe of the Feather in his Hat; and with theſe three I engag'd his whole Empire, which I think was as great a *Wonder* as any *in the Sun.*

But to anſwer his Complaints more gravely, the Seaſon was far advanc'd; the Officers that made the greateſt Figures in my Play, were all commanded to their Poſts abroad, and waited only for a Wind, which might poſſibly turn in leſs than a Day: And I know none of Mr. *Durfey*'s Birds that had Poſts abroad but his *Woodcocks*, and their Seaſon is over; ſo that he might put off a Day with leſs Prejudice than the *Recruiting-Officer* cou'd; who has this farther to ſay for himſelf, that he was poſted before the other ſpake, and could not with Credit recede from his Station.

Theſe and ſome other Rubs this Comedy met with before it appear'd. But on the other hand, it had powerful Helps to ſet it forward: The Duke of *Ormond* encouraged the Author, and the Earl of *Orrery* approv'd the Play. My *Recruits* were *review'd* by my *General* and my *Collonel*, and could not fail to *paſs Muſter*; and ſtill to add to my Succeſs, they were rais'd among my *Friends round the* Wrekin.

This Health has the Advantage over our other celebrated Toaſts, never to grow worſe for the wearing: 'Tis a laſting Beauty, old without Age, and common without Scandal. That you may live long to ſet it chearfully round, and to enjoy the abundant Pleaſures of your fair and plentiful Country, is the hearty Wiſh of,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient Servant.

THE PROLOGUE.

IN Ancient times when Hellen's *fatal Charms*
Rous'd the contending Universe to Arms,
The Græcian *Council happily deputes*
The sly Ulysses *forth——to raise Recruits.*
The Artful Captain found, without delay,
Where Great Achilles, *a Deserter lay.*
Him Fate had warn'd to shun the Trojan *Blows:*
Him Greece *requir'd———against their* Trojan *Foes.*
All the Recruiting Arts were needful here,
To raise this Great, this tim'rous Volunteer.
Ulysses *well could talk———He stirs, he warms*
The Warlike Youth———He listens to the Charms
Of Plunder, fine lac'd Coats, and glitt'ring Arms.
Ulysses *caught the young aspiring Boy,*
And listed him who wrought the Fate of Troy.
Thus by Recruiting was bold Hector *slain:*
Recruiting thus fair Hellen *did regain.*
If for One Hellen *such prodigious things*
Were acted, that they even listed Kings;
If for one Hellen's *artful, vicious Charms,*
Half the transported World was found in Arms;
What for so many Hellens *may* We *dare,*
Whose Minds *as well as* Faces *are so* Fair?
If by one Hellen's *Eyes, Old* Greece *cou'd find*
Its Homer *fir'd to write——Ev'n* Homer *blind;*
The Britains *sure beyond compare may write,*
That view so many Hellens *ev'ry Night.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Mr. *Ballance*, Mr. *Scale*, Mr. *Scruple*,	Three Juſtices.	Mr. *Keen*. Mr. *Phillips*. Mr. *Kent*.
Mr. *Worthy*, a Gentleman of *Shropſhire*.		Mr. *Williams*.
Capt. *Plume*, Capt. *Brazen*,	Two Recruiting Officers.	Mr. *Wilks*. Mr. *Cibber*.
Kite, Serjeant to *Plume*.		Mr. *Eſtcourt*.
Bullock, a Country Clown.		Mr. *Bullock*.
Coſtar Pear-main, *Tho. Apple-Tree*,	Two Recruits.	Mr. *Norris*. Mr. *Fairbank*.

WOMEN.

Melinda, a Lady of Fortune.	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Sylvia, Daughter to *Ballance*, in love with *Plume*.	Mrs. *Oldfield*.
Lucy, *Melinda*'s Maid.	Mrs. *Sapsford*.
Roſe, a Country Wench.	Mrs. *Mountfort*.

Conſtable, Recruits, Mob, Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, *SHREWSBURY*.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Market-Place*---------*Drum beats the Granadeer-March:*

Enter Serjeant Kite, *follow'd by the Mob.*

Kite *making a Speech.*

IF any Gentlemen Soldiers, or others, have a Mind to ſerve her Majeſty, and pull down the *French* King: If any Prentices have ſevere Maſters, any Children have undutiful Parents: If any Servants have too little Wages, or any Husband too much Wife: Let them repair to the noble Serjeant *Kite*, at the Sign of the *Raven* in this good Town of *Shrewsbury*, and they ſhall receive preſent Relief and Entertainment———Gentlemen, I don't beat my Drums here to inſnare or inveigle any Man! for you muſt know, Gentlemen, that I am a Man of Honour: Beſides, I don't beat up for common Soldiers; no, I liſt only Granadeers, Granadeers, Gentlemen———Pray, Gentlemen, obſerve this Cap———This is the Cap of Honour, it dubs a Man a Gentleman in the drawing of a Tricker; and he that has the good Fortune to be born ſix Foot high, was born to be a great

great Man——Sir, will you give me leave to try this Cap upon your Head?

Mob. Is there no harm in't? Won't the Cap lift me?

Kite. No, no, no more than I can——Come, let me see how it becomes you?

Mob. Are you sure there be no Conjuration in it? No Gunpowder Plot upon me?

Kite. No, no, Friend; don't fear, Man.

Mob. My Mind misgives me plaguily————Let me see it ——[*Going to put it on.*] It smells woundily of Sweat and Brimstone. Pray, Serjeant, what Writing is this upon the Face of it?

Kite. The Crown, or the Bed of Honour.

Mob. Pray now, what may be that same Bed of Honour?

Kite. O! A mighty large Bed! Bigger by half than the great Bed at *Ware*——ten thousand People may lye in it together, and never feel one another.

Mob. My Wife and I wou'd do well to lye in't, for we don't care for feeling one another——But do Folk sleep sound in this same Bed of Honour?

Kite. Sound! Ay, so sound that they never awake.

Mob. Wauns! I wish again that my Wife lay there.

Kite. Say you so? Then, I find, Brother————

Mob. Brother! Hold there, Friend; I am no Kindred to you that I know of yet.——Look'e, Serjeant, no Coaxing, no Wheedling, d'ye see————If I have a mind to list, why so——If not, why 'tis not so————therefore take your Cap and your Brothership back again, for I am not dispos'd at this present Writing————No Coaxing, no Brothering me, Faith.

Kite. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it! Sir, I have serv'd twenty Campaigns————But, Sir, you talk well, and I must own that you are a Man every Inch of you, a pretty young sprightly Fellow——I love a Fellow with a Spirit; but I scorn to coax, 'tis base: Tho' I must say, that never in my Life have I seen a Man better built! how firm and strong he treads! He steps like a Castle; but I scorn to wheedle any Man————Come, honest Lad, will you take share of a Pot?

Mob. Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my Penny with the best He that wears a Head, that is, begging your Pardon, Sir, and in a fair way.

Kite. Give me your Hand then; and now, Gentlemen, I have no more to say, but this————Here's a Purse of Gold, and

and there is a Tub of humming Ale at my Quarters——'Tis the Queen's Money, and the Queen's Drink——She's a generous Queen, and loves her Subjects———I hope, Gentlemen, you won't refuse the Queen's Health?

All Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. Huzza then, huzza for the Queen, and the Honour of *Shropshire*.

All Mob. Huzza!

Kite. Beat Drum. [Exeunt *Drum beating a Granadeer's March.*

Enter Plume *in a Riding Habit.*

Plume. By the Granadeer March, that shou'd be my Drum, and by that Shout, it shou'd beat with Success——Let me see——Four a Clock——[*Looking on his Watch.*] At Ten Yesterday Morning I left *London*———A hundred and Twenty Miles in Thirty Hours is pretty smart Riding, but nothing to the Fatigue of Recruiting.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Welcome to *Shrewsbury*, noble Captain: From the Banks of the *Danube* to the *Severn* side, noble Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. A very elegant Reception indeed, Mr. *Kite:* I find you are fairly enter'd into your Recruiting Strain———Pray what Success?

Kite. I have been here a Week, and I have recruited Five.

Plume. Five! Pray what are they?

Kite. I have listed the strong Man of *Kent*, the King of the *Gipsies*, a *Scotch* Pedlar, a Scoundrel Attorney, and a *Welch* Parson.

Plume. An Attorney! Wert thou mad? List a Lawyer! Discharge him, discharge him this Minute.

Kite. Why, Sir?

Plume. Because I will have no Body in my Company that can write; a Fellow that can write, can draw Petitions——I say this minute discharge him.

Kite. And what shall I do with the Parson?

Plume. Can he write?

Kite. Hum! He plays rarely upon the Fiddle.

Plume. Keep him by all means———But how stands the Country affected? Were the People pleas'd with the News of my coming to Town?

Kite. Sir, the Mob are so pleas'd with your Honour, and the Justices and better sort of People are so delighted with me,

that we shall soon do your Business——But, Sir, you have got a Recruit here, that you little think of

Plume. Who!

Kite. One that you beat up for the last time you were in the Country: You remember your old Friend *Molly* at the Castle?

Plume. She's not with Child, I hope.

Kite. No, no, Sir,——she was brought to Bed yesterday.

Plume. Kite, you must Father the Child.

Kite. And so her Friends will oblige me to marry the Mother.

Plume. If they shou'd, we'll take her with us; she can wash you know, and make a Bed upon occasion.

Kite. Ay, or unmake it upon occasion. But your Honour knows that I am marry'd already.

Plume. To how many?

Kite. I can't tell readily——I have set them down here upon the back of the Muster-Roll. [*Draws it out.*] Let me see, ——*Imprimis*, Mrs. *Sheely Snikereyes*, she sells Potatoes upon *Ormond-Key* in *Dublin*——*Peggy Guzzle*, the Brandy Woman, at the Horse-Guard at *Whitehall*——*Dolly Waggon*, the Carrier's Daughter at *Hull*——Madamoiselle *Van-bottom flat* at the *Buss*——Then *Jenny Oakham*, the Ship-Carpenter's Widow, at *Portsmouth*; but I don't reckon upon her, for she was marry'd at the same time to two Lieutenants of Marines, and a Man of War's Boatswain.

Plume. A full Company——You have nam'd five—— Come, make 'em half a dozen:——*Kite*,——is the Child a Boy or a Girl?

Kite. A Chopping Boy.

Plume. Then set the Mother down in your List, and the Boy in mine: Enter him a Granadeer by the Name of *Francis Kite*, absent upon Furlow——I'll allow you a Man's Pay for his Subsistence, and now go comfort the Wench in the Straw.

Kite. I shall, Sir.

Plume. But hold, have you made any use of your *German* Doctor's Habit since you arriv'd?

Kite. Yes, yes, Sir, and my Fame's all about the Country for the most faithful Fortune-teller that ever told a Lie—— I was oblig'd to let my Landlord into the Secret, for the convenience of keeping it so; but he's an honest Fellow, and will be faithful to any Roguery that is trusted to him. This Device, Sir, will get you Men, and me Money, which, I think, is

is all we want at present———But yonder comes your Friend Mr. *Worthy*——Has your Honour any farther Commands?

Plume. None at present. [*Exit* Kite.] 'Tis indeed the Picture of *Worthy*, but the Life's departed.

Enter Worthy.

What, Arms a-cross, *Worthy!* Methinks you should hold 'em open, when a Friend's so near———The Man has got the Vapours in his Ears, I believe: I must expel this melancholy Spirit.

Spleen, thou worst of Fiends below,
Fly, I conjure thee, by this Magick Blow.

[*Slaps* Worthy *on the Shoulder.*

Wor. Plume! my dear Captain, welcome. Safe and sound return'd!

Plume. I 'scap'd safe from *Germany*, and sound, I hope, from *London*; you see I have lost neither Leg, Arm, nor Nose; then for my inside, 'tis neither troubl'd with Sympathies nor Antipathies; and I have an excellent Stomach for Roast-Beef.

Wor. Thou art a happy Fellow, once I was so.

Plume. What ails thee, Man? No Inundations nor Earthquakes in *Wales*, I hope? Has your Father rose from the Dead, and reassum'd his Estate?

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are marry'd surely.

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are mad, or turning Quaker.

Wor. Come, I must out with it——Your once gay, roving Friend, is dwindl'd into an obsequious, thoughtful, romantick, constant Coxcomb.

Plume. And pray what is all this for?

Wor. For a Woman.

Plume. Shake Hands, Brother, if thou go to that, behold me as obsequious, as thoughtful, and as constant a Coxcomb as your Worship.

Wor. For whom?

Plume. For a Regiment——But for a Woman! 'Sdeath! I have been constant to fifteen at a time, but never melancholy for one, and can the Love of one bring you into this Condition? Pray, who is this wonderful *Hellen!*

Wor. A *Hellen* indeed, not to be won under a ten Years Siege, as great a Beauty, and as great a Jilt.

Plume. A Jilt! Pho! Is she as great a Whore?

Wor. No, no.

Plume. 'Tis ten thousand pities: But who is she? Do I know her?

Wor. Very well.

Plume. That's impossible——I know no Woman that will hold out a ten Year's Siege.

Wor. What think you of *Melinda*?

Plume. Melinda! Why, she began to capitulate this time Twelve-month, and offer'd to surrender upon honourable Terms; and I advis'd you to propose a Settlement of five hundred Pounds a Year to her, before I went last abroad.

Wor. I did, and she hearken'd to it, desiring only one Week to consider——When, beyond her Hopes, the Town was reliev'd, and I forc'd to turn my Siege into a Blockade.

Plume. Explain, explain.

Wor. My Lady *Richly*, her Aunt in *Flintshire* dies, and leaves her, at this critical time, twenty thousand Pounds.

Plume. Oh the Devil! what a delicate Woman was there spoil'd! But by the Rules of War now——*Worthy*, Blockade was foolish——After such a Convoy of Provisions was enter'd the Place, you could have no thought of reducing it by Famine; you should have redoubl'd your Attacks, taken the Town by Storm, or have dy'd upon the Breach.

Wor. I did make one general Assault, and push'd it with all my Forces; but I was so vigorously repuls'd, that despairing of ever gaining her for a Mistress, I have alter'd my Conduct, given my Addresses the obsequious and distant turn, and court her now for a Wife.

Plume. So as you grew obsequious, she grew haughty; and because you approach'd her as a Goddess, she us'd you like a Dog.

Wor. Exactly.

Plume. 'Tis the way of 'em all.——Come, *Worthy*, your obsequious and distant Airs will never bring you together; you must not think to surmount her Pride by your Humility: Wou'd you bring her to better thoughts of you, she must be reduc'd to a meaner Opinion of her self. Let me see; the very first thing that I would do, should be to lie with her Chamber-maid, and hire three or four Wenches in the Neighbourhood to report that I had got them with Child——Suppose we lampoon'd all the pretty Women in Town, and left her out; or, what if we made a Ball, and forgot to invite her with one or two of the ugliest.

Wor. These wou'd be Mortifications, I must confess; but we, live in such a precise, dull Place, that we can have no Balls, no Lampoons, no——

Plume.

Plume. What! no Baſtards! and ſo many Recruiting Officers in Town! I thought 'twas a Maxim among them, to leave as many Recruits in the Country as they carry'd out.

Wor. No body doubts your good Will, noble Captain, in ſerving your Country with your beſt Blood, witneſs our Friend *Molly* at the Caſtle; there have been Tears in Town about that Buſineſs, Captain.

Plume. I hope *Sylvia* has not heard of it.

Wor. O Sir, have you thought of her? I began to fancy you had forgot poor *Sylvia*.

Plume. Your Affairs had quite put mine out of my Head. 'Tis true, *Sylvia* and I had once agreed to go to Bed together, cou'd we have adjuſted Preliminaries; but ſhe wou'd have the Wedding before Conſummation, and I was for Conſummation before the Wedding; we cou'd not agree. She was a pert, obſtinate Fool, and wou'd loſe her Maiden-head her own way, ſo ſhe may keep it for *Plume*.

Wor. But do you intend to marry upon no other Conditions?

Plume. Your Pardon, Sir, I'll marry upon no Condition at all.—— If I ſhou'd, I am reſolv'd never to bind my ſelf to a Woman for my whole Life, till I know whether I ſhall like her Company for half an Hour. Suppoſe I marry'd a Woman that wanted a Leg——ſuch a thing might be, unleſs I examin'd the Goods beforehand——if People wou'd but try one another's Conſtitutions before they engag'd, it wou'd prevent all theſe Elopements, Divorces, and the Devil knows what.

Wor. Nay, for that matter, the Town did not ſtick to ſay, that———

Plume. I hate Country-Towns for that Reaſon——if your Town has a diſhonourable thought of *Sylvia*, it deſerves to be burnt to the Ground.—— I love *Sylvia*, I admire her frank, generous Diſpoſition——There's ſomething in that Girl more than Woman, her Sex is but a Foil to her.—— The Ingratitude, Diſſimulation, Envy, Pride, Avarice, and Vanity of her Siſter Females, do but ſet off their Contraries in her——In ſhort, were I once a General, I wou'd marry her.

Wor. Faith, you have Reaſon——for were you but a Corporal, ſhe wou'd marry you——But my *Melinda* Coquets it with every Fellow ſhe ſees——I'll lay Fifty Pound ſhe makes Love to you.

Plume. I'll lay Fifty Pound that I return it, if ſhe does --- Look'e, *Worthy*, I'll win her, and give her to you afterwards.

Wor. If you win her, you ſhall wear her, Faith; I wou'd not value the Conqueſt, without the Credit of the Victory.

Enter

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Captain, a Word in your Ear.

Plume. You may ſpeak out, here are none but Friends.

Kite. You know, Sir, that you ſent me to comfort the good Woman in the Straw, Mrs. *Molly*---my Wife, Mr. *Worthy.*

Wor. O ho! very well! I wiſh you Joy, Mr. *Kite.*

Kite. Your Worſhip very well may——— for I have got both a Wife and a Child in half an Hour——But as I was ſaying———You ſent me to comfort Mrs. *Molly*——— my Wife I mean——But what d'ye think, Sir? She was better comforted before I came.

Plume. As how!

Kite. Why, Sir, a Footman in a blue Livery had brought her ten Guineas to buy her Baby-cloaths.

Plume. Who, in the Name of Wonder cou'd ſend them?

Kite. Nay, Sir, I muſt whiſper that---Mrs. *Sylvia.* [*Whiſpers.*

Plume. Sylvia! Generous Creature!

Wor. Sylvia! Impoſſible!

Kite. Here are the Guineas, Sir,———I took the Gold as Part of my Wife's Portion. Nay, farther, Sir, ſhe ſent Word the Child ſhould be taken all imaginable Care of, and that ſhe intended to ſtand God-mother. The ſame Footman, as I was coming to you with this News, call'd after me, and told me, that his Lady wou'd ſpeak with me——— I went, and upon hearing that you were come to Town, ſhe gave me half a Guinea for the News; and order'd me to tell you, that Juſtice *Ballance*, her Father, who is juſt come out of the Country, would be glad to ſee you.

Plume. There's a Girl for you, *Worthy*——— Is there any thing of Woman in this? No, 'tis noble, generous, manly Friendſhip; ſhew me another Woman that wou'd loſe an Inch of her Prerogative———that way, without Tears, Fits and Reproaches. The common Jealouſy of her Sex, which is nothing but their Avarice of Pleaſure, ſhe deſpiſes; and can part with the Lover, tho' ſhe dies for the Man---Come, *Worthy*—— Where's the beſt Wine? For there I'll quarter.

Wor. Horton has a freſh Pipe of choice *Barcelona*, which I wou'd not let him pierce before, becauſe I reſerv'd the Maidenhead of it for your Welcome to Town.

Plume. Let's away then———Mr. *Kite*, wait on the Lady with my humble Service, and tell her, I ſhall only refreſh a little, and wait upon her.

Wor. Hold, *Kite*——have you ſeen the other Recruiting-Captain?

Kite. No, Sir.

Plume,

Plume. Another! who is he?

Wor. My Rival in the first place, and the most unaccquntable Fellow———but I'll tell you more as we go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *An Apartment.*

Melinda *and* Sylvia *meeting.*

Mel. Welcome to Town, Cousin *Sylvia*, [*Salute.*] I envy'd you your Retreat in the Country; for *Shrewsbury*, methinks, and all your Heads of Shires, are the most irregular Places for living; here we have Smoak, Noise, Scandal, Affectation, and Pretension; in short, every thing to give the Spleen——and nothing to divert it——then the Air is intollerable.

Syl. O Madam! I have heard the Town commended for its Air.

Mel. But you don't consider, *Sylvia*, how long I have liv'd in't! for I can assure you, that to a Lady, the least Nice in her Constitution——No Air can be good above half a Year. Change of Air, I take to be the most agreeable of any Variety in Life.

Syl. As you say, Cousin *Melinda*, there are several sorts of Airs.

Mel. Psha! I talk only of the Air we breathe, or more properly of that we taste——Have not you, *Sylvia*, found a vast difference in the Taste of Airs?

Syl. Pray, Cousin, are not Vapours a sort of Air? taste Air! you might as well tell me, I may feed upon Air: But prithee, my dear *Melinda*, don't put on such an Air to me. Your Education and mine were just the same; and I remember the time, when we never troubled our Heads about Air, but when the sharp Air from the *Welsh* Mountains made our Fingers ake in a cold Morning at the Boarding-School.

Mel. Our Education, Cousin, was the same, but our Temperaments had nothing alike; you had the Constitution of an Horse.

Syl. So far as to be troubl'd with neither Spleen, Collick, nor Vapours; I need no Salts for my Stomach, no Harts-horn for my Head, nor Wash for my Complexion. I can gallop all the Morning after the Hunting-horn, and all the Evening after a Fiddle. In short, I can do every thing with my Father, but drink, and shoot flying; and I am sure, I can do every thing my Mother cou'd, were I put to the Trial.

Mel. You are in a fair way of being put to't; for I am told your Captain is come to Town.

Syl.

Syl. Ay, *Melinda*, he is come, and I'll take Care he sha'n't go without a Companion.

Mel. You are certainly mad, Cousin.

Syl. And there's a Pleasure in being Mad, which none but Mad-men know.

Mel. Thou poor Romantick *Quixot!* —— Hast thou the Vanity to imagine, that a young Sprightly Officer, that rambles o'er half the Globe in half a Year, can confine his Thoughts to the little Daughter of a Country-Justice, in an obscure part of the World.

Syl. Psha! what care I for his Thoughts; I shou'd not like a Man with confin'd Thoughts, it shews a Narrowness of Soul. Constancy is but a dull sleepy Quality at best, they will hardly admit it among the manly Virtues; nor do I think it deserves a Place with Bravery, Knowledge, Policy, Justice, and some other Qualities that are proper to that noble Sex. In short, *Melinda*, I think a Petticoat a mighty simple thing, and I am heartily tir'd of my Sex.

Mel. That is, you are tir'd of an Appendix to our Sex, that you can't so handsomely get rid of in Petticoats, as if you were in Breeches —— O' my Conscience, *Sylvia*, hadst thou been a Man, thou hadst been the greatest Rake in Christendom.

Syl. I shou'd have endeavour'd to know the World, which a Man can never do throughly, without half a hundred Friendships, and as many Amours; but now I think on't, how stands your Affair with Mr. *Worthy*?

Mel. He's my Aversion.

Syl. Vapours!

Mel. What do you say, Madam?

Syl. I say, that you shou'd not use that honest Fellow so inhumanly. He's a Gentleman of Parts and Fortune; and besides that he's my *Plume*'s Friend, and by all that's sacred if you don't use him better, I shall expect Satisfaction.

Mel. Satisfaction! you begin to fancy your self in Breeches in good earnest—— But to be plain with you, I like *Worthy* the worse for being so intimate with your Captain, for I take him to be a loose, idle, unmannerly Coxcomb.

Syl. O, Madam! you never saw him, perhaps, since you were Mistress of Twenty thousand Pound; you only knew him when you were capitulating with *Worthy* for a Settlement, which perhaps might encourage him to be a little loose, and unmannerly with you.

Mel. What do you mean, Madam?

Syl. My Meaning needs no Interpretation, Madam.

Mel.

Mel. Better it had, Madam; for methinks you are too plain.

Syl. If you mean the Plainneſs of my Perſon, I think your Ladyſhip's as plain as me to the full.

Mel. Were I ſure of that, I wou'd be glad to take up with a Rakehelly Officer as you do.

Syl. Again! Look'e, Madam, you're in your own Houſe.

Mel. And if you had kept in yours, I ſhou'd have excus'd you.

Syl. Don't be troubl'd, Madam, I ſha'n't deſire to have my Viſit return'd.

Mel. The ſooner therefore you make an end of this, the better.

Syl. I am eaſily perſuaded to follow my Inclinations, ſo, Madam, your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Mel. Saucy Thing!

Enter Lucy.

Luc. What's the matter, Madam?

Mel. Did you not ſee the proud Nothing, how ſhe ſwell'd upon the Arrival of her Fellow.

Luc. Her Fellow has not been long enough arriv'd to occaſion any great Swelling, Madam; I don't believe ſhe has ſeen him yet.

Mel. Nor ſha'n't if I can help it——Let me ſee——I have it————Bring me Pen and Ink————hold, I'll go write in my Cloſet.

Luc. An Anſwer to this Letter, I hope, Madam. [*Preſents a Letter.*

Mel. Who ſent it?

Luc. Your Captain, Madam.

Mel. He's a Fool, and I'm tir'd of him, ſend it back unopen'd.

Luc. The Meſſenger's gone, Madam.

Mel. Then how ſhou'd I ſend an Anſwer? Call him back immediately, while I go write. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *An Apartment.*

Enter Juſtice Ballance *and* Plume.

Ball. LOok'e, Captain, give us but Blood for our Money, and you ſhan't want Men. I remember that for ſome Years of the laſt War, we had no Blood, no Wounds, but in the Officers Mouths; nothing for our Millions but News-Papers not worth a Reading——Our Army did nothing but play at Priſon-Bars, and hide and ſeek with the Enemy; but now ye have brought us Colours, and Standards, and Priſoners——Ad's my Life, Captain, get us but another Marſhal of *France*, and I'll go my ſelf for a Soldier——

Plume. Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, how does your fair Daughter?

Ball. Ah, Captain! What is my Daughter to a Marſhal of *France*? We're upon a nobler Subject, I want to have a particular Deſcription of the Battle of *Hockſtat*.

Plume. The Battel, Sir, was a very pretty Battel as one ſhou'd deſire to ſee, but we were all ſo intent upon Victory, that we never minded the Battel; all that I know of the matter is, our General commanded us to beat the *French*, and we did ſo; and if he pleaſes but to ſay the Word, we'll do't agen. But pray, Sir, how does Mrs. *Sylvia*?

Ball. Still upon *Sylvia!* For ſhame, Captain, you are engag'd already, wedded to the War; Victory is your Miſtreſs, and 'tis below a Soldier to think of any other.

Plume. As a Miſtreſs, I confeſs, but as a Friend, Mr. *Ballance*.

Ball. Come, come, Captain, never mince the Matter, wou'd not you debauch my Daughter, if you cou'd?

Plume. How, Sir! I hope ſhe's not to be debauch'd.

Ball. Faith, but ſhe is, Sir; and any Woman in *England* of her Age and Complexion, by a Man of your Youth and Vigour. Look'e, Captain, once I was young, and once an Officer as you are; and I can gueſs at your Thoughts now, by what mine were then; and I remember very well, that I wou'd have given one of my Legs to have deluded the Daughter of an old Country Gentleman, as like me as I was then like you.

Plume

Plume. But, Sir, was that Country Gentleman your Friend and Benefactor?

Ball. Not much of that.

Plume. There the Compariſon breaks, the Favours, Sir, that——

Ball. Pho, I hate Speeches; if I have done you any Service, Captain, 'twas to pleaſe my ſelf, for I love thee; and if I could part with my Girl, you ſhou'd have her as ſoon as any young Fellow I know: But I hope you have more Honour than to quit the Service, and ſhe more Prudence than to follow the Camp; but ſhe's at her own Diſpoſal, ſhe has fifteen hundred Pound in her Pocket, and ſo *Sylvia*, *Sylvia*.

[*Calls.*

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. There are ſome Letters, Sir, come by the Poſt from *London*, I left them upon the Table in your Cloſet.

Ball. And here is a Gentleman from *Germany*. [*Preſents* Plume *to her.*] Captain, you'll excuſe me, I'll go and read my Letters, and wait on you. [*Exit.*

Syl. Sir, you are welcome to *England*.

Plume. You are indebted to me a Welcome, Madam, ſince the Hopes of receiving it from this fair Hand, was the principal Cauſe of my ſeeing *England*.

Syl. I have often heard, that Soldiers were ſincere, ſhall I venture to believe publick Report?

Plume. You may, when 'tis back'd by private Inſurance; for I ſwear, Madam, by the Honour of my Profeſſion, that whatever Dangers I went upon, it was with the Hope of making my ſelf more worthy of your Eſteem; and if ever I had Thoughts of preſerving my Life, 'twas for the Pleaſure of dying at your Feet.

Syl. Well, well, you ſhall die at my Feet, or where you will; but you know, Sir, there is a certain Will and Teſtament to be made before-hand.

Plume. My Will, Madam, is made already, and there it is; and if you pleaſe to open that Parchment, which was drawn the Evening before the Battle of *Blenheim*, you will find whom I left my Heir.

Syl. Mrs. *Sylvia Ballance*, [*Opens the Will, and reads.*] Well, Captain, this is a handſome and a ſubſtantial Compliment; but I can aſſure you, I am much better pleas'd with the bare Knowledge of your Intention, than I ſhou'd have been in the Poſſeſſion of your Legacy: But methinks, Sir, you ſhou'd have left ſomething to your little Boy at the *Caſtle*.

Plume.

Plume. That's home, [*Aſide.*] My little Boy! Lack-a-day, Madam, that alone may convince you 'twas none of mine; why the Girl, Madam, is my Serjeant's Wife, and ſo the poor Creature gave out that I was Father, in hopes that my Friends might ſupport her in Caſe of Neceſſity.——That was all, Madam———My Boy! No, no, no.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my Maſter has receiv'd ſome ill News from *London*, and deſires to ſpeak with you immediately, and he begs the Captain's Pardon, that he can't wait on him as he promis'd.

Plume. Ill News! Heavens avert it, nothing could touch me nearer than to ſee that generous worthy Gentleman afflicted: I'll leave you to comfort him, and be aſſur'd, that if my Life and Fortune can be any way ſerviceable to the Father of my *Sylvia*, he ſhall freely command both.

Syl. The Neceſſity muſt be very preſſing, that would engage me to endanger either. [Exeunt *ſeverally.*

SCENE, *Another Apartment.*

Enter Ballance *and* Sylvia.

Syl. Whilſt there is Life, there is Hopes, Sir; perhaps my Brother may recover.

Ball. We have but little Reaſon to expect it; Doctor *Kilman* acquaints me here, that before this comes to my Hands, he fears I ſhall have no Son——Poor *Owen!*——But the Decree is juſt, I was pleas'd with the Death of my Father, becauſe he left me an Eſtate, and now I am puniſh'd with the Loſs of an Heir to inherit mine; I muſt now look upon you as the only Hopes of my Family, and I expect that the Augmentation of your Fortune will give you freſh Thoughts, and new Proſpects.

Syl. My Deſire of being punctual in my Obedience, requires that you would be plain in your Commands, Sir.

Ball. The Death of your Brother makes you ſole Heireſs to my Eſtate, which you know is about twelve hundred Pounds a Year: This Fortune gives you a fair Claim to Quality, and a Title; you muſt ſet a juſt Value upon your ſelf, and in plain Terms, think no more of Captain *Plume.*

Syl. You have often commended the Gentleman, Sir.

Ball. And I do ſo ſtill, he's a very pretty Fellow; but tho I lik'd him well enough for a bare Son-in-Law, I don't approve of him for an Heir to my Eſtate and Family; fifteen hundred

hundred Pounds indeed I might truſt in his Hands, and it might do the young Fellow a Kindneſs, but,——ods my Life, twelve hundred Pound a Year wou'd ruin him, quite turn his Brain: A Captain of Foot worth twelve hundred Pounds a Year! 'Tis a Prodigy in Nature: Beſides this, I have five or ſix thouſand Pounds in Woods upon my Eſtate; Oh! That wou'd make him ſtark mad: For you muſt know, that all Captains have a mighty Averſion to Timber, they can't endure to ſee Trees ſtanding. Then I ſhou'd have ſome Rogue of a Builder, by the help of his damn'd Magick Art, tranſform my noble Oaks and Elms into Corniſhes, Portals, Saſhes, Birds, Beaſts and Devils, to adorn ſome magotty, new-faſhioned Bauble upon the *Thames*; and then you ſhou'd have a Dog of a Gardner bring a *Habeas Corpus* for my *Terra firma*, remove it to *Chelſea*, or *Twittenham*, and clap it into Graſs-Plats, and Gravel Walks.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's one with a Letter below for your Worſhip, but he will deliver it into no hands but your own.

Ball. Come, ſhew me the Meſſenger.

[Exit *with Servant.*

Syl. Make the Diſpute between Love and Duty, and I am Prince *Prettyman* exactly.———If my Brother dies, ah poor Brother! If he lives, ah poor Siſter! 'Tis bad both ways; I'll try it again,———Follow my own Inclinations, and break my Father's Heart; or obey his Commands, and break my own; worſe and worſe. Suppoſe I take it thus? A moderate Fortune, a pretty Fellow and a Pad; or a fine Eſtate, a Coach and ſix, and an Aſs——That will never do neither.

Enter Juſtice Ballance *and Servant.*

Ball. Put four Horſes into the Coach. [*To a Servant, who goes out.*] Ho *Sylvia!*

Syl. Sir.

Ball. How old were you when your Mother dy'd?

Sylv. So young, that I don't remember I ever had one; and you have been ſo careful, ſo indulgent to me ſince, that indeed I never wanted one.

Ball. Have I ever deny'd you any thing you ask'd of me?

Syl. Never that I remember.

Ball. Then, *Sylvia*, I muſt beg that once in your Life you wou'd grant me a Favour.

Syl. Why ſhou'd you queſtion it, Sir?

Ball. I don't, but I wou'd rather counsel than command; I don't propose this with the Authority of a Parent, but as the Advice of your Friend; that you wou'd take the Coach this Moment, and go into the Country.

Syl. Does this Advice, Sir, proceed from the Contents of the Letter you receiv'd just now?

Ball. No matter, I will be with you in three or four Days, and then give you my Reasons. ——But before you go, I expect you will make me one solemn Promise.

Syl. Propose the thing, Sir.

Ball. That you will never dispose of your self to any Man, without my Consent.

Syl. I promise.

Ball. Very well, and to be even with you, I promise I never will dispose of you without your own Consent, and so, *Sylvia*, the Coach is ready; farewel. [*Leads her to the Door, and returns.*] Now she's gone, I'll examine the Contents of this Letter a little nearer. [*Reads.*

SIR,

MY Intimacy with Mr. Worthy *has drawn a Secret from him, that he had from his Friend Captain* Plume; *and my Friendship, and Relation to your Family, oblige me to give you timely notice of it: The Captain has dishonourable Designs upon my Cousin* Sylvia. *Evils of this Nature are more easily prevented than amended, and that you wou'd immediately send my Cousin into the Country, is the Advice of*

Sir, your humble Servant,

MELINDA.

Why the Devil's in the young Fellows of this Age, they are ten times worse than they were in my time; had he made my Daughter a Whore, and forswore it like a Gentleman, I cou'd have almost pardon'd it; but to tell Tales beforehand is monstrous——Hang it, I can fetch down a Woodcock or a Snipe, and why not a Hat and Feather? I have a Case of good Pistols, and have a good mind to try.

Enter Worthy.

Worthy! Your Servant.

Wor. I'm sorry, Sir, to be the Messenger of ill News.

Ball. I apprehend it, Sir, you have heard that my Son *Owen* is past Recovery.

Wor. My Letters say he's dead, Sir.

Ball.

Ball. He's happy, and I'm satisfied: The Strokes of Heaven I can bear; but Injuries from Men, Mr. *Worthy*, are not so easily supported.

Wor. I hope, Sir, you're under no Apprehension of Wrong from any Body.

Ball. You know, I ought to be.

Wor. You wrong my Honour, Sir, in believing I cou'd know any thing to your Prejudice, without resenting it as much as you shou'd.

Ball. This Letter, Sir, which I tear in pieces to conceal the Person that sent it, informs me, that *Plume* has a Design upon *Sylvia*, and that you are privy to't.

Wor. Nay then, Sir, I must do my self Justice, and endeavour to find out the Author. [*Takes up a bit.*] Sir, I know the Hand, and if you refuse to discover the Contents, *Melinda* shall tell me. [*Going.*

Ball. Hold, Sir, the Contents I have told you already, only with this Circumstance, that her Intimacy with Mr. *Worthy* had drawn the Secret from him.

Wor. Her Intimacy with me! Dear Sir, let me pick up the pieces of this Letter; 'twill give me such a Power over her Pride to have her own an Intimacy under her Hand: 'Twas the luckiest Accident! [*Gathering up the Letter.*] The Aspersion, Sir, was nothing but Malice, the Effect of a little Quarrel between her and Mrs. *Sylvia*.

Ball. Are you sure of that, Sir?

Wor. Her Maid gave me the History of part of the Battel, just now, as she over-heard it. But I hope, Sir, your Daughter has suffer'd nothing upon the Account.

Ball. No, no, poor Girl, she's so afflicted with the News of her Brother's Death, that to avoid Company, she begg'd leave to be gone into the Country.

Wor. And is she gone?

Ball. I cou'd not refuse her, she was so pressing; the Coach went from the Door the Minute before you came.

Wor. So pressing to be gone, Sir!——I find her Fortune will give her the same Airs with *Melinda*, and then *Plume* and I may laugh at one another.

Ball. Like enough, Women are as subject to Pride as we are, and why mayn't great Women as well as great Men, forget their old Acquaintance?———But come, where's this young Fellow? I love him so well, it would break the Heart of me to think him a Rascal———— I'm glad my Daughter's gone fairly off tho'. [*Aside.*] Where does the Captain quarter?

Wor. At *Horton*'s; I am to meet him there two Hours hence, and we ſhould be glad of your Company.

Ball. Your Pardon, dear *Worthy*, I muſt allow a Day or two to the Death of my Son: The Decorum of Mourning is what we owe the World, becauſe they pay it to us afterwards. I'm yours over a Bottle, or how you will.

Wor. Sir, I'm your humble Servant. [Exeunt *ſeverally.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Kite, *with a Mob in each hand drunk*——Kite *ſings.*

Our Prentice Tom *may now refuſe,*
To wipe his ſcoundrel Maſter's Shoes;
For now he's free to ſing and play,
Over the Hills, and far away.——*Over*, &c.
[The Mob ſing the Chorus.
We ſhall lead more happy Lives,
By getting rid of Brats and Wives,
That ſcold and brawl both Night and Day;
Over the Hills, and far away——*Over*, &c.

Kite. Hey Boys! Thus we Soldier's live! drink, ſing, dance, play: We live, as one ſhou'd ſay——we live——'tis impoſſible to tell how we live——We are all Princes——Why——why, you are a King——You are an Emperour, and I'm a Prince——now——a'n't we——

1ſt. *Mob.* No, Serjeant, I'll be Emperor.

Kite. No!

1ſt. *Mob.* No, I'll be a Juſtice of Peace.

Kite. A Juſtice of Peace, Man!

1ſt. *Mob.* Ay, wauns will I; for ſince this Preſſing-Act, they are greater than any Emperor under the Sun.

Kite. Done: You are a Juſtice of Peace, and you are a King, and I am a Duke, and a rum Duke a'n't I?

2d. *Mob.* Ay, but I'll be no King.

Kite. What then?

2d. *Mob.* I'll be a Queen.

Kite. A Queen!

2d. *Mob.* Ay, Queen of *England*, that's greater than any King of 'em all.

Kite. Bravely ſaid, 'faith; Huzza for the Queen. [*Huzza!*] But heark'e, you Mr. Juſtice, and you Mr. Queen, did you never ſee the Queen's Picture?

Mob. No, no, no.

ite

Kite. I wonder at that; I have two of 'em ſet in Gold, and as like her Majeſty, God bleſs the Mark. See here, they are ſet in Gold. *Takes two Broad-Pieces out of his Pocket, gives one to each Mob.*

1ſt. *Mob.* The wonderful Works of Nature! [*Looking at it.*

2d. *Mob.* What's this written about? Here's a Poſie, I believe, *Ca-ro-lus*——What's that, Serjeant?

Kite. O! *Carolus!*——Why, *Carolus* is Latin for Queen *Ann*; that's all.

2d. *Mob.* 'Tis a fine thing to be a Scollard——Serjeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the compaſs of a Crown.

Kite. A Crown! never talk of buying: 'tis the ſame thing among Friends, you know; I'll preſent them to ye both: you ſhall give me as good a thing. Put 'em up, and remember your old Friend, when I am over the Hills, and far away.

[*They ſing, and put up the Money.*

Enter Plume, *ſinging.*

Plume. *Over the Hills, and o'er the Main,*
To Flanders, Portugal, *or* Spain:
The Queen commands, and we'll obey,
Over the Hills, and far away.

Come on my Men of Mirth, away with it, I'll make one among ye: Who are theſe hearty Lads?

Kite. Off with your Hats; 'Ounds, off with your Hats: This is the Captain, the Captain.

1ſt. *Mob.* We have ſeen Captains afore now, Mun.

2d. *Mob.* Ay, and Lieutenant-Captains too; s'fleſh! I'll keep on my Nab.

1ſt. *Mob.* And I'ſe ſcarcely d'off mine for any Captain in *England:* My Vether's a Freeholder.

Plume. Who are theſe jolly Lads, Serjeant?

Kite. A couple of honeſt brave Fellows, that are willing to ſerve the Queen: I have entertain'd 'em juſt now, as Volunteers, under your Honour's Command.

Plume. And good Entertainment they ſhall have: Volunteers are the Men I want, thoſe are the Men fit to make Soldiers, Captains, Generals.

1ſt. *Mob.* Wounds, *Tummas*, what's this! are you liſted?

2d. *Mob.* Fleſh! not I: Are you *Coſtar*?

1ſt. *Mob.* Wounds, not I.

Kite. What! not liſted! ha, ha, ha; a very good Jeſt, I'faith.

1ſt. *Mob.* Come, *Tummas*, we'll go home.

2d. *Mob.* Ay, ay, come.

Kite. Home! for shame, Gentlemen, behave your selves better before your Captain: Dear *Tummas*, honest *Costar.*

2d. *Mob.* No, no, we'll be gone.

Kite. Nay then, I command you to stay: I place you both Centinels in this place, for two Hours, to watch the Motion of St. *Mary*'s Clock, you; and you the Motion of St. *Chad*'s: And he that dares stir from his Post till he be reliev'd, shall have my Sword in his Guts the next Minute.

Plume. What's the matter, Serjeant? I'm afraid you are too rough with these Gentlemen.

Kite. I'm too mild, Sir: They disobey Command, Sir, and one of 'em shou'd be shot for an Example to the other.

1st *Mob.* Shot, *Tummas!*

Plume. Come, Gentlemen, what's the matter?

1st. *Mob.* We don't know; the noble Serjeant is pleas'd to be in a Passion, Sir——but——

Kite They disobey Command, they deny their being listed.

2d. *Mob.* Nay, Serjeant, we don't downright deny it neither; that we dare not do, for fear of being shot: But we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your Worship's Pardon, that we may go home.

Plume. That's easily known; have either of you receiv'd any of the Queen's Money?

1st. *Mob.* Not a Brass Farthing, Sir.

Kite. Sir, they have each of them receiv'd three and twenty Shillings and Six-pence, and 'tis now in their Pockets.

1st. *Mob.* Wounds, if I have a Penny in my Pocket but a bent Six-pence, I'll be content to be listed, and shot into the Bargain.

2d. *Mob.* And I, look ye here, Sir.

1st. *Mob.* Ay, here's my Stock too: Nothing but the Queen's Picture, that the Serjeant gave me just now.

Kite. See there, a Broad-piece, three and twenty Shillings and Six-pence, t'other has the Fellow on't.

Plume. The Case is plain, Gentlemen, the Goods are found upon you: Those Pieces of Gold are worth Three and Twenty and Six-pence each.

1st. *Mob.* So it seems, that *Carolus* is Three and Twenty Shillings and Sixpence in *Latin.*

2d. *Mob.* 'Tis the same thing in *Greek*, for we are listed.

1st. *Mob.* Flesh! but we a'n't *Tummas:* I desire to be carry'd before the Mayor, Captain. [*Captain and Serjeant whisper the while.*

Plume. 'Twill never do, *Kite*——your damn'd Tricks will ruin

ruin me at last————I wo'n't lose the Fellows tho', if I can help it——Well, Gentlemen, there must be some Trick in this; my Serjeant offers to take his Oath that you are fairly listed.

1st. *Mob.* Why, Captain, we know that you Soldiers have more Liberty of Conscience than other Folks; but for me, or Neighbour *Costar* here, to take such an Oath, 'twou'd be downright Perjuration.

Plume. Look'e, Rascal, you Villain, if I find that you have impos'd upon these two honest Fellows, I'll trample you to Death, you Dog——Come, how was't?

2d. *Mob.* Nay then, we'll speak; your Serjeant, as you say, is a Rogue, begging your Worship's Pardon---and——

1st. *Mob.* Nay, *Tummas*, let me speak; you know I can read ——And so, Sir, he gave us those two Pieces of Money for Pictures of the Queen, by way of a Present.

Plume. How,! by way of a Present! The Son of a Whore! I'll teach him to abuse honest Fellows, like you! Scoundrel, Rogue, Villain! [*Beats off the Serjeant, and follows.*

Mob. O brave noble Captain! Huzza! a brave Captain, faith.

1st. *Mob.* Now *Tummas*, *Carolus* is *Latin* for a Beating: This is the bravest Captain I ever saw——'Wounds I have a Month's mind to go with him.

Enter Plume.

Plume. A Dog, to abuse two such honest Fellows as you. ——Look'e, Gentlemen, I love a pretty Fellow, I come among you as an Officer to list Soldiers, not as a Kidnapper, to steal Slaves.

1st. *Mob.* Mind that, *Tummas*.

Plume. I desire no Man to go with me, but as I went my self: I went a Volunteer, as you, or you, may do; for a little time carry'd a Musquet, and now I command a Company.

2d. *Mob.* Mind that, *Costar:* A sweet Gentleman.

Plume. 'Tis true, Gentlemen, I might take an Advantage of you; the Queen's Money was in your Pockets, my Serjeant was ready to take his Oath you were listed; but I scorn to do a base thing, you are both of you at your Liberty.

1st. *Mob.* Thank you, noble Captain——I cod, I can't find in my heart to leave him, he talks so finely.

2d. *Mob.* Ay, *Costar*, wou'd he always hold in this mind.

Plume. Come, my Lads, one thing more I'll tell you: you're both young tight Fellows, and the Army is the place to make

you Men for ever: Every Man has his Lot, and you have yours: What think you now of a Purse of *French* Gold out of a Monsieur's Pocket, after you have dash'd out his Brains with the But-End of your Firelock? eh! ———

1st. *Mob.* Wauns! I'll have it. Captain————give me a Shilling, I'll follow you to the end of the World.

2d. *Mob.* Nay, dear *Costar*, do'na; be advis'd.

Plume. Here, my Hero, here are two Guineas for thee, as Earnest of what I'll do farther for thee.

2d. *Mob.* Do'na take it, do'na dear *Costar*.

[*Cries and pulls back his Arm.*

1st. *Mob.* I wull---I wull——Waunds, my Mind gives me, that I shall be a Captain my self——I take your Money, Sir, and now I am a Gentleman.

Plume. Give me thy Hand, and now you and I will travel the World o'er, and command it wherever we tread ——— Bring your Friend with you, if you can. [*Aside.*

1st. *Mob.* Well, *Tummas*, must we part?

2d. *Mob.* No, *Costar*, I canno leave thee——Come, Captain, I'll e'en go along too; and if you have two honester simpler Lads in your Company, than we two been, I'll say no more.

Plume. Here, my Lad. [*Gives him Money.*] Now your Name?

1st. *Mob. Tummas Appletree.*

Plume. And yours?

2d *Mob. Costar Pairmain.*

Plume. Born where?

1st. *Mob.* Both in *Herefordshire.*

Plume. Very well; Courage, my Lads———Now we'll sing, *Over the Hills and far away.*

Courage, Boys, 'tis One to Ten,
But we return all Gentlemen, &c. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *The Market-Place.*

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Wor. I Cannot forbear admiring the Equality of our two Fortunes: We lov'd two Ladies, they met us half way, and juſt as we were upon the point of leaping into their Arms, Fortune drops into their Laps, Pride poſſeſſes their Hearts, a Maggot fills their Heads, Madneſs takes 'em by the Tails; they ſnort, kick up their Heels, and away they run.

Plume. And leave us here to mourn upon the Shore——A couple of poor melancholy Monſters——What ſhall we do?

Wor. I have a trick for mine; the Letter, you know, and the Fortune-teller.

Plume. And I have a trick for mine.

Wor. What is't?

Plume. I'll never think of her again.

Wor. No!

Plume. No; I think my ſelf above adminiſtring to the Pride of any Woman, were ſhe worth Twelve thouſand a Year; and I han't the Vanity to believe I ſhall ever gain a Lady worth Twelve hundred——The generous, good-natur'd *Sylvia*, in her Smock, I admire; but the haughty, ſcornful *Sylvia*, with her Fortune, I deſpiſe——What, ſneak out of Town, and not ſo much as a Word, a Line, a Compliment!——'Sdeath! how far off does ſhe live? I'll go and break her Windows.

Wor. Ha, ha, ha; ay, and the Window-Bars too to come at her——— Come, come, Friend, no more of your rough Military Airs.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Sir! look yonder, ſhe's a coming this way: 'tis the prettieſt, cleaneſt, little Tit!

Plume. Now, *Worthy*, to ſhew you how much I am in love;———here ſhe comes; and what is that great Country-Fellow with her?

Kite. I can't tell, Sir.

Enter Roſe, *and her Brother* Bullock, *and Chickens on her Arm in a Basket*, &c.

Roſe. Buy Chickens, young and tender, young and tender Chickens.

Plume.

Plume. Here, you Chickens!

Rose. Who calls?

Plume. Come hither, pretty Maid.

Rose. Will you please to buy, Sir?

Wor. Yes, Child, we'll both buy.

Plume. Nay, *Worthy*, that's not fair, market for your self---- Come, Child, I'll buy all you have.

Rose. Then all I have is at your Service. [*Court'sies.*

Wor. Then I must shift for my self, I find. [*Exit.*

Plume. Let me see; young and tender, you say. [*Chucks her under the Chin.*

Rose. As ever you tasted in your Life, Sir.

Plume. Come, I must examine your Basket to the bottom, my Dear.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, put in your Hand; feel, Sir; I warrant my Ware as good as any in the Market.

Plume. And I'll buy it all, Child, were it ten times more.

Rose. Sir, I can furnish you.

Plume. Come then, we wo'n't quarrel about the Price, they're fine Birds——Pray what's your Name, pretty Creature?

Rose. Rose, Sir: My Father is a Farmer within three short Mile o'the Town; we keep this Market; I sell Chickens, Eggs, and Butter, and my Brother *Bullock* there sells Corn.

Bull. Come, Sister, haste, we shall be late hoame.

[*Whistles about the Stage.*

Plume. Kite! [*Tips him the wink, he returns it.*] Pretty Mrs. *Rose*——you have——let me see——how many?

Rose. A dozen, Sir, and they are richly worth a Crown.

Bull. Come, *Ruose*, *Ruose*, I sold fifty Strake of Barley to day in half this time; but you will higgle and higgle for a Penny more than the Commodity is worth.

Rose. What's that to you, Oaf? I can make as much out of a Groat, as you can out of Four-pence, I'm sure——The Gentleman bids fair, and when I meet with a Chapman, I know how to make the best of him——And so, Sir, I say, for a Crown-Piece, the Bargain's yours.

Plume. Here's a Guinea, my Dear.

Rose. I can't change your Money, Sir.

Plume. Indeed, indeed, but you can——my Lodging is hard by, Chicken, and we'll make change there. [*Goes off, she follows him.*

Kite. So, Sir, as I was telling you, I have seen one of these *Hussars* eat up a Ravelin for his Breakfast, and afterwards pick'd his Teeth with a Pallisado.

Bull.

Bull. Ay, you Soldiers see very strange things; but pray, Sir, what is a Ravelin?

Kite. Why, 'tis like a modern minc'd Pye, but the Crust is confounded hard, and the Plumbs are somewhat hard of Digestion.

Bull. Then your Pallisado, pray what may he be? Come, *Ruose*, pray ha' done.

Kite. Your Pallisado is a pretty sort of Bodkin, about the Thickness of my Leg.

Bull. That's a Fib, I believe. [*Aside.*] Eh! where's *Ruose*? *Ruose! Ruose!* 'sflesh, where's *Ruose* gone?

Kite. She's gone with the Captain.

Bull. The Captain! Wauns, there's no pressing of Women, sure.

Kite. But there is, Sir.

Bull. If the Captain shou'd press *Ruose*, I shou'd be ruin'd---- Which way went she? O! the Devil take your Rablins and Pallisadoes. [*Exit.*

Kite. You shall be better acquainted with them, honest *Bullock*, or I shall miss of my Aim.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Why thou art the most useful Fellow in Nature to your Captain; admirable in your way, I find.

Kite. Yes, Sir, I understand my Business, I will say it—— You must know, Sir, I was born a Gipsie, and bred among that Crew till I was ten Years old, there I learn'd Canting and Lying; I was bought from my Mother, *Cleopatra*, by a certain Nobleman for three Pistoles, who liking my Beauty, made me his Page; there I learn'd Impudence and Pimping. I was turn'd off for wearing my Lord's Linnen, and drinking my Lady's Ratafia; and turn'd Bailiff's Follower, there I learn'd Bullying and Swearing. I at last got into the Army, and there I learn'd Whoring and Drinking———So that if your Worship pleases to cast up the whole Sum, *viz.* Canting, Lying, Impudence, Pimping, Bullying, Swearing, Whoring, Drinking, and a Halbard, you will find the Sum Total amount to a Recruiting Serjeant.

Wor. And pray what induc'd you to turn Soldier?

Kite. Hunger and Ambition, the Fears of Starving, and Hopes of a Truncheon, led me along to a Gentleman, with a fair Tongue, and fair Perriwig, who loaded me with Promises; but 'gad, it was the lightest Load that ever I felt in my Life--- He promis'd to advance me, and indeed he did so——to a Garret in the *Savoy*. I ask'd him why he put me in Prison; he

he call'd me lying Dog, and said I was in Garrison; and indeed, 'tis a Garrison that may hold out till Doom's-day before I shou'd desire to take it again. But here comes Justice *Ballance.*

Enter Ballance *and* Bullock.

Ball. Here, you Serjeant, where's your Captain? Here's a poor foolish Fellow comes clamouring to me with a Complaint, that your Captain has press'd his Sister; do you know any thing of this matter, *Worthy*?

Wor. Ha, ha, ha, I know his Sister is gone with *Plume* to his Lodging, to sell him some Chickens.

Ball. Is that all? the Fellow's a Fool.

Bull. I know that, an' please you; but if your Worship pleases to grant me a Warrant to bring her before you, for fear of the worst.

Ball. Thou'rt mad, Fellow, thy Sister's safe enough.

Kite. I hope so too. [*Aside.*

Wor. Hast thou no more Sense, Fellow, than to believe that the Captain can list Women.

Bull. I know not whether they list them, or what they do with them, but, I am sure, they carry as many Women as Men with them out of the Country.

Ball. But how came you not to go along with your Sister?

Bull. Lord, Sir, I thought no more of her going than I do of the Day I shall die; but this Gentleman here, not suspecting any hurt neither, I believe—— you thought no harm, Friend, did you?

Kite. Lackaday, Sir, not I——only that, I believe, I shall marry her to morrow. [*Aside.*

Ball. I begin to smell Powder. Well, Friend, but what did that Gentleman with you?

Bull. Why, Sir, he entertain'd me with a fine Story of a great Fight between the *Hungarians*, I think it was, and the *Irish*; and so, Sir, while we were in the Heat of the Battel——the Captain carry'd off the Baggage.

Ball. Serjeant, go along with this Fellow to your Captain, give him my humble Service, and desire him to discharge the Wench, tho' he has listed her.

Bull. Ay, and if he ben't free for that, he shall have another Man in her place.

Kite. Come, honest Friend, you shall go to my Quarters instead of the Captain's. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt* Kite *and* Bullock.

Ball. We must get this mad Captain his Compliment of Men, and send him a packing, else he'll over-run the Country.

Wor.

Wor. You see, Sir, how little he values your Daughter's Disdain.

Ball. I like him the better; I was just such another Fellow at his Age: I never set my Heart upon any Woman so much as to make my self uneasie at the Disappointment; but what was very surprising both to my self, and Friends, I chang'd o'th' sudden, from the most fickle Lover to the most constant Husband in the World. But how goes your Affair with *Melinda*?

Wor. Very slowly. *Cupid* had formerly Wings, but I think, in this Age, he goes upon Crutches; or, I fancy *Venus* had been dallying with her Cripple *Vulcan* when my Amour commenc'd, which has made it go on so lamely; my Mistress has got a Captain too, but such a Captain! As I live, yonder he comes.

Ball. Who? that bluff Fellow in the Sash! I don't know him.

Wor. But I engage he knows you, and every Body at first sight; his Impudence were a Prodigy, were not his Ignorance proportionable; he has the most universal Acquaintance of any Man living, for he won't be alone, and no Body will keep him company twice; then he's a *Cæsar* among the Women, *Veni*, *Vidi*, *Vici*, that's all. If he has but talk'd with the Maid, he swears he has lain with the Mistress; but the most surprizing part of his Character is his Memory, which is the most prodigious and the most trifling in the World.

Ball. I have met with such Men, and I take this good-for-nothing Memory to proceed from a certain contexture of the Brain, which is purely adapted to Impertinencies, and there they lodge secure, the Owner having no thoughts of his own to disturb them. I have known a Man as perfect as a Chronologer, as to the Day and Year of most important Transactions, but be altogether ignorant in the Causes, or Consequences of any one thing of moment; I have known another acquire so much by Travel, as to tell you the Names of most places in *Europe*, with their distances of Miles, Leagues or Hours, as punctually as a Post-Boy; but for any thing else, as ignorant as the Horse that carries the Mail.

Wor. This is your Man, Sir, add but the Traveller's Privilege of Lying, and even that he abuses; this is the Picture, behold the Life.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Mr. *Worthy*, I am your Servant, and so forth——— Hark'e, my Dear.

Wor.

Wor. Whiſpering, Sir, before Company is not Manners, and when no Body's by, 'tis fooliſh.

Braz. Company! *Mor't de ma vie!* I beg the Gentleman's Pardon; who is he?

Wor. Ask him.

Braz. So I will. My dear, I am your Servant, and ſo forth; ——your Name, my Dear?

Ball. Very *Laconick*, Sir.

Bra. Laconick! A very good Name truly; I have known ſeveral of the *Laconicks* abroad, poor *Jack Laconick!* He was kill'd at the Battel of *Landen*. I remember that he had a blue Ribbon in his Hat that very Day, and after he fell, we found a piece of Neats Tongue in his Pocket.

Ball. Pray, Sir, did the *French* attack us, or we them, at *Landen*?

Braz. The *French* attack us! Oons, Sir, are you a Jacobite?

Ball. Why that Queſtion?

Braz. Becauſe none but a Jacobite cou'd think that the *French* durſt attack us —— No, Sir, we attack'd them on the —— I have reaſon to remember the time, for I had two and twenty Horſes kill'd under me that Day.

Wor. Then, Sir, you muſt have rid mighty hard.

Ball. Or perhaps, Sir, like my Countryman, you rid upon half a dozen Horſes at once.

Braz. What do you mean, Gentlemen? I tell you they were kill'd, all torn to pieces by Cannon-Shot, except ſix I ſtak'd to Death upon the Enemies *Chevaux de Friſe.*

Ball. Noble Captain, may I crave your Name?

Braz. Brazen, at your Service.

Ball. Oh, *Brazen*, a very good Name; I have known ſeveral of the *Brazens* abroad.

Wor. Do you know Captain *Plume*, Sir?

Braz. Is he any thing related to *Frank Plume* in *Northamptonſhire*? —— Honeſt *Frank!* many, many a dry Bottle have we crack'd hand to fiſt; you muſt have known his Brother *Charles* that was concern'd in the *India* Company, he marry'd the Daughter of old *Tongue-Pad*, the Maſter in *Chancery*, a very pretty Woman, only ſquinted a little; ſhe dy'd in Child-bed of her firſt Child; but the Child ſurviv'd, 'twas a Daughter, but whether 'twas call'd *Margaret* or *Margery*, upon my Soul, I can't remember, [*Looking on his Watch.*] But, Gentlemen, I muſt meet a Lady, a twenty thouſand Pounder preſently, upon the Walk by the Water——*Worthy*, your Servant, *Laconick* yours. [*Exit.*

Ball. If you can have ſo mean an Opinion of *Melinda*, as to

to be jealous of this Fellow, I think she ought to give you cause to be so.

Wor. I don't think she encourages him so much for gaining her self a Lover, as to set me up a Rival; were there any Credit to be given to his Words, I should believe *Melinda* had made him this Assignation; I must go see; Sir, you'll pardon me.

Ball. Ay, ay, Sir, you're a Man of Business——But what have we got here?

Enter Rose *singing.*

Rose. And I shall be a Lady, a Captain's Lady, and ride single upon a white Horse with a Star, upon a Velvet Side-saddle; and I shall go to *London*, and see the Tombs, and the Lions, and the Queen. Sir, an' please your Worship, I have often seen your Worship ride through our Grounds a hunting, Begging your Worship's Pardon————Pray what may this Lace be worth a Yard? [*Shewing some Lace.*

Ball. Right *Mechlin*, by this Light! Where did you get this Lace, Child?

Rose. No matter for that, Sir, I came honestly by it.

Ball. I question it much.

Rose. And see here, Sir, a fine Turkey-shell Snuff-box, and fine Mangere, see here. [*Takes Snuff affectedly.*] The Captain learn'd me how to take it with an Air.

Ball. Oho! the Captain! Now the Murther's out, and so the Captain taught you to take it with an Air.

Rose. Yes, and give it with an Air too——Will your Worship please to taste my Snuff? [*Offers the Box affectedly.*

Ball. You are a very apt Scholar, pretty Maid. And pray, what did you give the Captain for these fine things?

Rose. He's to have my Brother for a Soldier, and two or three Sweet-hearts that I have in the Country, they shall all go with the Captain: O, he's the finest Man, and the humblest withal; wou'd you believe it, Sir, he carry'd me up with him to his own Chamber, with as much Familiarity as if I had been the best Lady in the Land.

Ball. Oh! he's a mighty familiar Gentleman, as can be.

Enter Plume *singing.*

Plume. *But it is not so*
With those that go,
Thro' Frost and Snow,
Most apropo,
My Maid with the Milking-pail.

[*Takes hold of* Rose

How, the Justice! then I'm arraign'd, condemn'd and executed

Ball.

Ball. O, my noble Captain!

Roſe. And my noble Captain too, Sir.

Plume. 'Sdeath, Child! are you mad?——Mr. *Ballance*, I am ſo full of Buſineſs about my Recruits, that I han't a moment's time to——I have juſt now three or four People to——

Ball. Nay, Captain, I muſt ſpeak to you——

Roſe. And ſo muſt I too, Captain.

Plume. Any other time, Sir——I cannot for my Life, Sir——

Ball. Pray, Sir——

Plume. Twenty thouſand things—— I wou'd—— but ——now, Sir, pray—— Devil take me——I cannot—— I muſt—— [*Breaks away.*

Ball. Nay, I'll follow you. [*Exit.*

Roſe. And I too. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Walk by the* Severn *ſide.*

Enter Melinda, *and her Maid* Lucy.

Mel. And pray, was it a Ring, or Buckle, or Pendants, or Knots? or, in what Shape was the Almighty Gold transform'd, that has brib'd you ſo much in his Favour?

Luc. Indeed, Madam, the laſt Bribe I had was from the Captain, and that was only a ſmall piece of *Flanders* Edging for Pinners.

Mel. Ay, *Flanders* Lace is as conſtant a Preſent from Officers to their Women, as ſomething elſe is from their Women to them. They every Year bring over a Cargo of Lace, to cheat the Queen of her Duty, and her Subjects of their Honeſty.

Luc. They only barter one ſort of prohibited Goods for another, Madam.

Mel. Has any of 'em been bartering with you, Mrs. *Pert*, that you talk ſo like a Trader?

Luc. Madam, you talk as peeviſhly to me, as if it were my fault; the Crime is none of mine, tho' I pretend to excuſe it: Tho' he ſhou'd not ſee you this Week, can I help it? But as I was ſaying, Madam——his Friend, Captain *Plume*, has ſo taken him up this two Days.

Mel. Pſha! wou'd his Friend, the Captain, were ty'd upon his Back; I warrant, he has never been ſober ſince that confounded Captain came to Town: The Devil take all Officers, I ſay—— they do the Nation more harm by debauching us at home, than they do good by defending us abroad:

abroad: No ſooner a Captain comes to Town, but all the young Fellows flock about him, and we can't keep a Man to our ſelves.

Luc. One wou'd imagine, Madam, by your Concern for *Worthy*'s Abſence, that you ſhou'd uſe him better when he's with you.

Mel. Who told you, pray, that I was concern'd for his Abſence? I'm only vex'd that I've had nothing ſaid to me theſe two Days: One may like the Love, and deſpiſe the Lover, I hope; as one may love the Treaſon, and hate the Traytor. O! here comes another Captain, and a Rogue that has the Confidence to make Love to me; but, indeed, I don't wonder at that, when he has the Aſſurance to fanſie himſelf a fine Gentleman.

Luc. If he ſhou'd ſpeak o'th' Aſſignation, I ſhou'd be ruin'd. [*Aſide.*

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Truth to the Touch, 'faith! [*Aſide.*] Madam, I am your humble Servant, and all that, Madam——A fine River this ſame *Severn*——Do you love Fiſhing, Madam?

Mel. 'Tis a pretty melancholy Amuſement for Lovers.

Braz. I'll go buy Hooks and Lines preſently; for you muſt know, Madam, that I have ſerv'd in *Flanders* againſt the *French*, in *Hungary* againſt the *Turks*, and in *Tangier* againſt the *Moors*, and I was never ſo much in Love before; and ſplit me, Madam, in all the Campaigns I ever made, I have not ſeen ſo fine a Woman as your Ladyſhip.

Mel. And from all the Men I ever ſaw, I never had ſo fine a Compliment; but you Soldiers are the beſt bred Men, that we muſt allow.

Braz. Some of us, Madam——But there are Brutes among us too, very ſad Brutes; for my own part, I have always had the good luck to prove agreeable——I have had very conſiderable Offers, Madam—— I might have marry'd a *German* Princeſs, worth fifty thouſand Crowns a Year, but her Stove diſguſted me.—— The Daughter of a *Turkiſh Baſhaw* fell in love with me too, when I was Priſoner among the Infidels; ſhe offer'd to rob her Father of his Treaſure, and make her Eſcape with me; but I don't know how, my Time was not come; Hanging and Marriage, you know, go by Deſtiny; Fate has reſerv'd me for a *Shropſhire* Lady with Twenty thouſand Pound---Do you know any ſuch Perſon, Madam?

Mel. Extravagant Coxcomb! [*Aſide.*] To be ſure, a great many Ladies of that Fortune, wou'd be proud of the Name of Mrs. *Brazen.*

Braz. Nay, for that matter, Madam, there are Women of very good Quality of the Name of *Brazen.*

Enter Worthy.

Mel. O! are you there, Gentleman?——Come, Captain, we'll walk this way, give me your Hand.

Braz. My Hand, Heart's Blood and Guts are at your Service.——Mr. *Worthy*, your Servant, my Dear. [*Exit, leading* Melinda.

Wor. Death and Fire, this is not to be born.

Enter Plume.

Plume. No more it is, faith.

Wor. What?

Plume. The *March* Beer at the *Raven*; I have been doubly serving the Queen—— raising Men, and raising the Excise—— Recruiting and Elections are rare Friends to the Excise.

Wor. You a'n't drunk.

Plume. No, no, whimsical only; I could be mighty foolish, and fancy my self mighty witty. Reason still keeps its Throne, but it nods a little, that's all.

Wor. Then you're just fit for a Frolick.

Plume. As fit as close Pinners for a Punk in the Pit.

Wor. There's your Play then, recover me that Vessel from that *Tangerine.*

Plume. She's well rigg'd, but how is she mann'd?

Wor. By Captain *Brazen*, that I told you of to Day; she is call'd the *Melinda*, a First Rate, I can assure you; she sheer'd off with him just now, on purpose to affront me; but according to your Advice I wou'd take no notice, because I wou'd seem to be above a Concern for her Behaviour; but have a Care of a Quarrel.

Plume. No, no, I never quarrel with any thing in my Cups but an Oyster-Wench, or a Cook-Maid; and if they ben't civil, I knock 'em down: But heark'e, my Friend, I'll make Love, and I must make Love. I tell you what, I'll make Love like a Platoon.

Wor. Platoon, how's that?

Plume. I'll kneel, stoop and stand 'faith; most Ladies are gain'd by Platooning.

Wor. Here they come; I must leave you. [*Exit.*

Plume. Soh! now must I look as sober, and as demure, as a Whore at a Christning.

Enter

Enter Brazen *and* Melinda.

Braz. Who's that, Madam?

Mel. A Brother Officer of yours, I suppose, Sir.

Braz. Ay!——my Dear. [*To* Plume.

Plume. My Dear. [*Run and embrace.*

Braz. My dear Boy, how is't? Your Name, my Dear? if I be not mistaken, I have seen your Face.

Plume. I never saw yours in my life, my Dear———But there's a Face well known, as the Sun's that shines on all, and is by all ador'd.

Braz. Have you any Pretensions, Sir?

Plume. Pretensions!

Braz. That is, Sir, have you ever serv'd abroad?

Plume. I have serv'd at home, Sir, for Ages serv'd this cruel Fair———And that will serve the turn, Sir?

Mel. So, between the Fool and the Rake, I shall bring a fine spot of Work upon my Hands——I see *Worthy* yonder---I cou'd be content to be Friends with him, wou'd he come this way. [*Aside.*

Braz. Will you fight for the Lady, Sir?

Plume. No, Sir, but I'll have her notwithstanding.

Thou Peerless Princess of Salopian *Plains,*
Envy'd by Nymphs, and worshipp'd by the Swains.

Braz. Oons, Sir, not fight for her!

Plume. Prithee be quiet——I shall be out——
Behold, how humbly does the Severn *glide,*
To greet thee, Princess of the Severn *side.*

Braz. Don't mind him, Madam.———If he were not so well dress'd, I shou'd take him for a Poet.——But I'll shew the Difference presently——Come, Madam,——we'll place you between us; and now the longest Sword carries her. [*Draws.*

Mel. [*Shrieking.*]

Enter Worthy.

Oh! Mr. *Worthy*, save me from these Mad-men. [*Exit with* Worthy.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha! why don't you follow, Sir? and fight the bold Ravisher.

Braz. No, Sir, you are my Man.

Plume. I don't like the Wages, and I won't be your Man.

Braz. Then you're not worth my Sword.

Plume. No! Pray what did it cost?

Braz. It coſt me twenty Piſtoles in *France*, and my Enemies thouſands of Lives in *Flanders*.

Plume. Then they had a dear Bargain.

Enter Sylvia *in Man's Apparel.*

Syl. Save ye, ſave ye, Gentlemen.

Braz. My Dear! I'm yours.

Plume. Do you know the Gentleman?

Braz. No, but I will preſently.---Your Name, my Dear?

Syl. Wilful; *Jack Wilful*, at your Service.

Braz. What, the *Kentiſh Wilfuls*, or thoſe of *Staffordſhire*?

Syl. Both, Sir, both; I'm related to all the *Wilfuls* in *Europe*, and I'm Head of the Family at preſent.

Plume. Do you live in this Country, Sir?

Syl. Yes, Sir, I live where I ſtand; I have neither Home, Houſe, nor Habitation, beyond this Spot of *Ground*.

Braz. What are you, Sir?

Syl. A Rake.

Plume. In the Army, I preſume.

Syl. No, but I intend to liſt immediately.——Look'e, Gentlemen, he that bids me faireſt, has me.

Braz. Sir, I'll prefer you, I'll make you a Corporal this minute.

Plume. Corporal! I'll make you my Companion, you ſhall eat with me.

Braz. You ſhall drink with me.

Plume. You ſhall lie with me, you young Rogue. [*Kiſſes.*

Braz. You ſhall receive your Pay, and do no Duty.

Syl. Then you muſt make me a Field Officer.

Plume. Pho, pho! I'll do more than all this; I'll make you a Corporal, and give you a Brevet for Serjeant.

Braz. Can you read and write, Sir?

Syl. Yes.

Braz. Then your Buſineſs is done.——I'll make you Chaplain to the Regiment.

Syl. Your Promiſes are ſo equal, that I'm at a loſs to chuſe; there is one *Plume*, that I hear much commended, in Town; pray, which of you is Captain *Plume*?

Plume. I am Captain *Plume*.

Braz. No, no, I'm Captain *Plume*.

Syl. Hey day!

Plume. Captain *Plume!* I'm your Servant, my Dear.

Braz. Captain *Brazen!* I am yours——the Fellow dares not fight.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Sir, if you pleaſe——— [*Goes to whiſper* Plume.

Plume. No, no, there's your Captain. Captain *Plume*, your Serjeant has got ſo drunk, he miſtakes me for you.

Braz. He's an incorrigible Sot.———Here, my Hector of *Holborn*, forty Shillings for you.

Plume. I forbid the Banes.——Look'e, Friend, you ſhall liſt with Captain *Brazen*.

Syl. I will ſee Captain *Brazen* hang'd firſt; I will liſt with Captain *Plume*, I am a Free-born *Engliſhman*, and will be a Slave my own way----Look'e, Sir, will you ſtand by me? [*To* Brazen.

Braz. I warrant you, my Lad.

Syl. Then I will tell you, Captain *Brazen*, [*To* Plume.] that you are an ignorant, pretending, impudent Coxcomb.

Braz. Ay, ay, a ſad Dog.

Syl. A very ſad Dog; give me the Money, noble Captain *Plume*.

Plume. Then you won't liſt with Captain *Brazen*?

Syl. I won't.

Braz. Never mind him, Child, I'll end the Diſpute preſently.———Heark'e, my Dear.

[*Takes* Plume *to one ſide of the Stage, and entertains him in dumb Show.*

Kite. Sir, he in the plain Coat is Captain *Plume*, I am his Serjeant, and will take my Oath on't.

Syl. What! You are Serjeant *Kite*.

Kite. At your Service.

Syl. Then I wou'd not take your Oath for a Farthing.

Kite. A very underſtanding Youth of his Age! Pray, Sir, let me look full in your Face?

Syl. Well, Sir, what have you to ſay to my Face?

Kite. The very Image of my Brother; two Bullets of the ſame Caliver were never ſo like; Sure it muſt be *Charles*, *Charles*———

Syl. What d'ye mean by *Charles*?

Kite. The Voice too, only a little Variation in *Effa ut flat:* My dear Brother, for I muſt call you ſo, if you ſhould have the Fortune to enter into the moſt noble Society of the Sword, I beſpeak you for a Comrade.

Syl. No, Sir, I'll be the Captain's Comrade, if any body's.

Kite. Ambition there again! 'Tis a noble Paſſion for a Soldier; by that I gain'd this glorious Halbert. Ambition! I ſee a Commiſſion in his Face already: Pray, noble Captain, give me leave to ſalute you. [*Offers to kiſs her.*

Syl. What, Men kiſs one another.

Kite. We Officers do: 'tis our way; we live together like Man and Wife, always either kiſſing or fighting:——But I ſee a Storm a coming.

Syl. Now, Serjeant, I ſhall ſee who is your Captain by your knocking down the other.

Kite. My Captain ſcorns Aſſiſtance, Sir.

Braz. How dare you contend for any thing, and not dare to draw your Sword? But you are a young Fellow, and have not been much abroad; I excuſe that, but prithee reſign the Man, prithee do; you are a very honeſt Fellow.

Plume. You lye; and you are a Son of a Whore.

[*Draws and makes up to* Brazen.

Braz. Hold, hold, did not you refuſe to fight for the Lady?

[*Retiring.*

Plume. I always do——But for a Man I'll fight Knee deep, ſo you lye again. [Plume *and* Brazen *fight a Traverſe or two about the Stage*; Sylvia *draws, who is held by* Kite, *who ſounds to Arms with his Mouth*; *takes* Sylvia *in his Arms, and carries her off the Stage.*

Braz. Hold, where's the Man?

Plume. Gone.

Braz. Then what do we fight for? [*Puts up.*] Now let's embrace, my Dear.

Plume. With all my Heart, my Dear. [*Putting up.*] I ſuppoſe *Kite* has liſted him by this time. [*Embraces.*

Braz. You are a brave Fellow, I always fight with a Man before I make him my Friend; and if once I find he will fight, I never quarrel with him afterwards.——And now I'll tell you a Secret my dear Friend, that Lady we frighted out of the Walk juſt now, I found in Bed this Morning——So beautiful, ſo inviting---I preſently lock'd the Door---but I am a Man of Honour---But I believe I ſhall marry her nevertheleſs--Her twenty thouſand Pound, you know, will be a pretty Conveniency--- I had an Aſſignation with her here, but your coming ſpoil'd my Sport. Curſe you, my Dear, but don't do ſo agen——

Plume. No, no, my Dear, Men are my Buſineſs at preſent.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *The Walk continues*

Enter Roſe *and* Bullock *meeting.*

Roſe. WHere have you been, you great Booby? you are always out of the way in the time of Preferment.

Bull. Preferment! who ſhou'd prefer me?

Roſe. I wou'd prefer you! who ſhou'd prefer a Man but a Woman? Come, throw away that great Club, hold up your Head, cock your Hat, and look big.

Bull. Ah *Ruoſe*, *Ruoſe*, I fear ſome body will look big ſooner than Folk think of: This genteel Breeding never comes into the Country without a Train of Followers.—— Here has been *Cartwheel* your Sweetheart, what will become of him?

Roſe. Look'e, I'm a great Woman, and will provide for my Relations:——I told the Captain how finely he play'd upon the Taber and Pipe, ſo he has ſet him down for Drum-Major.

Bull. Nay, Siſter, why did not you keep that Place for me? you know I always lov'd to be a drumming, if it were but on a Table, or on a Quart Pot.

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. Had I but a Commiſſion in my Pocket, I fancy my Breeches wou'd become me as well as any ranting Fellow of 'em all; for I take a bold Step, a rakiſh Toſs, a ſmart Cock, and an impudent Air to be the principal Ingredients in the Compoſition of a Captain——What's here? *Roſe!* my Nurſe's Daughter!——I'll go and practiſe.——Come, Child, kiſs me at once, [*Kiſſes* Roſe.] and her Brother too!——— Well honeſt Dungfork, do you know the difference between a Horſe and a Cart, and a Cart Horſe, eh?

Bull. I preſume that your Worſhip is a Captain, by your Cloaths and your Courage.

Syl. Suppoſe I were, wou'd you be contented to liſt, Friend?

Roſe. No, no, tho' your Worſhip be a handſome Man, there be others as fine as you, my Brother is engag'd to Captain *Plume*.

Syl. Plume! Do you know Captain *Plume*?

Roſe. Yes, I do, and he knows me———He took the Ribbands out of his Shirt Sleeves, and put 'em into my Shoes——

See there——I can assure you, that I can do any thing with the Captain.

Bull. That is, in a modest way, Sir,——Have a care what you say, *Rose*, don't shame your Parentage.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, I am not so simple as to say that I can do any thing with the Captain, but what I may do with any body else.

Syl. So!——And pray what do you expect from this Captain, Child?

Rose. I expect, Sir,——I expect——But he order'd me to tell no body.——But suppose that he should promise to marry me?

Syl. You shou'd have a care, my Dear, Men will promise any thing before-hand.

Rose. I know that, but he promis'd to marry me afterwards.

Bull. Wouns, *Ruose*, what have you said?

Syl. Afterwards! After what?

Rose. After I had sold my Chickens.——I hope there's no harm in that.

Enter Plume.

Plume. What, Mr. *Wilful*, so close with my Market Woman!

Syl. I'll try if he loves her. [*Aside.*] Close, Sir, ay, and closer yet, Sir.——Come, my pretty Maid, you and I will withdraw a little.

Plume. No, no, Friend, I ha'n't done with her yet.

Syl. Nor have I begun with her, so I have as good Right as you have.

Plume. Thou art a bloody impudent Fellow.

Syl. Sir, I wou'd qualifie my self for the Service.

Plume. Hast thou really a mind to the Service?

Syl. Yes, Sir: So let her go,

Rose. Pray, Gentlemen, don't be so violent.

Plume. Come, leave it to the Girl's own Choice——Will you belong to me or to that Gentleman?

Rose. Let me consider, you're both very handsome.

Plume. Now the natural Unconstancy of her Sex begins to work.

Rose. Pray, Sir, what will you give me?

Bull. Don't be angry, Sir, that my Sister should be Mercenary, for she's but young.

Syl. Give thee Child!——I'll set thee above Scandal; you shall have a Coach with six before and six behind, an Equi-

page

page to make Vice fashionable, and put Vertue out of Countenance.

Plume. Pho, that's easily done; I'll do more for thee, Child, I'll buy you a Furbeloe Scarf, and give you a Ticket to see a Play.

Bull. A Play! Wauns, *Ruose*, take the Ticket, and let's see the Show.

Syl. Look'e, Captain, if you won't resign, I'll go list with Captain *Brazen* this Minute.

Plume. Will you list with me if I give up my Title?

Syl. I will.

Plume. Take her: I'll change a Woman for a Man at any time.

Rose. I have heard before, indeed, that you Captains us'd to sell your Men.

Bull. Pray, Captain, do not send *Ruose* to the *West-Indies*.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, *West-Indies!* No, no, my honest Lad, give me thy Hand; nor you, nor she, shall move a step farther than I do——This Gentleman is one of us, and will be kind to you, Mrs. *Rose*.

Rose. But will you be so kind to me, Sir, as the Captain wou'd?

Syl. I can't be altogether so kind to you, my Circumstances are not so good as the Captain's; but I'll take Care of you, upon my Word.

Plume. Ay, ay, we'll all take Care of her; she shall live like a Princess, and her Brother here shall be————What wou'd you be?

Bull. O! Sir! If you had not promis'd the Place of Drum-Major———

Plume. Ay, that is promis'd—— But what think you of Barrack-Master? You are a Person of Understanding, and Barrack-Master you shall be.—— But what's become of this same *Cartwheel* you told me of, my Dear?

Rose. We'll go fetch him.——Come, Brother Barrack-Master——We shall find you at home, noble Captain?

[*Exeunt* Rose *and* Bullock.

Plume. Yes, yes; and now, Sir, here are your forty Shillings.

Syl. Captain *Plume*, I despise your listing Money; if I do serve, 'tis purely for Love—— of that Wench, I mean.—— For you must know, that among my other Sallies, I have spent the best part of my Fortune in search of a Maid, and cou'd never find one hitherto; so you may be assur'd I'd sell my Freedom under a less Purchase than I did my Estate.

——So

—— So before I lift, I muſt be certify'd that this Girl is a Virgin.

Plume. Mr. *Wilful*, I can't tell you how you can be certify'd in that Point till you try; but upon my Honour ſhe may be a Veſtal for ought that I know to the contrary.——I gain'd her Heart indeed by ſome trifling Preſents and Promiſes, and knowing that the beſt Security for a Woman's Soul is her Body, I wou'd have made my ſelf Maſter of that too, had not the Jealouſie of my impertinent Landlady interpos'd.

Syl. So you only want an Opportunity for accompliſhing your Deſigns upon her.

Plume. Not at all, I have already gain'd my Ends, which were only the drawing in one or two of her Followers. The Women, you know, are the Loadſtones every where; gain the Wives, and you are careſs'd by the Husbands; pleaſe the Miſtreſs, and you are valu'd by the Gallants; ſecure an Intereſt with the fineſt Women at Court, and you procure the Favour of the greateſt Men—— So kiſs the prettieſt Country Wenches, and you are ſure of lifting the luſtieſt Fellows. Some People may call this Artifice, but I term it Stratagem, ſince it is ſo main a part of the Service.——Beſides, the Fatigue of Recruiting is ſo intollerable, that unleſs we cou'd make our ſelves ſome Pleaſure amidſt the Pain, no mortal Man wou'd be able to bear it.

Syl. Well, Sir, I am ſatisfy'd as to the Point in Debate; but now let me beg you to lay aſide your Recruiting Airs, put on the Man of Honour, and tell me plainly what Uſage I muſt expect when I am under your Command?

Plume. You muſt know, in the firſt place, then, that I hate to have Gentlemen in my Company; for they are always troubleſome and expenſive, ſometimes dangerous; and 'tis a conſtant Maxim amongſt us, that thoſe who know the leaſt, obey the beſt. Notwithſtanding all this, I find ſomething ſo agreeable about you, that engages me to court your Company; and I can't tell how it is, but I ſhou'd be uneaſie to ſee you under the Command of any Body elſe——Your Uſage will chiefly depend upon your Behaviour; only this you muſt expect, that if you commit a ſmall Fault, I will excuſe it, if a great one, I'll diſcharge you; for ſomething tells me, I ſhall not be able to puniſh you.

Syl. And ſomething tells me, that if you do diſcharge me, 'twill be the greateſt Puniſhment you can inflict; for were we this moment to go upon the greateſt Dangers in your Profeſſion, they wou'd be leſs terrible to me, than to ſtay behind you

you——And now your Hand, this lists me——And now you are my Captain.

Plume. Your Friend. [*Kisses her.*] 'Sdeath? There's something in this Fellow that charms me.

Syl. One Favour I must beg——This Affair will make some noise, and I have some Friends that wou'd censure my Conduct, if I threw my self into the Circumstance of a private Centinel of my own Head——I must therefore take care to be impress by the Act of Parliament, you shall leave that to me.

Plume. What you please as to that———Will you lodge at my Quarters in the mean time? You shall have part of my Bed.

Syl. O fye! Lie with a common Soldier! Wou'd not you rather lie with a common Woman?

Plume. No, faith, I'm not that Rake that the World imagines; I have got an Air of Freedom, which People mistake for Lewdness in me, as they mistake Formality in others for Religion---The World is all a Cheat; only I take mine, which is undesign'd, to be more excusable than theirs which is hypocritical. I hurt no Body but my self, and they abuse all Mankind——Will you lie with me?

Syl. No, no, Captain, you forget *Rose*; she's to be my Bedfellow, you know.

Plume. I had forgot; pray be kind to her.

[Exeunt *severally.*

Enter Melinda *and* Lucy.

Mel. 'Tis the greatest Misfortune in Nature for a Woman to want a Confident: We are so weak, that we can do nothing without Assistance, and then a Secret racks us worse than the Collick——I am at this minute so sick of a Secret, that I'm ready to faint away——Help me, *Lucy.*

Luc. Bless me, Madam! What's the matter?

Mel. Vapours only, I begin to recover——If *Sylvia* were in Town, I could heartily forgive her Faults for the Ease of discovering my own.

Luc. You're thoughtful, Madam; am not I worthy to know the Cause?

Mel. You are a Servant, and a Secret may make you saucy.

Luc. Not unless you shou'd find fault without a Cause, Madam.

Mel. Cause, or not Cause, I must not lose the Pleasure of chiding when I please; Women must discharge their Vapours some-

ſomewhere, and before we get Husbands our Servants muſt expect to bear with 'em.

Luc. Then, Madam, you had better raiſe me to a Degree above a Servant: You know my Family, and that 500*l.* would ſet me upon the foot of a Gentlewoman, and make me worthy the Confidence of any Lady in the Land; beſides, Madam, 'twill extremely encourage me in the great Deſign I now have in hand.

Mel. I don't find that your Deſign can be of any great Advantage to you: 'Twill pleaſe me, indeed, in the Humour I have of being reveng'd on the Fool for his Vanity of making Love to me, ſo I don't much care if I do promiſe you five hundred Pound upon my Day of Marriage.

Luc. That is the way, Madam, to make me diligent in the Vocation of a Confident, which I think is generally to bring People together.

Mel. O *Lucy!* I can hold my Secret no longer: You muſt know, that hearing of the famous Fortune-teller in Town, I went diſguis'd to ſatisfy a Curioſity, which has coſt me dear: That Fellow is certainly the Devil, or one of his Boſom-Favourites, he has told me the moſt ſurprizing things of my paſt Life.

Luc. Things paſt, Madam, can hardly be reckon'd ſurprizing, becauſe we know them already. Did he tell you anything ſurprizing that was to come?

Mel. One thing very ſurprizing; he ſaid I ſhould die a Maid!

Luc. Die a Maid! Come into the World for nothing—— Dear Madam, if you ſhou'd believe him, it might come to paſs; for the bare Thought on't might kill one in four and twenty Hours———— And did you ask him any Queſtions about me?

Mel. You! Why, I paſs'd for you.

Luc. So 'tis I that am to die a Maid——But the Devil was a Liar from the beginning, he can't make me die a Maid—— I have put it out of his Power already.

Mel. I do but jeſt, I wou'd have paſs'd for you, and call'd my ſelf *Lucy*; but he preſently told me my Name, my Quality, my Fortune, and gave me the whole Hiſtory of my Life—— He told me of a Lover I had in this Country, and deſcrib'd *Worthy* exactly, but in nothing ſo well as in his preſent Indifference——I fled to him for Refuge here to day, he never ſo much as encourag'd me in my fright, but coldly told me, that he was ſorry for the Accident, becauſe it might give the Town cauſe to cenſure my Conduct, excus'd his not waiting

ing on me home, made me a careleſs Bow, and walk'd off: 'Sdeath! I cou'd have ſtab'd him, or my ſelf, 'twas the ſame thing——Yonder he comes——I will ſo uſe him!

Luc. Don't exaſperate him, conſider what the Fortune-teller told you: Men are ſcarce, and as Times go, it is not impoſſible for a Woman to die a Maid.

Enter Worthy.

Mel. No matter.

Wor. I find ſhe's warm'd, I muſt ſtrike while the Iron is hot—— You have a great deal of Courage, Madam, to venture into the Walks where you were ſo lately frighten'd.

Mel. And you have a quantity of Impudence to appear before me, that you have ſo lately affronted.

Wor. I had no deſign to affront you, nor appear before you either, Madam: I left you here, becauſe I had Buſineſs in another Place, and came hither, thinking to meet another Perſon.

Mel. Since you find your ſelf diſappointed, I hope you'll withdraw to another part of the Walk.

Wor. The Walk is broad enough for us both. [*They walk by one another, he with his Hat cock'd, ſhe fretting and tearing her Fan.*] Will you pleaſe to take Snuff, Madam? [*He offers her his Box, ſhe ſtrikes it out of his Hand; while he is gathering it up,* Brazen *takes her round the Waſte, ſhe cuffs him.*

Enter Brazen.

Braz. What, here before me, my Dear!

Mel. What means this Inſolence?

Luc. Are you mad? Don't you ſee Mr. *Worthy*? [*To* Brazen.

Braz. No, no, I'm ſtruck blind———*Worthy!* 'odſo! well turn'd——— My Miſtreſs has Wit at her Fingers ends—— Madam, I ask your Pardon, 'tis our way abroad---Mr. *Worthy*, you are the happy Man.

Wor. I don't envy your Happineſs very much, if the Lady can afford no other ſort of Favours but what ſhe has beſtowed upon you.

Mel. I am ſorry the Favour miſcarry'd, for it was deſign'd for you, Mr. *Worthy*; and be aſſur'd 'tis the laſt and only Favour you muſt expect at my Hands——Captain, I ask your Pardon—— [*Exit with* Lucy.

Braz. I grant it———You ſee, Mr. *Worthy*, 'twas only a Random-ſhot, it might have taken off your Head as well as mine: Courage, my Dear, 'tis the Fortune of War; but the Enemy has thought fit to withdraw, I think.

Wor.

Wor. Withdraw! Oons, Sir! what d'ye mean by withdraw?

Braz. I'll shew you. [*Exit.*

Wor. She's lost, irrecoverably lost, and *Plume*'s Advice has ruin'd me: 'Sdeath! why should I, that knew her haughty Spirit, be rul'd by a Man that's a Stranger to her Pride?

Enter Plume.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, a Battle Royal: Don't frown so, Man, she's your own, I tell you; I saw the Fury of her Love in the Extremity of her Passion: The Wildness of her Anger is a certain Sign that she loves you to Madness. That Rogue *Kite* began the Battle with abundance of Conduct, and will bring you off victorious, my Life on't; he plays his part admirably, she's to be with him again presently.

Wor. But what cou'd be the meaning of *Brazen*'s Familiarity with her?

Plume. You are no Logician, if you pretend to draw Consequences from the Actions of Fools: There's no arguing by the Rule of Reason upon a Science without Principles, and such is their Conduct——Whim, unaccountable Whim hurries 'em on like a Man drunk with Brandy before Ten a Clock in the Morning—— But we lose our Sport———*Kite* has open'd above an hour ago, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Chamber*; *a Table with Books and Globes.*

Kite *disguis'd in a strange Habit, sitting at a Table.*

Kite. [*Rising.*] By the Position of the Heaven's, gain'd from my Observation upon these Celestial Globes, I find that *Luna* was a Tyde-waiter, *Sol* a Surveyor, *Mercury* a Thief, *Venus* a Whore, *Saturn* an Alderman, *Jupiter* a Rake, and *Mars* a Serjeant of Granadeers; and this is the System of *Kite* the Conjurer.

Enter Plume *and* Worthy.

Plume. Well, what Success?

Kite. I have sent away a *Shoemaker* and a *Taylor* already; one's to be a Captain of Marines, and the other a Major of Dragoons——— I am to manage them at Night—— Have you seen the Lady, Mr. *Worthy*?

Wor. Ay, but it won't do———Have you shew'd her her Name, that I tore off from the bottom of the Letter?

Kite. No, Sir, I reserve that for the last Stroke.

Plume. What Letter?

Wor.

Wor. One that I wou'd not let you see, for fear that you shou'd break Windows in good earnest. [*Knocking at the Door.*

Kite. Officers to your Posts. [*Exeunt* Plume *and* Worthy. Mind the Door. [*Servant opens the Door.*

Enter a Smith.

Smith. Well, Master, are you the Cunning Man?

Kite. I am the learned *Copernicus*.

Smith. Well, Master, I'm but a poor Man, and I can't afford above a Shilling for my Fortune.

Kite. Perhaps that is more than 'tis worth.

Smith. Look'e, Doctor, let me have something that's good for my Shilling, or I'll have my Money again.

Kite. If there be Faith in the Stars, you shall have your Shilling forty fold——Your Hand, Country-man, you're by Trade a *Smith*.

Smith. How the Devil shou'd you know that?

Kite. Because the Devil and you are Brother-Tradesmen---You were born under *Forceps*.

Smith. Forceps, what's that?

Kite. One of the Signs: There's *Leo*, *Sagittarius*, *Forceps*, *Furnes*, *Dixmude*, *Namur*, *Brussels*, *Charleroy*, and so forth——Twelve of 'em——Let me see—— Did you ever make any Bombs or Cannon-Bullets?

Smith. Not I.

Kite. You either have or will——The Stars have decreed, that you shall be———I must have more Money, Sir,——Your Fortune's great.

Smith. Faith, Doctor, I have no more.

Kite. O Sir, I'll trust you, and take it out of your Arrears.

Smith. Arrears! what Arrears?

Kite. The five hundred Pound that's owing to you from the Government.

Smith. Owing me!

Kite. Owing you, Sir———Let me see your t'other Hand, ——I beg your Pardon, it will be owing to you: And the Rogue of an Agent will demand Fifty *per Cent.* for a Fortnight's Advance.

Smith. I'm in the Clouds, Doctor, all this while.

Kite. Sir, I am above 'em, among the Stars——In two Years, three Months and two Hours, you will be made Captain of the Forges to the Grand Train of Artillery, and will have ten Shillings a Day, and two Servants——'Tis the Decree of the Stars, and of the fix'd Stars, that are as immoveable as your Anvil—— Strike, Sir, while the Iron is hot—— Fly, Sir, be gone.

Smith.

Smith. What! what wou'd you have me do, Doctor? I wiſh the Stars wou'd put me in a way for this fine Place.

Kite. The Stars do——let me ſee————ay, about an Hour hence walk careleſſey into the Market-place, and you'll ſee a tall, ſlender Gentleman, cheapning a Pennyworth of Apples, with a Cane hanging upon his Button—— This Gentleman will ask you what's a Clock—— He's your Man, and the Maker of your Fortune——Follow him, follow him——— And now go home, and take leave of your Wife and Children; an Hour hence exactly is your time.

Smith. A tall ſlender Gentleman, you ſay, with a Cane! Pray, what ſort of Head has the Cane?

Kite. An Amber Head with a black Ribband.

Smith. And pray, of what Employment is the Gentleman?

Kite. Let me ſee, he's either a Collector of the Exciſe, or a Plenipotentiary, or a Captain of Granadeers——I can't tell exactly which—— but he'll call you honeſt—— your Name is——

Smith. Thomas.

Kite. He'll call you honeſt *Tom.*

Smith. But how the Devil ſhou'd he know my Name?

Kite. O there are ſeveral ſorts of *Toms*—— *Tom o'Lincoln*, *Tom-tit*, *Tom Tell-troth*, *Tom a Bedlam*, and *Tom Fool*——Be gone——An Hour hence preciſely. [*Knocking at the Door.*

Smith. You ſay, he'll ask me what's a Clock?

Kite. Moſt certainly————And you'll anſwer you don't know——And be ſure you look at St. *Mary*'s Dial; for the Sun won't ſhine, and if it ſhou'd, you won't be able to tell the Figures.

Smith. I will, I will. [*Exit.*

Plume. Well done, Conjurer, go on and proſper. [*Behind.*

Kite. As you were.

Enter a Butcher.

What my old Friend *Pluck* the Butcher!——I offer'd the ſurly Bull-dog five Guineas this Morning, and he refus'd it. [*Aſide.*

But. So, Mr. Conjurer, here's Half a Crown——And now you muſt underſtand.——

Kite. Hold, Friend, I know your buſineſs beforehand——

But. You're deviliſh cunning then, for I don't well know it my ſelf.

Kite. I know more than you, Friend———You have a fooliſh Saying, that ſuch a one knows no more than the Man in the Moon: I tell you, the Man in the Moon knows more than

than all the Men under the Sun: Don't the Moon see all the World?

But. All the World see the Moon, I must confess.

Kite. Then she must see all the World, that's certain—— Give me your Hand———You're by Trade, either a *Butcher* or a *Surgeon.*

But. True, I am a *Butcher.*

Kite. And a *Surgeon* you will be, the Employments differ only in the Name—— He that can cut up an Ox, may dissect a Man; and the same Dexterity that cracks a Marrow-bone, will cut off a Leg or an Arm.

But. What d'ye mean, Doctor, what d'ye mean?

Kite. Patience, patience, Mr. *Surgeon-General*; the Stars are great Bodies, and move slowly.

But. But what d'ye mean by *Surgeon-General*, Doctor?

Kite. Nay, Sir, if your Worship won't have Patience, I must beg the Favour of your Worship's Absence.

But. My Worship! my Worship! but why my Worship?

Kite. Nay then, I have done.

But. Pray, Doctor———

Kite. Fire and Fury, Sir! [*Rises in a Passion.*] Do you think the Stars will be hurry'd? Do the Stars owe you any Money, Sir, that you dare to dun their Lordships at this Rate?—— Sir, I am Porter to the Stars, and I am order'd to let no Dun come near their Doors.

But. Dear Doctor, I never had any dealing with the Stars, they don't owe me a Penny——But since you are their Porter, please to accept of this Half-Crown to drink their Healths, and don't be angry.

Kite. Let me see your Hand then once more——Here has been Gold—— Five Guineas, my Friend, in this very Hand this Morning.

But. Nay, then he is the Devil——Pray, Doctor, were you born of a Woman? or, did you come into the World of your own Head?

Kite. That's a Secret———This Gold was offer'd you by a proper handsome Man, call'd *Hawk*, or *Buzzard*, or———

But. Kite you mean.

Kite. Ay, ay, *Kite.*

But. As arrant a Rogue as ever carry'd a Halbard. The impudent Rascal would have decoy'd me for a Soldier.

Kite. A Soldier! a Man of your Substance for a Soldier! Your Mother has an hundred Pound in hard Money, lying at this minute in the Hands of a Mercer, not forty Yards from this Place.

But. Oons! and so she has, but very few know so much.

Kite. I know it, and that Rogue, what's his Name, *Kite* knew it, and offer'd you five Guineas to list, because he knew your poor Mother wou'd give the Hundred for your Discharge.

But. There's a Dog now————'sflesh, Doctor, I'll give you t'other Half-Crown, and tell me that this same *Kite* will be hang'd.

Kite. He's in as much Danger as any Man in the County of *Salop.*

But. There's your Fee————but you have forgot the Surgeon-General all this while.

Kite. You put the Stars in a Passion. [*Looks on his Books.*] But now they are pacify'd agen————Let me see, did you never cut off a Man's Leg?

But. No.

Kite. Recollect, pray.

But. I say, no.

Kite. That's strange, wonderful strange; but nothing is strange to me, such wonderful Changes have I seen———— The Second, or Third, ay, the Third Campaign that you make in *Flanders*, the Leg of a great Officer will be shatter'd by a great Shot, you will be there accidently, and with your Cleaver chop off the Limb at a Blow: In short, the Operation will be perform'd with so much Dexterity, that with general Applause you will be made Surgeon-General of the whole Army.

But. Nay, for the matter of cutting off a Limb, I'll do't, I'll do't with any Surgeon in *Europe*, but I have no thoughts of making a Campaign.

Kite. You have no thoughts! what's matter for your Thoughts, the Stars have decreed it, and you must go.

But. The Stars decree it! Oons, Sir, the Justices can't press me.

Kite. Nay, Friend, 'tis none of my Business, I have done; only mind this, you'll know more an Hour and half hence, that's all, farewel.

But. Hold, hold, Doctor, Surgeon-General! What is the Place worth, pray?

Kite. Five hundred Pounds a Year, besides Guineas for Claps.

But. Five hundred Pounds a Year!————An hour and a half hence, you say.

Kite. Prithee, Friend, be quiet, don't be troublesome, here's such a work to make a Booby Butcher accept of Five hundred

dred Pound a Year——But if you muſt hear it—— I'll tell you in ſhort, you'll be ſtanding in your Stall an Hour and half hence, and a Gentleman will come by with a Snuff-box in his Hand, and the tip of his Handkerchief hanging out of his right Pocket; he'll ask you the Price of a Loin of Veal, and at the ſame time ſtroak your great Dog upon the Head, and call him *Chopper*.

But. Mercy on us! *Chopper* is the Dog's Name.

Kite. Look'e there——What I ſay is true——things that are to come, muſt come to paſs——Get you home, ſell off your Stock, don't mind the whining and the miveling of your Mother and your Siſter——Women always hinder Preferment——make what Money you can, and follow that Gentleman, his Name begins with a *P*,——mind that——There will be the Barber's Daughter too, that you promis'd Marriage to——ſhe will be pulling and halling you to pieces.

But. What! know *Sally* too? He's the Devil, and he needs muſt go that the Devil drives. [*Going.*] The tip of his Handkerchief out of his left Pocket.

Kite. No, no, his right Pocket; if it be the left, 'tis none of the Man.

But. Well, well, I'll mind him. [*Exit.*

Plume. The right Pocket, you ſay.

[*Behind with his Pocket-book.*

Kite. I hear the ruſtling of Silks. [*Knocking.*] Fly, Sir, 'tis Madam *Melinda*.

Enter Melinda *and* Lucy.

Kite. Tycho, Chairs for the Ladies.

Mel. Don't trouble your ſelf, we ſha'n't ſtay, Doctor.

Kite. Your Ladyſhip is to ſtay much longer than you imagine.

Mel. For what?

Kite. For a Husband——For your part, Madam, you won't ſtay for a Husband. [*To* Lucy.

Luc. Pray, Doctor, do you converſe with the Stars, or the Devil?

Kite. With both; when I have the Deſtinies of Men in ſearch, I conſult the Stars; when the Affairs of Women come under my Hands, I adviſe with my t'other Friend.

Mel. And have you rais'd the Devil upon my account?

Kite. Yes, Madam, and he's now under the Table.

Luc. Oh Heavens protect us! Dear Madam, let's be gone.

Kite. If you be afraid of him, why do you come to conſult him?

Mel. Don't fear, Fool; do you think, Sir, that becauſe I am a Woman, I'm to be fool'd out of my Reaſon, or frighted out of my Senſes? Come, ſhew me this Devil.

Kite. He's a little buſy at preſent; but when he has done, he ſhall wait on you.

Mel. What is he doing?

Kite. Writing your Name in his Pocket-Book.

Mel. Ha, ha! my Name! Pray, what have you or he to do with my Name?

Kite. Look'e, fair Lady——the Devil is a very modeſt Perſon, he ſeeks no body, unleſs they ſeek him firſt; he's chain'd up like a Maſtiff, and can't ſtir, unleſs he be let looſe——You come to me to have your Fortune told——Do you think, Madam, that I can anſwer you of my own Head? No, Madam, the Affairs of Women are ſo irregular, that nothing leſs than the Devil can give any account of 'em. Now to convince you of your Incredulity, I'll ſhew you a Trial of my Skill——Here, you *Cacademo del Plumo*——exert your Power, draw me this Lady's Name, the Word *Melinda*, in proper Letters and Characters of her own Hand-writing——do it at three Motions——one——two——three——'tis done——Now, Madam, will you pleaſe to ſend your Maid to fetch it?

Luc. I fetch it! the Devil fetch me if I do.

Mel. My Name in my own Hand-writing! that wou'd be convincing indeed.

Kite. Seeing's believing. [*Goes to the Table, lifts up the Carpet.* Here, *Tre*, *Tre*, poor *Tre*, give me the Bone, Sirrah. There's your Name upon that ſquare piece of Paper, behold——

Mel. 'Tis wonderful, my very Letters to a tittle.

Luc. 'Tis like your Hand, Madam, but not ſo like your Hand neither, and now I look nearer, 'tis not like your Hand at all.

Kite. Here's a Chamber-maid now will out-lie the Devil!

Luc. Look'e, Madam, they ſha'n't impoſe upon us; People can't remember their Hands, no more than they can their Faces——Come, Madam, let us be certain, write your Name upon this Paper, then we'll compare the two Names.

[*Takes out a Paper, and folds it.*

Kite. Any thing for your Satisfaction, Madam——here's Pen and Ink. [Melinda *writes*, Lucy *holds the Paper.*

Luc. Let me ſee it, Madam, 'tis the ſame----the very ſame.——But I'll ſecure one Copy for my own Affairs. [*Aſide.*

Mel. This is Demonſtration.

Kite.

Kite. 'Tis ſo, Madam——The Word Demonſtration comes from *Dæmon* the Father of Lies.

Mel. Well, Doctor, I am convinc'd; and now, pray, what Account can you give of my future Fortune?

Kite. Before the Sun has made one Courſe round this earthly Globe, your Fortune will be fix'd for Happineſs or Miſery.

Mel. What! So near the Criſis of my Fate!

Kite. Let me ſee———About the Hour of Ten to Morrow Morning you will be ſaluted by a Gentleman, who will come to take his Leave of you, being deſign'd for Travel; his Intention of going abroad is ſudden, and the Occaſion a Woman. Your Fortune and his are like the Bullet and the Barrel, one runs plump into the other.——In ſhort, if the Gentleman travels, he will die abroad; and if he does, you will die before he comes home.

Mel. What ſort of Man is he?

Kite. Madam, he's a fine Gentleman and a Lover, that is, a Man of very good Senſe, and a very great Fool.

Mel. How is that poſſible, Doctor?

Kite. Becauſe, Madam———becauſe it is ſo———A Woman's Reaſon is the beſt for a Man's being a Fool.

Mel. Ten a Clock, you ſay?

Kite. Ten——about the Hour of Tea-drinking throughout the Kingdom.

Mel. Here, Doctor. [*Gives Money.*] *Lucy*, have you any Queſtions to ask?

Luc. Oh, Madam! A thouſand.

Kite. I muſt beg your Patience till another time; for I expect more Company this Minute; beſides, I muſt diſcharge the Gentleman under the Table.

Luc. O pray, Sir, diſcharge us firſt!

Kite. *Tycho*, wait on the Ladies down Stairs.

Exeunt Melinda *and* Lucy.

Enter Worthy *and* Plume.

Kite. Mr. *Worthy*, you were pleas'd to wiſh me Joy to Day, I hope to be able to return the Compliment to Morrow.

Wor. I'll make it the beſt Compliment to you that ever I made in my Life, if you do; but I muſt be a Traveller, you ſay?

Kite. No farther than the Chops of the Channel, I preſume, Sir.

Plume. That we have concerted already. [*Knocking hard.*] Hey day! You don't profeſs Midwifry, Doctor?

Kite. Away to your Ambuſcade.

[*Exeunt* Plume *and* Worthy.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Your Servant, Servant, my Dear.

Kite. Stand off, I have my Familiar already.

Braz. Are you bewitch'd, my Dear?

Kite. Yes, my Dear; but mine is a peaceable Spirit, and hates Gun-powder. Thus I fortifie my ſelf; [*Draws a Circle round him.*] and now, Captain, have a care how you force my Lines.

Braz. Lines! What doſt talk of Lines! You have ſomething like a Fiſhing-Rod there, indeed; but I come to be acquainted with you, Man---What's your Name, my Dear?

Kite. Conundrum.

Braz. Conundrum! Rat me, I knew a famous Doctor in *London* of your Name——Where were you born?

Kite. I was born in *Algebra*,

Braz. Algebra! 'Tis no Country in *Chriſtendom*, I'm ſure, unleſs it be ſome Place in the Highlands in *Scotland.*

Kite. Right——I told you I was bewitch'd.

Braz. So am I, my Dear; I am going to be marry'd——I have had two Letters from a Lady of Fortune that loves me to Madneſs, Fits, Collick, Spleen, and Vapours——ſhall I marry her in four and twenty Hours, ay, or no?

Kite. I muſt have the Year and Day of the Month when theſe Letters were dated.

Braz. Why, you old Bitch, did you ever hear of Love-Letters dated with the Year and Day of the Month? Do you think Billet-Deux are like Bank-Bills?

Kite. They are not ſo good——but if they bear no Date, I muſt examine the Contents.

Braz. Contents! That you ſhall, old Boy, here they be both.

Kite. Only the laſt you receiv'd, if you pleaſe. [*Takes the Letter.*] Now, Sir, if you pleaſe to let me conſult my Books for a minute, I'll ſend this Letter inclos'd to you with the Determination of the Stars upon it to your Lodgings.

Braz. With all my Heart——I muſt give him——[*Puts his Hands in his Pocket.*] *Algebra!* I fancy, Doctor, 'tis hard to calculate the Place of your Nativity——Here:——[*Gives him Money.*] And if I ſucceed, I'll build a Watch-Tower upon the top of the higheſt Mountain in *Wales* for the Study of Aſtrology, and the Benefit of *Conundrums.* [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Plume *and* Worthy.

Wor. O Doctor! That Letter's worth a Million, let me see it, and now I have it, I'm afraid to open it.

Plume. Pho! let me see it? [*Opening the Letter.*] If she be a Jilt,——Damn her, she is one——There's her Name at the bottom on't.

Wor. How! Then I'll travel in good Earnest——By all my Hopes, 'tis *Lucy*'s Hand.

Plume. Lucy's!

Wor. Certainly——'tis no more like *Melinda*'s Character than black is to white.

Plume. Then 'tis certainly *Lucy*'s Contrivance to draw in *Brazen* for a Husband——But are you sure 'tis not *Melinda*'s Hand?

Wor. You shall see; where's the bit of Paper I gave you just now that the Devil writ *Melinda* upon?

Kite. Here, Sir.

Plume. 'Tis plain they're not the same; and is this the malicious Name that was subscribed to the Letter, which made Mr. *Ballance* send his Daughter into the Country?

Wor. The very same, the other Fragments I shew'd you just now.

Plume. But 'twas barbarous to conceal this so long, and to continue me so many Hours in the pernicious Heresie of believing that Angelick Creature cou'd change: Poor *Sylvia!*

Wor. Rich *Sylvia* you mean, and poor Captain, ha, ha, ha, ——Come, come, Friend, *Melinda* is true, and shall be mine; *Sylvia* is constant, and may be yours.

Plume. No, she's above my Hopes——But for her sake I'll recant my Opinion of her Sex.

By some the Sex is blam'd without Design,
Light harmless Censure, such as yours and mine,
Sallys of Wit, and Vapours of our Wine.
Others the Justice of the Sex condemn,
And wanting Merit to create Esteem,
Wou'd hide their own Defects by cens'ring them.
But they secure in their all-conq'ring Charms,
Laugh at the vain Efforts of false Alarms;
He magnifies their Conquests who complains,
For none wou'd struggle were they not in Chains. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *Juſtice* Ballance's *Houſe.*

Enter Ballance *and* Scale.

Scale. I Say, 'tis not to be born, Mr. *Ballance.*

Ball. Look'e, Mr. *Scale*, for my own part I ſhall be very tender in what regards the Officers of the Army; they expoſe their Lives to ſo many Dangers for us abroad, that we may give them ſome Grains of Allowance at home.

Scale. Allowance! This poor Girl's Father is my Tenant; and if I miſtake not, her Mother nurſt a Child for you——— Shall they debauch our Daughters to our Faces?

Ball. Conſider, Mr. *Scale*, that were it not for the Bravery of theſe Officers, we ſhould have *French* Dragoons among us, that wou'd leave us neither Liberty, Property, Wives, nor Daughters——Come, Mr. *Scale*, the Gentlemen are vigorous and warm, and may they continue ſo; the ſame Heat that ſtirs them up to Love, ſpurs them on to Battel: You never knew a great General in your Life, that did not love a Whore. This I only ſpeak in reference to Captain *Plume* ———for the other Spark I know nothing of.

Scale. Nor can I hear of any body that does———Oh, here they come.

Enter Sylvia, Bullock, Roſe, *Priſoners*; *Conſtable and Mob.*

Conſt. May it pleaſe your Worſhips, we took them in the very Act, *re infecta*, Sir——The Gentleman, indeed, behav'd himſelf like a Gentleman; for he drew his Sword and ſwore, and afterwards laid it down, and ſaid nothing.

Ball. Give the Gentleman his Sword again———Wait you without. [*Exit Conſtable and Watch.*] I'm ſorry, Sir, [*To* Sylvia.] to know a Gentleman upon ſuch Terms, that the Occaſion of our meeting ſhould prevent the Satisfaction of an Acquaintance.

Syl. Sir, you need make no Apology for your Warrant, no more than I ſhall do for my Behaviour——My Innocence is upon an equal Foot with your Authority.

Scale. Innocence! Have not you ſeduc'd that young Maid?

Syl. No, Mr. Gooſecap, ſhe ſeduc'd me.

Ball. So ſhe did, I'll ſwear——for ſhe propos'd Marriage firſt.

Ball.

Ball. What, then you are marry'd, Child? [*To* Rose.

Rose. Yes, Sir, to my Sorrow.

Ball. Who was Witness?

Bull. That was I———I danc'd, threw the Stocking, and spoke Jokes by their Bed-side, I'm sure.

Ball. Who was the Minister?

Bull. Minister! We are Soldiers, and want no Minister---They were marry'd by the Articles of War.

Ball. Hold thy prating, Fool———Your Appearance, Sir, promises some Understanding; pray what does this Fellow mean?

Syl. He means Marriage, I think——but that you know is so odd a thing, that hardly any two People under the Sun agree in the Ceremony; some make it a Sacrament, others a Convenience, and others make it a Jest; but among Soldiers 'tis most sacred—— Our Sword, you know, is our Honour, that we lay down——The Hero jumps over it first, and the Amazon after———Leap Rogue, follow Whore———The Drum beats a Ruff, and so to Bed; that's all, the Ceremony is concise.

Bull. And the prettiest Ceremony, so full of Pastime and Prodigality——

Ball. What! Are you a Soldier?

Bull. Ay, that I am——Will your Worship lend me your Cane, and I'll shew you how I can exercise.

Ball. Take it, [*Strikes him over the Head.*] Pray, Sir, what Commission may you bear? [*To* Sylvia.

Syl. I'm call'd Captain, Sir, by all the Coffeemen, Drawers, Whores, and Groom-porters in *London*; for I wear a red Coat, a Sword, a Hat *bien troussee*, a Martial Twist in my Cravat, a fierce Knot in my Perriwig, a Cane upon my Button, Piquet in my Head, and Dice in my Pocket.

Scale. Your Name, pray Sir?

Syl. Captain *Pinch:* I cock my Hat with a Pinch, I take Snuff with a Pinch, pay my Whores with a Pinch; in short, I can do any thing at a Pinch, but fight and fill my Belly.

Ball. And pray, Sir, what brought you into *Shropshire?*

Syl. A Pinch, Sir: I knew you Country Gentlemen want Wit, and you know that we Town Gentlemen want Money, and so———

Bal. I understand you, Sir———Here, Constable———

Enter Constable.

Take this Gentleman into Custody till farther Orders.

Rose. Pray your Worship don't be uncivil to him, for he did

me

me no hurt; he's the moſt harmleſs Man in the World, for all he talks ſo.

Scale. Come, come, Child, I'll take Care of you.

Syl. What, Gentlemen, rob me of my Freedom, and my Wife at once! 'Tis the firſt time they ever went together.

Ball. Heark'e, Conſtable. [*Whiſpers him.*

Conſt. It ſhall be done, Sir——Come along, Sir.

[Exeunt *Conſtable*, Bullock *and* Sylvia.

Ball. Come, Mr. *Scale*, we'll manage the Spark preſently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Melinda's *Apartment.*

Enter Melinda *and* Worthy.

Mel. So far the Prediction is right, 'tis Ten exactly. [*Aſide.* And pray, Sir, how long have you been in this travelling Humour?

Wor. 'Tis natural, Madam, for us to avoid what diſturbs our Quiet.

Mel. Rather the Love of Change, which is more natural, may be the occaſion of it.

Wor. To be ſure, Madam, there muſt be Charms in Variety, elſe neither you nor I ſhou'd be ſo fond of it.

Mel. You miſtake, Mr. *Worthy*, I am not ſo fond of Variety as to travel for't, nor do I think it Prudence in you to run your ſelf into a certain Expence and Danger, in hopes of precarious Pleaſure, which at beſt never anſwers Expectation, as 'tis evident from the Example of moſt Travellers, that long more to return to their own Country, than they did to go abroad.

Wor. What Pleaſures I may receive abroad are indeed uncertain; but this I am ſure of, I ſhall meet with leſs Cruelty among the moſt barbarous of Nations, than I have found at home.

Mel. Come, Sir, you and I have been jangling a great while; I fancy if we made up our Accounts, we ſhou'd the ſooner come to an Agreement.

Wor. Sure, Madam, you won't diſpute your being in my Debt——My Fears, Sighs, Vows, Promiſes, Aſſiduities, Anxieties, Jealouſies, have run on for a whole Year without any Payment.

Mel. A Year! Oh Mr. *Worthy!* What you owe to me is not to be paid under a ſeven Years Servitude: How did you uſe me the Year before? When taking the Advantage of my Innocence and Neceſſity, you wou'd have made me your Miſtreſs, that is, your Slave——Remember the wicked Inſinua-

tions, artful Baits, deceitful Arguments, cunning Pretences; then your impudent Behaviour, looſe Expreſſions, familiar Letters, rude Viſits; remember thoſe, thoſe Mr. *Worthy*.

Wor. I do remember, and am ſorry I made no better uſe of 'em. [*Aſide.*] But you may remember, Madam, that——

Mel. Sir, I'll remember nothing——'Tis your Intereſt that I ſhou'd forget: You have been barbarous to me, I have been cruel to you; put that and that together, and let one balance the other——Now if you will begin upon a new Score, lay aſide your adventuring Airs, and behave your ſelf handſomely till *Lent* be over; here's my Hand, I'll uſe you as a Gentleman ſhou'd be.

Wor. And if I don't uſe you as a Gentlewoman ſhou'd be, may this be my Poiſon. [*Kiſſing her Hand.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the Coach is at the Door.

Mel. I am going to Mr. *Ballance*'s Country-Houſe to ſee my Couſin *Sylvia*; I have done her an Injury, and can't be eaſy, till I have ask'd her Pardon.

Wor. I dare not hope for the Honour of waiting on you.

Mel. My Coach is full; but if you will be ſo gallant as to mount your own Horſes and follow us, we ſhall be glad to be overtaken; and if you bring Captain *Plume* with you, we ſhan't have the worſe Reception.

Wor. I'll endeavour it. [*Exit leading* Melinda.

SCENE, *The Market-Place.*

Enter Plume *and* Kite.

Plume. A *Baker*, a *Taylor*, a *Smith*, and a *Butcher*—— I believe the firſt Colony planted in *Virginia* had not more Trades in their Company than I have in mine.

Kite. The *Butcher*, Sir, will have his Hands full; for we have two Sheep-ſtealers among us——I hear of a Fellow too committed juſt now for ſtealing of Horſes.

Plume. We'll diſpoſe of him among the Dragoons---Have we ne'er a *Poulterer* among us?

Kite. Yes, Sir, the King of the Gipſies is a very good one, he has an excellent Hand at a Gooſe or a Turkey——Here's Captain *Brazen*, Sir, I muſt go look after the Men. [*Exit.*

Enter Brazen, *reading a Letter.*

Braz. Um, um, um, the Canonical Hour---Um, um, very well——My dear *Plume!* Give me a Buſs.

Plume.

Plume. Half a ſcore, if you will, my Dear: What haſt got in thy Hand, Child?

Braz. 'Tis a Project for laying out a thouſand Pound.

Plume. Were it not requiſite to project firſt how to get it in?

Braz. You can't imagine, my Dear, that I want twenty thouſand Pound; I have ſpent twenty times as much in the Service—— Now, my Dear, pray adviſe me, my Head runs much upon Architecture, ſhall I build a Privateer or a Play-houſe?

Plume. An odd Queſtion——a Privateer or a Play-houſe! 'Twill require ſome Conſideration——— Faith, I'm for a Privateer.

Braz. I'm not of your Opinion, my Dear——for in the firſt place a Privateer may be ill built.

Plume. And ſo may a Play-houſe.

Braz. But a Privateer may be ill mann'd.

Plume. And ſo may a Play-houſe.

Braz. But a Privateer may run upon the Shallows.

Plume. Not ſo often as a Play-houſe.

Braz. But you know a Privateer may ſpring a Leak.

Plume. And I know that a Play-houſe may ſpring a great many.

Braz. But ſuppoſe the Privateer come home with a rich Booty, we ſhou'd never agree about our Shares.

Plume. 'Tis juſt ſo in a Play-houſe——So, by my Advice, you ſhall fix upon a Privateer.

Braz. Agreed——— But if this twenty thouſand Pound ſhou'd not be in Specie——

Plume. What twenty thouſand?

Braz. Heark'e. [*Whiſpers.*

Plume. Marry'd!

Braz. Preſently, we're to meet about half a Mile out of Town at the Water-ſide—— and ſo forth—— [*Reads.*] *For fear I ſhou'd be known by any of* Worthy's *Friends, you muſt give me leave to wear my Mask till after the Ceremony, which will make me for ever yours*——Look'e there, my dear Dog.

[*Shews the bottom of the Letter to* Plume.

Plume. Melinda! And by this Light, her own Hand!—— Once more, if you pleaſe, my Dear——Her Hand exactly! ——Juſt now, you ſay?

Braz. This Minute I muſt be gone.

Plume. Have a little Patience, and I'll go with you.

Braz. No, no, I ſee a Gentleman coming this way, that may be inquiſitive; 'tis *Worthy*, do you know him?

Plume.

Plume. By ſight only.

Braz. Have a Care, the very Eyes diſcover Secrets. [*Exit.*

Enter Worthy.

Wor. To boot and ſaddle, Captain, you muſt mount.

Plume. Whip and ſpur, *Worthy*, or you won't mount.

Wor. But I ſhall: *Melinda* and I are agreed, ſhe's gone to viſit *Sylvia*; we are to mount and follow; and cou'd we carry a Parſon with us, who knows what might be done for us both?

Plume. Don't trouble your Head, *Melinda* has ſecur'd a Parſon already.

Wor. Already! Do you know more than I?

Plume. Yes, I ſaw it under her Hand——*Brazen* and ſhe are to meet half a Mile hence at the Water-ſide, there to take Boat, I ſuppoſe to be ferry'd over to the *Elyſian* Fields, if there be any ſuch thing in Matrimony.

Wor. I parted with *Melinda* juſt now, ſhe aſſur'd me ſhe hated *Brazen*, and that ſhe reſolv'd to diſcard *Lucy* for daring to write Letters to him in her Name.

Plume. Nay, nay, there's nothing of *Lucy* in this----I tell ye, I ſaw *Melinda*'s Hand, as ſurely as this is mine.

Wor. But I tell you, ſhe's gone this Minute to Juſtice *Ballance*'s Country-houſe.

Plume. But I tell you, ſhe's gone this Minute to the Water-ſide.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam *Melinda* has ſent Word, that you need not trouble your ſelf to follow her, becauſe her Journey to Juſtice *Ballance*'s is put off, and ſhe's gone to take the Air another way [*To* Worthy.

Wor. How! her Journey put off!

Plume. That is, her Journey was a put-off to you.

Wor. 'Tis plain, plain——But how, where, when is ſhe to meet *Brazen*?

Plume. Juſt now, I tell you, half a Mile hence at the Water-ſide.

Wor. Up or down the Water?

Plume. That I don't know.

Wor. I'm glad my Horſes are ready——*Jack*, get 'em out.

Plume. Shall I go with you?

Wor. Not an Inch---I ſhall return preſently. [*Exit.*

Plume. You'll find me at the Hall; the Juſtices are ſitting by this time, and I muſt attend them.

SCENE,

SCENE, *A Court of Juſtice:* Ballance, Scale *and* Scruple *upon the Bench:* Conſtable, Kite, Mob.

Kite *and* Conſtable *advance forward.*

Kite. Pray, who are thoſe honourable Gentlemen upon the Bench?

Conſt. He in the middle is Juſtice *Ballance*, he on the right is Juſtice *Scale*, and he on the left is Juſtice *Scruple*, and I am Mr. *Conſtable*, four very honeſt Gentlemen.

Kite. O dear Sir! I am your moſt obedient Servant: [*Saluting the* Conſtable.] I fancy, Sir, that your Employment and mine are much the ſame; for my Buſineſs is to keep People in order, and if they diſobey, to knock 'em down; and then we are both Staff-Officers.

Conſt. Nay, I'm a Serjeant my ſelf——of the Militia——Come, Brother, you ſhall ſee me exerciſe: Suppoſe this a Musket now: Now I am ſhoulder'd. [*Puts his Staff on's Right Shoulder.*

Kite. Ay, you are ſhoulder'd pretty well for a Conſtable's Staff; but for a Musket, you muſt put it on the other Shoulder, my Dear.

Conſt. Adſo! that's true——Come, now give the Word of Command.

Kite. Silence.

Conſt. Ay, ay, ſo we will——We will be ſilent.

Kite. Silence, you Dog, Silence! [*Strikes him over the Head with his Halberd.*

Conſt. That's the way to ſilence a Man with a witneſs——What d'ye mean, Friend?

Kite. Only to exerciſe you, Sir.

Conſt. Your Exerciſe differs ſo from ours, that we ſhall ne'er agree about it; if my own Captain had given me ſuch a Rap, I had taken the Law of him.

Enter Plume.

Ball. Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Scr. Come, honeſt Captain, ſit by me. [Plume *aſcends, and ſits upon the Bench.*] Now produce your Priſoners——Here, that Fellow there——ſet him up——Mr. *Conſtable*, what have you to ſay againſt this Man?

Conſt. I have nothing to ſay againſt him, an' pleaſe you.

Ball. No! what made you bring him hither?

Conſt. I don't know, an' pleaſe your Worſhip.

Scale.

Scale. Did not the Contents of your Warrant direct you what ſort of Men to take up?

Conſt. I can't tell, an' pleaſe ye; I can't read.

Scr. A very pretty Conſtable truly————I find we have no Buſineſs here.

Kite. May it pleaſe the Worſhipful Bench, I deſire to be heard in this Caſe, as being Counſel for the Queen.

Ball. Come, Serjeant, you ſhall be heard, ſince no Body elſe will ſpeak, we won't come here for nothing.

Kite. This Man is but one Man, the Country may ſpare him, and the Army wants him; beſides, he's cut out by Nature for a Granadeer; he's five Foot ten Inches high; he ſhall box, wreſtle, or dance the *Cheſhire* Round with any Man in the Country; he gets drunk every Sabbath-Day, and he beats his Wife.

Wife. You lie, Sirrah, you lie, an' pleaſe your Worſhip, he's the beſt natur'dſt, Pains-taking'ſt Man in the Pariſh, witneſs my five poor Children.

Scr. A Wife! and five Children! You Conſtable, you Rogue, how durſt you impreſs a Man that has a Wife and five Children?

Scale. Diſcharge him, diſcharge him.

Ball. Hold, Gentlemen———Heark'e, Friend, how do you maintain your Wife and five Children?

Plume. They live upon Wild-fowl and Veniſon, Sir; the Husband keeps a Gun, and kills all the Hares and Partridge within five Mile round.

Ball. A Gun! nay, if he be ſo good at Gunning, he ſhall have enough on't———He may be of uſe againſt the *French*, for he ſhoots flying, to be ſure.

Scr. But his Wife and Children, Mr. *Ballance!*

Wife. Ay, ay, that's the reaſon you wou'd ſend him away; you know I have a Child every Year, and you are afraid they ſhou'd come upon the Pariſh at laſt.

Plume. Look'e there, Gentlemen, the honeſt Woman has ſpoke it at once, the Pariſh had better maintain five Children this Year, than ſix or ſeven the next: That Fellow, upon his high Feeding, may get you two or three Beggars at a Birth.

Wife. Look'e, Mr. Captain, the Pariſh ſhall get nothing by ſending him away, for I won't loſe my Teeming-time, if there be a Man left in the Pariſh.

Ball. Send that Woman to the Houſe of Correction——— and the Man——

Kite. I'll take care o' him, if you pleaſe. [*Takes him down.*

Scale.

Scale. Here, you Conſtable, the next——Set up that black-fac'd Fellow, he has a Gun-powder Look; what can you ſay againſt this Man, Conſtable?

Conſt. Nothing, but that he is a very honeſt Man.

Plume. Pray, Gentlemen, let me have one honeſt Man in my Company, for the Novelty's ſake.

Ball. What are you, Friend?

Mob. A Collier, I work in the Cole-pits.

Scr. Look'e, Gentlemen, this Fellow has a Trade, and the Act of Parliament here expreſſes, that we are to impreſs no Man that has any viſible Means of a Livelihood.

Kite. May it pleaſe your Worſhips, this Man has no viſible Means of Livelihood, for he works under-ground.

Plume. Well ſaid *Kite*; beſides, the Army wants Miners.

Ball. Right, and had we an Order of Government for't, we cou'd raiſe you in this and the Neighbouring County of *Staffford*, five hundred Colliers that wou'd run you under-ground, like Moles, and do more Service in a Siege than all the Miners in the Army.

Scr. Well, Friend, what have you to ſay for your ſelf?

Mob. I'm marry'd.

Kite. Lack-a-day, ſo am I.

Mob. Here's my Wife, poor Woman.

Ball. Are you marry'd, good Woman?

Wom. I'm marry'd in Conſcience.

Kite. May it pleaſe your Worſhip, ſhe's with Child in Conſcience.

Scale. Who marry'd you, Miſtreſs?

Wom. My Husband—— we agreed that I ſhould call him Husband, to avoid paſſing for a Whore, and that he ſhou'd call me Wife, to ſhun going for a Soldier.

Scr. A very pretty Couple! pray, Captain, will you take 'em both?

Plume. What ſay you, Mr. *Kite*, will you take care of the Woman!

Kite. Yes, Sir ſhe ſhall go with us to the Sea-ſide, and there, if ſhe has a mind to drown her ſelf, we'll take care that no body ſhall hinder her.

Ball. Here, Conſtable, bring in my Man. [*Exit* Conſtable.] Now, Captain, I'll fit you with a Man, ſuch as you ne'er lifted in your Life. [*Enter* Conſtable *and* Sylvia.] Oh! my Friend *Pinch*, I'm very glad to ſee you.

Syl. Well, Sir, and what then?

Scale. What then! Is that your Reſpect to the Bench?

Syl.

Syl. Sir, I don't care a Farthing for you nor your Bench neither.

Scru. Look'e, Gentlemen, that's enough, he's a very impudent Fellow, and fit for a Soldier.

Scale. A notorious Rogue, I say, and very fit for a Soldier.

Conſt. A Whore-maſter, I say, and therefore fit to go.

Ball. What think you, Captain?

Plume. I think he's a very pretty Fellow, and therefore fit to ſerve.

Syl. Me for a Soldier! ſend your own lazy, lubberly Sons at home; Fellows that hazard their Necks every Day in the purſuit of a Fox, yet dare not peep abroad to look an Enemy in the Face.

Conſt. May it pleaſe your Worſhips, I have a Woman at the Door to ſwear a Rape againſt this Rogue.

Syl. Is it your Wife or Daughter, Booby? I raviſh'd 'em both yeſterday.

Ball. Pray, Captain, read the Articles of War, we'll ſee him liſted immediately.

[Plume *reads Articles of War againſt Mutiny and Deſertion.*

Syl. Hold, Sir,———Once more, Gentlemen, have a care what you do, for you ſhall ſeverely ſmart for any Violence you offer to me; and you, Mr. *Ballance*, I ſpeak to you particularly, you ſhall heartily repent it.

Plume. Look'e, young Spark, ſay but one Word more, and I'll build a Horſe for you as high as the Ceiling, and make you ride the moſt tireſome Journey that ever you made in your Life.

Syl. You have made a fine Speech, good Captain *Huffcap*, but you had better be quiet, I ſhall find a way to cool your Courage.

Plume. Pray, Gentlemen, don't mind him, he's diſtracted.

Syl. 'Tis falſe———I am deſcended of as good a Family as any in your County; my Father is as good a Man as any upon your Bench, and I am Heir to Twelve hundred Pound a Year.

Ball. He's certainly mad——Pray, Captain, read the Articles of War.

Syl. Hold once more——Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, to you I ſpeak, ſuppoſe I were your Child, wou'd you uſe me at this rate?

Ball. No, 'faith, were you mine, I wou'd ſend you to *Bedlam* firſt, and into the Army afterwards.

Syl. But conſider my Father, Sir, he's as good, as generous, as brave, as juſt a Man as ever ſerv'd his Country; I'm his only Child, perhaps the Loſs of me may break his Heart.

Ball. He's a very great Fool if it does; Captain, if you don't liſt him this Minute, I'll leave the Court.

Plume. Kite, do you diſtribute the Levy-Money to the Men while I read.

Kite. Ay, Sir———Silence, Gentlemen. [*Plume reads the Articles of War.*

Ball. Very well; now, Captain, let me beg the Favour of you, not to diſcharge this Fellow upon any account whatſoever. Bring in the reſt.

Conſt. There are no more an't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Ball. No more! there were five two Hours ago.

Syl. 'Tis true, Sir, but this Rogue of a Conſtable let the reſt eſcape for a Bribe of eleven Shillings a Man, becauſe he ſaid, the Act allow'd him but ten, ſo the odd Shilling was clear Gains.

All Juſt. How!

Syl. Gentlemen, he offer'd to let me go away for two Guineas, but I had not ſo much about me; this is truth, and I'm ready to ſwear it.

Kite. And I'll ſwear it; give me the Book, 'tis for the good of the Service.

Mob. May it pleaſe your Worſhip, I gave him half a Crown to ſay that I was an honeſt Man; but now, ſince that your Worſhips have made me a Rogue, I hope I ſhall have my Money again.

Ball. 'Tis my Opinion, that this Conſtable be put into the Captain's Hands, and if his Friends don't bring four good Men for his Ranſom by to Morrow Night———Captain, you ſhall carry him to *Flanders.*

Scale, Scruple. Agreed, agreed!

Plume. Mr. *Kite*, take the Conſtable into Cuſtody.

Kite. Ay, ay,——Sir, [*To the* Conſtable.] will you pleaſe to have your Office taken from you? Or will you handſomely lay down your Staff, as your Betters have done before you? [Conſtable *drops his Staff.*

Ball. Come, Gentlemen, there needs no great Ceremony in adjourning this Court——Captain you ſhall dine with me.

Kite. Come, Mr. Militia Serjeant, I ſhall ſilence you now, I believe, without your taking the Law of me. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE, *The Fields.*

Enter Brazen, *leading in* Lucy *mask'd.*

Braz. The Boat is juſt below here.

Enter

Enter Worthy *with a Case of Pistols under his Arm.*

Wor. Here, Sir, take your Choice. [*Going between 'em, and offering them.*

Braz. What! Pistols! Are they charg'd, my Dear?

Wor. With a Brace of Bullets each.

Braz. But I'm a Foot Officer, my Dear, and never use Pistols, the Sword is my way——— and I won't be put out of my Road to please any Man.

Wor. Nor I neither; so have at you. [*Cocks one Pistol.*

Braz. Look'e, my Dear, I don't care for Pistols——Pray, oblige me, and let us have a Bout at Sharps; dam it, there's no parrying these Bullets.

Wor. Sir, if you ha'n't your Belly full of these, the Swords shall come in for second Course.

Braz. Why then, Fire and Fury! I have eaten Smoak from the Mouth of a Cannon, Sir; don't think I fear Powder, for I live upon't. Let me see: [*Takes one.*] And now, Sir, how many Paces distant shall we fire?

Wor. Fire you when you please, I'll reserve my Shot till I am sure of you.

Braz. Come, where's your Cloak?

Wor. Cloak! what d'ye mean?

Braz. To fight upon; I always fight upon a Cloak, 'tis our way abroad.

Luc. Come, Gentlemen, I'll end the Strife. [*Unmasks.*

Wor. Lucy! take her.

Braz. The Devil take me if I do———Huzza! [*Fires his Pistol.*] D'ye hear, d'ye hear, you plaguy Harrydan, how those Bullets whistle; suppose they had been lodg'd in my Gizard now!

Luc. Pray, Sir, pardon me.

Braz. I can't tell, Child, 'till I know whether my Money be safe. [*Searching his Pockets.*] Yes, yes, I do pardon you; but if I had you in the *Rose* Tavern, *Covent-Garden*, with three or four hearty Rakes, and three or four smart Napkins, I wou'd tell you another Story, my Dear. [*Exit.*

Wor. And was *Melinda* privy to this?

Luc. No, Sir, she wrote her Name upon a piece of Paper at the Fortune-tellers last Night, which I put in my Pocket, and so writ above it to the Captain.

Wor. And how came *Melinda*'s Journey put off?

Luc. At the Town's end she met Mr. *Ballance*'s Steward; who told her, that Mrs. *Sylvia* was gone from her Father's, and no body could tell whither.

Wor. *Sylvia* gone from her Father's! This will be News to *Plume*. Go home, and tell your Lady how near I was being shot for her. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ballance *with a Napkin in his Hand, as risen from Dinner, and* Steward.

Stew. We did not miss her till the Evening, Sir; and then searching for her in the Chamber that was my young Master's, we found her Cloaths there; but the Suit that your Son left in the Press, when he went to *London*, was gone.

Ball. The white trim'd with Silver?

Stew. The same.

Ball. You ha'n't told that Circumstance to any body.

Stew. To none but your Worship.

Ball. And be sure you don't; go into the Dining-Room, and tell Captain *Plume* that I beg to speak with him.

Stew. I shall——— [*Exit.*

Ball. Was ever Man so impos'd upon? I had her Promise indeed, that she wou'd never dispose of her self without my Consent. I have consented with a Witness, given her away as my Act and Deed———And this, I warrant, the Captain thinks will pass; no, I shall never pardon him the Villany, first of robbing me of my Daughter, and then the mean Opinion he must have of me, to think that I cou'd be so wretchedly impos'd upon; her extravagant Passion might encourage her in the Attempt, but the Contrivance must be his——— I'll know the Truth presently.———

Enter Plume.

Pray, Captain, what have you done with your young Gentleman Soldier?

Plume. He's at my Quarters, I suppose, with the rest of my Men.

Ball. Does he keep Company with the common Soldiers?

Plume. No, he's generally with me.

Ball. He lies with you, I presume.

Plume. No, 'faith, I offer'd him part of my Bed,———but the young Rogue fell in Love with *Rose*, and has lain with her, I think, since she came to Town.

Ball. So that between you both, *Rose* has been finely manag'd.

Plume. Upon my Honour, Sir, she had no harm from me.

Ball. All's safe, I find——Now, Captain, you must know, that the young Fellow's Impudence in Court was well grounded; he said I shou'd heartily repent his being listed, and so I do from my Soul.

Plume.

Plume. Ay! For what Reaſon?

Ball. Becauſe he is no leſs than what he ſaid he was, born of as good a Family as any in this County, and he is Heir to twelve hundred Pound a Year.

Plume. I'm very glad to hear it---For I wanted but a Man of that Quality to make my Company a perfect Repreſentative of the whole Commons of *England.*

Ball. Won't you diſcharge him?

Plume. Not under an hundred Pound Sterling.

Ball. You ſhall have it, for his Father is my intimate Friend.

Plume. Then you ſhall have him for nothing.

Ball. Nay, Sir, you ſhall have your Price.

Plume. Not a Penny, Sir; I value an Obligation to you much above an hundred Pound.

Ball. Perhaps, Sir, you ſha'n't repent your Generoſity——— Will you pleaſe to write his Diſcharge in my Pocket-Book? [*Gives his Book.*] In the mean time, we'll ſend for the Gentleman. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Go to the Captain's Lodging, and enquire for Mr. *Wilful*, tell him his Captain wants him here immediately.

Ser. Sir, the Gentleman's below at the Door, enquiring for the Captain.

Plume. Bid him come up——Here's the Diſcharge, Sir.

Ball. Sir, I thank you——'Tis plain he had no hand in't. [*Aſide.*

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. I think, Captain, you might have us'd me better than to leave me yonder among your ſwearing, drunken Crew; and you, Mr. Juſtice, might have been ſo civil as to have invited me to Dinner, for I have eaten with as good a Man as your Worſhip.

Plume. Sir, you muſt charge our want of Reſpect, upon our Ignorance of your Quality———but now you are at Liberty——I have diſcharg'd you.

Syl. Diſcharg'd me!

Ball. Yes, Sir, and you muſt once more go home to your Father.

Syl. My Father! Then I am diſcover'd---Oh, Sir, [*Kneeling.*] I expect no Pardon.

Ball. Pardon! No, no, Child, your Crime ſhall be your Puniſhment; here Captain, I deliver her over to the Conjugal Power for her Chaſtiſement; ſince ſhe will be a Wife, be you a Husband, a very Husband——when ſhe tells you of

her Love, upbraid her with her Folly; be modiſhly ungrateful, becauſe ſhe has been unfaſhionably kind, and uſe her worſe than you wou'd any Body elſe, becauſe you can't uſe her ſo well as ſhe deſerves.

Plume. And are you, *Sylvia*, in good earneſt?

Syl. Earneſt! I have gone too far to make it Jeſt, Sir?

Plume. And do you give her to me in good earneſt?

Ball. If you pleaſe to take her, Sir.

Plume. Why then I have ſav'd my Legs and Arms, and loſt my Liberty; ſecure from Wounds, I am prepar'd for the Gout; farewel Subſiſtence, and welcome Taxes———Sir, my Liberty, and hopes of being a General, are much dearer to me than your twelve hundred Pound a Year———But to your Love, Madam, I reſign my Freedom, and to your Beauty my Ambition———greater in obeying at your Feet, than commanding at the Head of an Army.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. I am ſorry to hear, Mr. *Ballance*, that your Daughter is loſt.

Ball. So am not I, Sir, ſince an honeſt Gentleman has found her.

Enter Melinda.

Mel. Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, what's become of my Couſin *Sylvia*?

Ball. Your Couſin *Sylvia* is talking yonder with your Couſin *Plume*.

Mel. and *Wor.* How!

Syl. Do you think it ſtrange, Couſin, that a Woman ſhould change; but, I hope, you'll excuſe a Change that has proceeded from Conſtancy; I alter'd my out-ſide, becauſe I was the ſame within; and only laid by the Woman to make ſure of my Man; that's my Hiſtory.

Mel. Your Hiſtory is a little Romantick, Couſin; but ſince Succeſs has crown'd your Adventures, you will have the World o' your ſide, and I ſhall be willing to go with the Tide, provided you'll pardon an Injury I offer'd you in the Letter to your Father.

Plume. That Injury, Madam, was done to me, and the Reparation I expect ſhall be made to my Friend; make Mr. *Worthy* happy, and I ſhall be ſatisfy'd.

Mel. A good Example, Sir, will go a great way——when my Couſin is pleas'd to ſurrender, 'tis probable I ſhan't hold out much longer.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Gentlemen, I am yours——— Madam, I am not yours.

Mel. I'm glad on't, Sir.

Braz. So am I———You have got a pretty Houſe here, Mr. *Laconick.*

Ball. 'Tis time to right all Miſtakes———My Name, Sir, is *Ballance.*

Braz. Ballance! Sir, I am your moſt obedient———I know your whole Generation—— had not you an Uncle that was Governor of the *Leeward* Iſlands ſome Years ago?

Ball. Did you know him?

Braz. Intimately, Sir---- He play'd at *Billiards* to a Miracle—— You had a Brother too that was a Captain of a Fireſhip—— poor *Dick*—— he had the moſt engaging way with him----of making Punch---- and then his Cabbin was ſo neat ——but his poor Boy *Jack* was the moſt comical Baſtard—— Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, a pickl'd Dog, I ſhall never forget him.

Plume. Well, Captain, are you fix'd in your Project yet? Are you ſtill for the Privateer?

Braz. No, no, I had enough of a Privateer juſt now; I had like to have been pick'd up by a Cruiſer under falſe Colours, and a *French* Pickaroon for ought I know.

Plume. But have you got your Recruits, my Dear?

Braz. Not a Stick, my Dear.

Plume. Probably, I ſhall furniſh you.

Enter Roſe *and* Bullock.

Roſe. Captain, Captain, I have got looſe once more, and have perſuaded my Sweet-heart *Cartwheel* to go with us; but you muſt promiſe not to part with me again.

Syl. I find, Mrs. *Roſe* has not been pleas'd with her Bedfellow.

Roſe. Bedfellow! I don't know whether I had a Bedfellow or not.

Syl. Don't be in a Paſſion, Child, I was as little pleas'd with your Company, as you cou'd be with mine.

Bull. Pray, Sir, dunna be offended at my Siſter, ſhe's ſomething under-bred; but if you pleaſe, I'll lie with you in her ſtead.

Plume. I have promis'd, Madam, to provide for this Girl; now will you be pleas'd to let her wait upon you? or ſhall I take care of her?

Syl. She ſhall be my Charge, Sir; you may find it Buſineſs enough to take care of me.

Bull. Ay, and of me, Captain; for wauns! if ever you lift your Hand againſt me, I'll deſert.——

Plume. Captain *Brazen* ſhall take care o' that, my Dear: Inſtead of the Twenty thouſand Pound you talk'd of, you ſhall have the twenty brave Recruits that I have rais'd at the rate they coſt me———My Commiſſion I lay down, to be taken up by ſome braver Fellow, that has more Merit, and leſs good Fortune———whilſt I endeavour, by the Example of this worthy Gentleman, to ſerve my Queen and Country at home.

With ſome Regret I quit the active Field,
Where Glory full Reward for Life does yield;
But the Recruiting Trade, with all its Train
Of endleſs Plague, Fatigue, and endleſs Pain,
I gladly quit, with my fair Spouſe to ſtay,
And raiſe Recruits the Matrimonial way. [Exeunt.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

ALL Ladies and Gentlemen, that are willing to ſee the Comedy, call'd the *Recruiting Officer*, let them repair to morrow Night, by ſix a Clock, to the Sign of the *Theatre-Royal* in *Drury-lane*, and they ſhall be kindly entertain'd.

We ſcorn the vulgar Ways to bid you come,
Whole Europe *now obeys the Call of Drum.*
The Soldier, not the Poet, here appears,
And beats up for a Corps *of Volunteers:*
He finds that Muſick chiefly does delight ye,
And therefore chuſes Muſick to invite ye.

Beat the Granadeer March———Row, row, tow,——— Gentlemen, this piece of Muſick, call'd, *An Overture to a Battel*, was compos'd by a famous *Italian* Maſter, and was perform'd with wonderful Succeſs, at the great *Opera*'s of *Vigo*, *Schellenbergh* and *Blenheim*; it came off with the Applauſe of all *Europe*, excepting *France*; the *French* found it a little too rough for their *Delicateſſe*.

Some that have acted on thoſe glorious Stages,
Are here to witneſs to ſucceeding Ages,
That no Muſick like the Granadeer's engages.

Ladies, we muſt own, that this Muſick of ours is not altogether ſo ſoft as *Bonancini*'s; yet we dare affirm, that it has laid more People aſleep than all the *Camilla*'s in the World; and you'll condeſcend to own, that it keeps one awake, better than any *Opera* that ever was acted.

The Granadeer March ſeems to be a Compoſure excellently adapted to the *Genius* of the *Engliſh*, for no Muſick was ever follow'd ſo far by us, nor with ſo much Alacrity; and with all Deference to the preſent Subſcription, We muſt ſay, that the Granadeer March has been ſubſcrib'd for by the whole Grand

Grand Alliance: and we presume to inform the Ladies, that it always has the Pre-eminence abroad, and is constantly heard by the tallest, handsomest Men in the whole Army. In short, to gratify the present Taste, our Author is now adapting some Words to the Granadeer March, which he intends to have perform'd to Morrow, if the Lady, who is to sing it, should not happen to be sick.

This he concludes to be the surest way
To draw you hither; for you'll all obey
Soft Musick's Call, tho' you shou'd damn his Play.

Beaux Stratagem.

E. Knight Inven.t

M. Vst Gr

THE

BEAUX-STRATAGEM:

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT. 1714.

Advertiſement.

THE Reader may find ſome Faults in this PLAY, which my Illneſs prevented the amending of; but there is great Amends made in the Repreſentation, which cannot be match'd, no more than the friendly and indefatigable Care of Mr. *Wilks*, to whom I chiefly owe the Succeſs of the Play.

G. FARQUHAR.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS.*

WHEN Strife disturbs, or Sloth corrupts an Age,
Keen Satyr is the Business of the Stage.
When the Plain-Dealer *writ, he lash'd those Crimes,*
Which then infested most——the modish Times:
But now, when Faction sleeps, and Sloth is fled,
And all our Youth in Active Fields are bred;
When thro' GREAT-BRITAIN's *fair extensive Round,*
The Trumps of Fame, the Notes of UNION *sound;*
When ANNA's *Sceptre points the Laws their Course,*
And her Example gives her Precepts Force:
There scarce is room for Satyr; all our Lays
Must be, or Songs of Triumph, or of Praise:
But as in Grounds best cultivated, Tares
And Poppies rise among the Golden Ears;
Our Product so, fit for the Field or School,
Must mix with Nature's Favourite Plant——a Fool
A Weed that has to twenty Summers ran,
Shoots up in Stalk, and Vegetates to Man.
Simpling our Author goes from Field to Field;
And culls such Fools as may Diversion yield;
And, thanks to Nature, there's no want of those,
For Rain or Shine, the thriving Coxcomb grows.
Follies to Night we shew ne'er lash'd before,
Yet such as Nature shews you ev'ry Hour;
Nor can the Pictures give a just Offence,
For Fools are made for Jests to Men of Sense.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Aimwell,	Two Gentlemen of broken Fortunes, the first as Master, and the Second as Servant.	Mr. *Mills*.
Archer,		Mr. *Wilks*.
Count *Bellair*,	A *French* Officer, Prisoner at *Litchfield*.	Mr. *Bowman*.
Sullen,	A Country Blockhead, brutal to his Wife.	Mr. *Verbruggen*.
Freeman,	A Gentleman from *London*.	Mr. *Keen*.
Foigard,	A Priest, Chaplain to the *French* Officers.	Mr. *Bowen*.
Gibbet,	A High-way Man.	Mr. *Cibber*.
Hounslow, *Bagshot*,	His Companions.	
Boniface,	Landlord of the Inn.	Mr. *Bullock*.
Scrub,	Servant to Mr. *Sullen*.	Mr. *Norris*.

WOMEN.

Lady *Bountiful*,	An old, civil, Country Gentlewoman, that cures all her Neighbours of all Distempers, and foolishly fond of her Son *Sullen*.	Mrs. *Powel*.
Dorinda,	Lady *Bountiful*'s Daughter.	Mrs. *Bradshaw*.
Mrs. *Sullen*,	Her Daughter-in-law.	Mrs. *Oldfield*.
Gipsey,	Maid to the Ladies.	Mrs. *Mills*.
Cherry,	The Landlord's Daughter in the Inn.	Mrs. *Bignal*.

SCENE, *LITCHFIELD*.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM.

ACT I.

SCENE, *An Inn.*

Enter Bonniface *running.*

Bon. Hamberlain, Maid, *Cherry*, Daughter *Cherry*; all asleep? all dead?

Enter Cherry *running.*

Cher. Here, here. Why d'ye baul ſo, Father? d'ye think we have no Ears?

Bon. You deſerve to have none, you young Minx: ——The Company of the *Warrington* Coach has ſtood in the Hall this Hour, and no Body to ſhew them to their Chambers.

Cher. And let 'em wait, Father; there's neither Red-Coat in the Coach, nor Footman behind it.

Bon. But they threaten to go to another Inn to Night.

Cher. That they dare not, for fear the Coachman ſhould over-turn them to Morrow.——Coming, coming: Here's the *London* Coach arriv'd.

Enter ſeveral People with Trunks, Band-boxes, and other Luggage, and croſs the Stage.

Bon. Welcome, Ladies.

Cher. Very welcome, Gentlemen———Chamberlain, ſhew the *Lyon* and the *Roſe*. [Exit *with the Company.*

Enter

Enter Aimwell *in riding Habit*, Archer *as Footman, carrying a Portmanteau.*

Bon. This way, this way, Gentlemen.

Aim. Set down the things; go to the Stable, and see my Horses well rubb'd.

Arch. I shall, Sir. [*Exit.*

Aim. You're my Landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, Sir, I'm old *Will. Bonniface*, pretty well known upon this Road, as the Saying is.

Aim. O! Mr. *Boniface* your Servant.

Bon. O, Sir——what will your Honour please to drink, as the Saying is?

Aim. I have heard your Town of *Litchfield* much fam'd for Ale, I think; I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my Cellar ten Tun of the best Ale in *Staffordshire*; 'tis smooth as Oil, sweet as Milk, clear as Amber, and strong as Brandy; and will be just fourteen Year old the fifth Day of next *March*, Old Stile.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the Age of your Ale.

Bon. As punctual, Sir, as I am in the Age of my Children: I'll shew you such Ale——Here, Tapster, broach Number 1706, as the Saying is;——Sir, you shall taste my *Anno Domini*——I have liv'd in *Litchfield*, Man and Boy, above eight and fifty Years, and, I believe, have not consum'd eight and fifty Ounces of Meat.

Aim. At a Meal, you mean, if one may guess your Sense by your Bulk.

Bon. Not in my Life, Sir, I have fed purely upon Ale; I have eat my Ale, drank my Ale, and I always sleep upon Ale.

Enter Tapster *with a Bottle and Glass.*

Now, Sir, you shall see [*Filling it out.*] your Worship's Health: Ha! delicious, delicious——fancy it *Burgundy*, only fancy it, and 'tis worth ten Shillings a Quart.

Aim. [*Drinks.*] 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! It must be so, or how should we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you liv'd so long upon this Ale, Landlord?

Bon. Eight and fifty Years upon my Credit, Sir; but it kill'd my Wife, poor Woman, as the Saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, Sir; she would not let the Ale take its Natural Course, Sir; she was for qualifying it every now

now and then with a Dram, as the Saying is; and an honeſt Gentleman that came this way from *Ireland*, made her a Preſent of a dozen Bottles of Uſquebaugh——but the poor Woman was never well after: But, howe'er, I was obliged to the Gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the Uſquebaugh that kill'd her?

Bon. My Lady *Bountiful* ſaid ſo———She, good Lady, did what could be done; ſhe cured her of three Tympanies, but the fourth carry'd her off; but ſhe's happy, and I'm contented, as the Saying is.

Aim. Who's that Lady *Bountiful*, you mention'd?

Bon. 'Ods my Life, Sir, we'll drink her Health. [*Drinks.*] My Lady *Bountiful* is one of the beſt of Women: Her laſt Husband, Sir *Charles Bountiful*, left her worth a Thouſand Pound a Year; and, I believe, ſhe lays out one half on't in charitable Uſes for the good of her Neighbours; ſhe cures Rheumatiſms, Ruptures, and broken Shins in Men; Green-Sickneſs, Obſtructions, and Fits of the Mother in Women; ——The King's Evil, Chin-cough, and Chilblains in Children: In Short, ſhe has cured more People in and about *Litchfield* within ten Years, than the Doctors have kill'd in twenty; and that's a bold Word.

Aim. Has the Lady been any other way uſeful in her Generation?

Bon. Yes, Sir, ſhe has a Daughter by Sir *Charles*, the fineſt Woman in all our Country, and the greateſt Fortune: She has a Son too, by her firſt Husband, Squire *Sullen*, who marry'd a fine Lady from *London* t'other Day; if you pleaſe, Sir, we'll drink his Health.

Aim. What ſort of a Man is he?

Bon. Why, Sir, the Man's well enough; ſays little, thinks leſs, and does,——nothing at all, 'faith: But he's a Man of great Eſtate, and values no body.

Aim. A Sportſman, I ſuppoſe.

Bon. Yes, Sir, he's a Man of Pleaſure; he plays at Whisk and ſmoaks his Pipe eight and forty Hours together ſometimes.

Aim. And marry'd, you ſay?

Bon. Ay, and to a curious Woman, Sir——But he's a—— He wants it; here, Sir. [*Pointing to his Forehead.*

Aim. He has it there, you mean.

Bon. That's none of my Buſineſs; he's my Landlord, and ſo a Man, you know, wou'd not———But——I cod, he's no better than———Sir, my humble Service to you. [*Drinks.*] Tho' I value not a Farthing what he can do to me; I pay

him his Rent at Quarter-day; I have a good Running-Trade; I have but one Daughter, and I can give her ——— But no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr. *Bonniface*; pray, what other Company have you in Town?

Bon. A power of fine Ladies; and then we have the *French* Officers.

Aim. O that's right, you have a good many of thoſe Gentlemen: Pray, how do you like their Company?

Bon. So well, as the Saying is, that I cou'd wiſh we had as many more of 'em; they're full of Money, and pay double for every thing they have; they know, Sir, that we pay'd good round Taxes for the taking of 'em, and ſo they are willing to reimburſe us a little; one of 'em lodges in my Houſe.

Enter Archer.

Arch. Landlord, there are ſome *French* Gentlemen below, that ask for you.

Bon. I'll wait on 'em: ——— Does your Maſter ſtay long in Town, as the Saying is? [*To* Archer.

Arch. I can't tell, as the Saying is.

Bon. Come from *London*?

Arch. No.

Bon. Going to *London*, may hap?

Arch. No.

Bon. An odd Fellow this: I beg your Worſhip's Pardon, I'll wait on you in half a Minute. [*Exit.*

Aim. The Coaſt's clear, I ſee, ——— Now, my dear *Archer*, welcome to *Litchfield.*

Arch. I thank thee, my dear Brother in Iniquity.

Aim. Iniquity! prithee, leave Canting; you need not change your Style with your Dreſs.

Arch. Don't miſtake me, *Aimwell*, for 'tis ſtill my Maxim, that there is no Scandal like Rags, nor any Crime ſo ſhameful as Poverty.

Aim. The World confeſſes it every Day in its Practice, tho' Men won't own it for their Opinion: Who did that worthy Lord, my Brother, ſingle out of the Side-box to ſup with him t'other Night?

Arch. Jack Handicraft, a handſome, well-dreſs'd, mannerly, ſharping Rogue, who keeps the beſt Company in Town.

Aim. Right; and, pray, who marry'd my Lady *Manſlaughter* t'other Day, the great Fortune?

Arch. Why, *Nick Marrabone*, a profeſs'd Pick-pocket, and a good

a good Bowler; but he makes a handsome Figure, and rides in his Coach that he formerly used to ride behind.

Aim. But did you observe poor *Jack Generous* in the Park last Week?

Arch. Yes, with his Autumnal Perriwig, shading his melancholy Face, his Coat older than any thing but its Fashion, with one Hand idle in his Pocket, and with the other picking his useless Teeth; and tho' the Mall was crowded with Company, yet was poor *Jack* as single and solitary as a Lyon in a Desart.

Aim. And as much avoided, for no Crime upon Earth but the want of Money.

Arch. And that's enough; Men must not be poor; Idleness is the Root of all Evil; the World's wide enough, let 'em bustle: Fortune has taken the Weak under her Protection, but Men of Sense are left to their Industry.

Aim. Upon which Topick we proceed, and, I think, luckily hitherto: Wou'd not any Man swear now, that I am a Man of Quality, and you my Servant, when if our intrinsick Value were known———

Arch. Come, come, we are the Men of intrinsick Value who can strike our Fortunes out of our selves, whose Worth is independent of Accidents in Life, or Revolutions in Government; we have Heads to get Money, and Hearts to spend it.

Aim. As to our Hearts, I grant ye, they are as willing Tits as any within twenty Degrees; but I can have no great opinion of our Heads from the Service they have done us hitherto, unless it be that they brought us from *London* hither to *Litchfield*, made me a Lord, and you my Servant.

Arch. That's more than you cou'd expect already. But what Money have we left?

Aim. But two hundred Pound.

Arch. And our Horses, Cloaths, Rings, &c. why, we have very good Fortunes now for moderate People; and let me tell you, that this Two hundred Pound, with the Experience that we are now Masters of, is a better Estate than the Ten we have spent.——Our Friends indeed began to suspect, that our Pockets were low, but we came off with flying Colours, shew'd no signs of Want either in Word or Deed.

Aim. Ay, and our going to *Brussels* was a good pretence enough for our sudden disappearing; and, I warrant you, our Friends imagine, that we are gone a Volunteering.

Arch. Why, 'faith, if this Proſpect fails, it muſt e'en come to that. I am for venturing one of the Hundreds, if you will, upon this Knight-Errantry; but in caſe it ſhould fail, we'll reſerve the other to carry us to ſome Counterſcarp, where we may die as we liv'd in a Blaze.

Aim. With all my Heart; and we have liv'd juſtly, *Archer*; we can't ſay that we have ſpent our Fortunes, but that we have enjoy'd 'em.

Arch. Right; ſo much Pleaſure for ſo much Money; we have had our Pennyworths; and had I Millions, I wou'd go to the ſame Market again. O *London*, *London!* well, we have had our Share, and let us be thankful: Paſt Pleaſures, for ought I know, are beſt, ſuch as we are ſure of; thoſe to come may diſappoint us.

Aim. It has often griev'd the Heart of me, to ſee how ſome inhumane Wretches murther their kind Fortunes; thoſe that by ſacrificing all to one Appetite, ſhall ſtarve all the reſt.—— You ſhall have ſome that live only in their Palates, and in their Senſe of Taſting ſhall drown the other Four: Others are only Epicures in Appearances, ſuch who ſhall ſtarve their Nights to make a Figure a Days, and famiſh their own to feed the Eyes of others: A contrary ſort confine their Pleaſures to the Dark, and contract their ſpacious Acres to the Circuit of a Muff-ſtring.

Arch. Right; but they find the *Indies* in that Spot where they conſume 'em, and I think, your kind Keepers have much the beſt on't; for they indulge the moſt Senſes by one Expence, there's the Seeing, Hearing, and Feeling, amply gratify'd; and ſome Philoſophers will tell you, that from ſuch a Commerce, there ariſes a ſixth Senſe, that gives infinitely more Pleaſure than the other five put together.

Aim. And to paſs to the other Extremity, of all Keepers, I think thoſe the worſt that keep their Money.

Arch. Thoſe are the moſt miſerable Wights in Being, they deſtroy the Rights of Nature, and diſappoint the Bleſſings of Providence: Give me a Man that keeps his Five Senſes keen and bright as his Sword, that has 'em always drawn out in their juſt Order and Strength, with his Reaſon, as Commander at the Head of 'em, that detaches 'em by turns upon whatever Party of Pleaſure agreeably offers, and commands 'em to retreat upon the leaſt Appearance of Diſadvantage or Danger:———For my part, I can ſtick to my Bottle, while my Wine, my Company, and my Reaſon, holds good; I can be charm'd with *Sappho*'s Singing, without falling in Love with her Face: I love Hunting, but wou'd not, like *Acteon*, be

eaten

eaten up by my own Dogs; I love a fine Houſe, but let another keep it; and juſt ſo I love a fine Woman.

Aim. In that laſt Particular you have the better of me.

Arch. Ay, you're ſuch an amorous Puppy, that I'm afraid you'll ſpoil our Sport; you can't counterfeit the Paſſion without feeling it.

Aim. Tho' the whining part be out of Doors in Town, 'tis ſtill in Force with the Country Ladies:——And let me tell you, *Frank*, the Fool in that Paſſion ſhall out-do the Knave at any time.

Arch. Well, I won't diſpute it now; you command for the Day, and ſo I ſubmit:——At *Nottingham*, you know, I am to be Maſter.

Aim. And at *Lincoln*, I again.

Arch. Then, at *Norwich* I mount, which, I think, ſhall be our laſt Stage; for, if we fail there, we'll embark for *Holland*, bid adieu to *Venus*, and welcome *Mars*.

Aim. A Match! [*Enter* Bonniface.] Mum.

Bon. What will your Worſhip pleaſe to have for Supper?

Aim. What have you got?

Bon. Sir, we have a delicate piece of Beef in the Pot, and a Pig at the Fire.

Aim. Good Supper-meat, I muſt confeſs.——I can't eat Beef, Landlord.

Arch. And I hate Pig.

Aim. Hold your prating, Sirrah, do you know who you are?

Bon. Pleaſe to beſpeak ſomething elſe; I have every thing in the Houſe.

Aim. Have you any Veal?

Bon. Veal! Sir, we had a delicate Loin of Veal on *Wedneſday* laſt.

Aim. Have you got any Fiſh or Wildfowl?

Bon. As for Fiſh, truly, Sir, we are an Inland Town, and indifferently provided with Fiſh, that's the truth on't; and then for Wildfowl——We have a delicate Couple of Rabbets.

Aim. Get me the Rabbets fricaſy'd.

Bon. Fricaſy'd! Lard, Sir, they'll eat much better ſmother'd with Onions.

Arch. Pſhaw! damn your Onions.

Aim. Again, Sirrah!——Well, Landlord, what you pleaſe; but hold, I have a ſmall Charge of Money, and your Houſe is ſo full of Strangers, that I believe it may be ſafer in your Cuſtody than mine; for when this Fellow of mine gets

drunk he minds nothing.———Here, Sirrah, reach me the ſtrong Box.

Arch. Yes, Sir,——this will give us Reputation. [*Aſide.*

[*Brings the Box.*

Aim. Here, Landlord, the Locks are ſealed down both for your Security and mine; it holds ſomewhat above Two hundred Pound; if you doubt it, I'll count it to you after Supper; but be ſure you lay it where I may have it at a Minute's warning; for my Affairs are a little dubious at preſent; perhaps I may be gone in half an Hour, perhaps I may be your Gueſt till the beſt part of that be ſpent; and pray order your Oſtler to keep my Horſes always ſadled: But one thing above the reſt I muſt beg, that you would let this Fellow have none of your *Anno Domini*, as you call it;———for he's the moſt inſufferable Sot——Here, Sirrah, light me to my Chamber.

[Exit, *lighted by* Archer.

Bon. Cherry, Daughter *Cherry*.

Enter Cherry.

Cher. D'ye call, Father?

Bon. Ay, Child, you muſt lay by this Box for the Gentleman, 'tis full of Money.

Cher. Money! all that Money! why ſure, Father, the Gentleman comes to be choſen Parliament-man. Who is he?

Bon. I don't know what to make of him; he talks of keeping his Horſes ready ſadled, and of going perhaps at a minute's warning, or of ſtaying perhaps till the beſt part of this be ſpent.

Cher. Ay! ten to one, Father, he's a Highway-man.

Bon. A Highway-man! upon my Life, Girl, you have hit it, and this Box is ſome new-purchaſed Booty.——Now, cou'd we find him out, the Money were ours.

Cher. He don't belong to our Gang.

Bon. What Horſes have they?

Cher. The Maſter rides upon a Black.

Bon. A Black! ten to one the Man upon the black Mare; and ſince he don't belong to our Fraternity, we may betray him with a ſafe Conſcience: I don't think it lawful to harbour any Rogues but my own.———Look'e, Child, as the Saying is, we muſt go cunningly to work; Proofs we muſt have; the Gentleman's Servant loves Drink, I'll ply him that way, and ten to one loves a Wench; you muſt work him t'other way.

Cher. Father, wou'd you have me give my Secret for his?

Bon.

Bon. Conſider, Child, there's Two hundred Pound to boot. [*Ringing without.*] Coming, coming.———Child, mind your buſineſs.

Cher. What a Rogue is my Father! my Father! I deny it. ——My Mother was a good, generous, free-hearted Woman, and I can't tell how far her good nature might have extended for the good of her Children. This Landlord of mine, for I think I can call him no more, would betray his Gueſt, and debauch his Daughter into the Bargain, ——by a Footman too!

Enter Archer.

Arch. What Footman, pray, Miſtreſs, is ſo happy as to be the Subject of your Contemplation?

Cher. Whoever he is, Friend, he'll be but little the better for't.

Arch. I hope ſo, for, I'm ſure, you did not think of me.

Cher. Suppoſe I had?

Arch. Why then you're but even with me; for the minute I came in, I was conſidering in what manner I ſhould make Love to you.

Cher. Love to me, Friend!

Arch. Yes, Child.

Cher. Child! Manners; if you kept a little more diſtance, Friend, it would become you much better.

Arch. Diſtance! good night, Sauce-box. [*Going.*

Cher. A pretty Fellow! I like his Pride.——Sir, pray, Sir, you ſee, Sir, [Archer *returns.*] I have the Credit to be intruſted with your Maſter's Fortune here, which ſets me a degree above his Footman; I hope, Sir, you a'n't affronted.

Arch. Let me look you full in the Face, and I'll tell you whether you can affront me or no.———S'death, Child, you have a pair of delicate Eyes, and you don't know what to do with 'em.

Cher. Why, Sir, don't I ſee every body?

Arch. Ay, but if ſome Women had 'em, they wou'd kill every body.———Prithee, inſtruct me, I wou'd fain make Love to you, but I don't know what to ſay.

Cher. Why, did you never make Love to any body before?

Arch. Never to a Perſon of your Figure, I can aſſure you, Madam; my Addreſſes have been always confin'd to People within my own Sphere, I never aſpir'd ſo high before.

But you look ſo bright,
And are dreſs'd ſo tight, &c. [*A Song.*

Cher. What can I think of this Man? [*Aſide.*] Will you give me that Song, Sir?

Arch. Ay, my Dear, take it while it is warm. [*Kiſſes her.*] Death and Fire! her Lips are Honey-combs.

Cher. And I wiſh there had been Bees too, to have ſtung you for your Impudence.

Arch. There's a ſwarm of *Cupids*, my little *Venus*, that has done the buſineſs much better.

Cher. This Fellow is misbegotten as well as I. [*Aſide.* What's your Name, Sir?

Arch. Name! I gad, I have forgot it. [*Aſide.*] Oh! *Martin*.

Cher. Where were you born?

Arch. In St. *Martin*'s Pariſh.

Cher. What was your Father?

Arch. St. *Martin*'s Pariſh.

Cher. Then, Friend, good night.

Arch. I hope not.

Cher. You may depend upon't.

Arch. Upon what?

Cher. That you're very impudent.

Arch. That you're very handſome.

Cher. That you're a Footman.

Arch. That you're an Angel.

Cher. I ſhall be rude.

Arch. So ſhall I.

Cher. Let go my Hand.

Arch. Give me a Kiſs. [*Kiſſes her.*

[*Call without*, Cherry, Cherry.

Cher. I'm———My Father calls; you plaguy Devil, how durſt you ſtop my Breath ſo? ———Offer to follow me one ſtep, if you dare.

Arch. A fair Challenge, by this Light; this is a pretty fair opening of an Adventure; but we are Knight-Errants, and ſo Fortune be our Guide. [*Exit.*

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Gallery in Lady* Bountiful's *Houſe.*

Mrs. Sullen *and* Dorinda *meeting.*

Dor. MOrrow, my dear Siſter; are you for Church this Morning?

Mrs. *Sul.* Any where to pray; for Heaven alone can help me: But I think, *Dorinda*, there's no Form of Prayer in the Liturgy againſt bad Husbands.

Dor. But there's a Form of Law in *Doctors-Commons*; and I ſwear, Siſter *Sullen*, rather than ſee you thus continually diſcontented, I would adviſe you to apply to that: For beſides the part that I bear in your vexatious Broils, as being Siſter to the Husband, and Friend to the Wife, your Examples give me ſuch an Impreſſion of Matrimony, that I ſhall be apt to condemn my Perſon to a long Vacation all its Life.——— But ſuppoſing, Madam, that you brought it to a Caſe of Separation, what can you urge againſt your Husband? My Brother is, firſt, the moſt conſtant Man alive.

Mrs. *Sul.* The moſt conſtant Husband, I grant ye.

Dor. He never ſleeps from you.

Mrs. *Sul.* No, he always ſleeps with me.

Dor. He allows you a Maintenance ſuitable to your Quality.

Mrs. *Sul.* A Maintenance! do you take me, Madam, for an Hoſpital Child, that I muſt ſit down, and bleſs my Benefactors, for Meat, Drink, and Cloaths? As I take it, Madam, I brought your Brother Ten thouſand Pounds, out of which I might expect ſome pretty things, call'd Pleaſures.

Dor. You ſhare in all the Pleaſures that the Country affords.

Mrs. *Sul.* Country Pleaſures! Racks and Torments! doſt think, Child, that my Limbs were made for leaping of Ditches, and clambring over Stiles; or that my Parents wiſely foreſeeing my future Happineſs in Country Pleaſures, had early inſtructed me in rural Accompliſhments of drinking fat Ale, playing at Whisk, and ſmoaking Tobacco with my Husband; or of ſpreading of Plaiſters, brewing of Diet-drinks, and ſtilling Roſemary-Water, with the good old Gentlewoman my Mother-in-Law?

Dor. I'm ſorry, Madam, that it is not more in our Power to divert

divert you; I cou'd wiſh, indeed, that our Entertainments were a little more polite, or your Taſte a little leſs refin'd: But, pray, Madam, how came the Poets and Philoſophers, that labour'd ſo much in hunting after Pleaſure, to place it at laſt in a Country Life?

Mrs. *Sul.* Becauſe they wanted Money, Child, to find out the Pleaſures of the Town: Did you ever ſee a Poet or Philoſopher worth Ten thouſand Pound? If you can ſhew me ſuch a Man, I'll lay you fifty Pound, you'll find him ſomewhere within the Weekly Bills.——Not that I diſapprove rural Pleaſures, as the Poets have painted them; in their Landſchape, every *Phillis* has her *Coridon*, every murmuring Stream, and every flowry Mead gives freſh Alarms to Love. ——Beſides, you'll find, that their Couples were never marry'd:——But yonder, I ſee my *Coridon*, and a ſweet Swain it is, Heaven knows.——Come, *Dorinda*, don't be angry, he's my Husband, and your Brother; and between both, is he not a ſad Brute?

Dor. I have nothing to ſay to your part of him, you're the beſt Judge.

Mrs. *Sul.* O Siſter, Siſter! if ever you marry, beware of a ſullen, ſilent Sot, one that's always muſing, but never thinks; ——There's ſome Diverſion in a talking Blockhead; and ſince a Woman muſt wear Chains, I wou'd have the Pleaſure of hearing 'em rattle a little.——Now you ſhall ſee, but take this by the way;——He came home this Morning at his uſual Hour of Four, waken'd me out of a ſweet Dream of ſomething elſe, by tumbling over the Tea-Table, which he broke all to pieces; after his Man and he had rowl'd about the Room, like ſick Paſſengers in a Storm, he comes flounce into Bed, dead as a Salmon into a Fiſhmonger's Basket; his Feet cold as Ice, his Breath hot as a Furnace, and his Hands and his Face as greaſie as his Flannel Night-Cap.——Oh Matrimony!——He toſſes up the Cloaths with a barbarous ſwing over his Shoulders, diſorders the whole Oeconomy of my Bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole Night's Comfort is the tuneable Serenade of that wakeful Nightingale, his Noſe.—— O the Pleaſure of counting the melancholy Clock by a ſnoaring Husband!——But now, Siſter, you ſhall ſee how handſomely, being a well-bred Man, he will beg my Pardon.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. My Head akes conſumedly.

Mrs. *Sul.* Will you be pleaſed, my Dear, to drink Tea with us this Morning? it may do your Head good.

Sul. No.

Dor. Coffee, Brother?

Sul. Pſhaw.

Mrs. *Sul.* Will you pleaſe to dreſs, and go to Church with me? the Air may help you.

Sul. Scrub.

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. Sir.

Sul. What Day o'th' Week is this?

Scrub. Sunday, a'n't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Sul. Sunday! bring me a Dram; and d'ye hear, ſet out the Veniſon-Paſty, and a Tankard of Strong Beer upon the Hall-Table, I'll go to Breakfaſt. [*Going.*

Dor. Stay, ſtay, Brother, you ſhan't get off ſo; you were very naught laſt Night, and muſt make your Wife Reparation; come, come, Brother, won't you ask Pardon?

Sul. For what?

Dor. For being drunk laſt Night.

Sul. I can afford it, can't I?

Mrs. *Sul.* But I can't, Sir.

Sul. Then you may let it alone.

Mrs. *Sul.* But I muſt tell you, Sir, that this is not to be born.

Sul. I'm glad on't.

Mrs. *Sul.* What is the Reaſon, Sir, that you uſe me thus inhumanly?

Sul. Scrub.

Scrub. Sir.

Sul. Get things ready to ſhave my Head. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Have a care of coming near his Temples, *Scrub*, for fear you meet ſomething there that may turn the Edge of your Razor———Inveterate Stupidity! Did you ever know ſo hard, ſo obſtinate a Spleen as his? O Siſter, Siſter! I ſhall never ha' good of the Beaſt till I get him to Town; *London*, dear *London* is the place for managing and breaking a Huſband.

Dor. And has not a Husband the ſame Opportunities there for humbling a Wife?

Mrs. *Sul.* No, no, Child, 'tis a ſtanding Maxim in Conjugal Diſcipline, that when a Man wou'd enſlave his Wife, he hurries her into the Country; and when a Lady would be arbitrary with her Husband, ſhe wheedles her Booby up to Town.———A Man dare not play the Tyrant in *London*, becauſe there are ſo many Examples to encourage the Subject to rebel. O *Dorinda*, *Dorinda!* a fine Woman may do any thing

thing in *London:* O' my Conſcience, ſhe may raiſe an Army of Forty thouſand Men.

Dor. I fancy, Siſter, you have a mind to be trying your Power, that way here in *Litchfield*; you have drawn the *French* Count to your Colours already.

Mrs. *Sul.* The *French* are a People that can't live without their Gallantries.

Dor. And ſome *Engliſh* that I know, Siſter, are not averſe to ſuch Amuſements.

Mrs. *Sul.* Well, Siſter, ſince the Truth muſt out, it may do as well now as hereafter; I think, one way to rouſe my Lethargick, ſottiſh Husband, is to give him a Rival; Security begets Negligence in all People, and Men muſt be alarm'd to make 'em alert in their Duty: Women are like Pictures, of no value in the Hands of a Fool, till he hears Men of Senſe bid high for the Purchaſe.

Dor. This might do, Siſter, if my Brother's Underſtanding were to be convinc'd into a Paſſion for you; but, I fancy, there's a natural Averſion of his ſide; and I fancy, Siſter, that you don't come much behind him, if you dealt fairly.

Mrs. *Sul.* I own it, we are united Contradictions, Fire and Water: But I cou'd be contented, with a great many other Wives, to humour the cenſorious Mob, and give the World an Appearance of living well with my Husband, cou'd I bring him but to diſſemble a little Kindneſs to keep me in Countenance.

Dor. But how do you know, Siſter, but that inſtead of rouſing your Husband by this Artifice to a counterfeit Kindneſs, he ſhould awake in a real Fury?

Mrs. *Sul.* Let him:———If I can't entice him to the one, I wou'd provoke him to the other.

Dor. But how muſt I behave my ſelf between ye?

Mrs. *Sul.* You muſt aſſiſt me.

Dor. What, againſt my own Brother?

Mrs. *Sul.* He's but half a Brother, and I'm your entire Friend: If I go a ſtep beyond the Bounds of Honour, leave me; till then, I expect you ſhould go along with me in every thing; while I truſt my Honour in your Hands, you may truſt your Brother's in mine———The Count is to dine here to Day.

Dor. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, Siſter, that I can't like that Man.

Mrs. *Sul.* You like nothing, your time is not come; Love and Death have their Fatalities, and ſtrike home one time or other;

other: ——You'll pay for all one Day, I warrant ye—— But come, my Lady's Tea is ready, and 'tis almoſt Church-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Inn.*

Enter Aimwell *dreſs'd, and* Archer.

Aim. And was ſhe the Daughter of the Houſe?

Arch. The Landlord is ſo blind as to think ſo; but I dare ſwear ſhe has better Blood in her Veins.

Aim. Why doſt think ſo?

Arch. Becauſe the Baggage has a pert *Je ne ſcai quoi*, ſhe reads Plays, keeps a Monkey, and is troubled with Vapours.

Aim. By which Diſcoveries, I gueſs that you know more of her.

Arch. Not yet, 'faith; the Lady gives her ſelf Airs, forſooth, nothing under a Gentleman.

Aim. Let me take her in hand.

Arch. Say one Word more o'that, and I'll declare my ſelf, ſpoil your Sport there, and every where elſe; look ye, *Aimwell*, every Man in his own Sphere.

Aim. Right; and therefore you muſt pimp for your Maſter.

Arch. In the uſual Forms, good Sir, after I have ſerv'd my ſelf.——But to our Buſineſs——You are ſo well dreſs'd, *Tom*, and make ſo handſome a Figure, that I fancy you may do Execution in a Country Church; the exterior part ſtrikes firſt, and you're in the right to make that Impreſſion favourable.

Aim. There's ſomething in that which may turn to Advantage: The Appearance of a Stranger in a Country Church draws as many Gazers as a Blazing-Star; no ſooner he comes into the Cathedral, but a Train of Whiſpers runs buzzing round the Congregation in a Moment: ——Who is he? Whence comes he? Do you know him?——Then I, Sir, tips me the Verger with half a Crown; he pockets the Simony, and inducts me into the beſt Pue in the Church, I pull out my Snuff-box, turn my ſelf round, bow to the Biſhop, or the Dean, if he be the commanding Officer; ſingle out a Beauty, rivet both my Eyes to hers, ſet my Noſe a bleeding by the Strength of Imagination, and ſhew the whole Church my Concern, by my endeavouring to hide it; after the Sermon, the whole Town gives me to her for a Lover, and by perſuading the Lady that I am a dying for her, the Tables are turn'd, and ſhe in good earneſt falls in Love with me?

Arch.

Arch. There's nothing in this, *Tom*, without a Precedent; but inſtead of Riveting your Eyes to a Beauty, try to fix 'em upon a Fortune, that's our Buſineſs at preſent.

Aim. Pſhaw, no Woman can be a Beauty without a Fortune.———Let me alone, for I am a Mark's-man.

Arch. Tom.

Aim. Ay.

Arch. When were you at Church before, pray?

Aim. Um———I was there at the Coronation.

Arch. And how can you expect a Bleſſing by going to Church now?

Aim. Bleſſing! nay, *Frank*, I ask but for a Wife. [*Exit.*

Arch. Truly, the Man is not very unreaſonable in his Demands. [Exit *at the oppoſite Door.*

Enter Bonniface *and* Cherry.

Bon. Well Daughter, as the Saying is, have you brought *Martin* to confeſs?

Cher. Pray, Father, don't put me upon getting any thing out of a Man; I'm but young you know, Father, and I don't underſtand Wheedling.

Bon. Young! why you Jade, as the Saying is, can any Woman wheedle that is not young? Your Mother was uſeleſs at five and twenty; not wheedle! Would you make your Mother a Whore, and me a Cuckold, as the Saying is? I tell you, his Silence confeſſes it, and his Maſter ſpends his Money ſo freely, and is ſo much a Gentleman every manner of way, that he muſt be a Highway-Man.

Enter Gibbet *in a Cloak.*

Gib. Landlord, Landlord, is the Coaſt clear?

Bon. O, Mr. *Gibbet*, what's the News?

Gib. No matter, ask no Queſtions, all fair and honourable; here, my dear *Cherry*, [*Gives her a Bag.*] Two hundred Sterling Pounds, as good as any that ever hang'd or ſav'd a Rogue; lay 'em by with the reſt, and here———Three Wedding or Mourning Rings, 'tis much the ſame you know——Here, two Silver-hilted Swords; I took thoſe from Fellows that never ſhew any part of their Swords but the Hilts: Here is a Diamond Necklace which the Lady hid in the privateſt place in the Coach, but I found it out: This Gold Watch I took from a Pawn-broker's Wife; it was left in her Hands by a Perſon of Quality, there's the Arms upon the Caſe.

Cher. But who had you the Money from?

Gib.

Gib. Ah! poor Woman! I pitied her;———From a poor Lady juſt elop'd from her Husband, ſhe had made up her Cargo, and was bound for *Ireland*, as hard as ſhe cou'd drive; ſhe told me of her Husband's barbarous Uſage, and ſo I left her half a Crown: But I had almoſt forgot, my dear *Cherry*, I have a Preſent for you.

Cher. What is't?

Gib. A Pot of Ceruſe, my Child, that I took out of a Lady's under Pocket.

Cher. What, Mr. *Gibbet*, do you think that I paint?

Gib. Why, you Jade, your Betters do; I'm ſure the Lady that I took it from had a Coronet upon her Handkerchief.——Here, take my Cloak, and go, ſecure the Premiſſes.

Cher. I will ſecure 'em. [*Exit.*

Bon. But, heark'e, where's *Hounſlow* and *Bagſhot*?

Gib. They'll be here to Night.

Bon. D'ye know of any other Gentlemen o'the Pad on this Road?

Gib. No.

Bon. I fancy that I have two that lodge in the Houſe juſt now.

Gib. The Devil! How d'ye ſmoak 'em?

Bon. Why, the one is gone to Church.

Gib. That's ſuſpicious, I muſt confeſs.

Bon. And the other is now in his Maſter's Chamber; he pretends to be Servant to the other, we'll call him out, and pump him a little.

Gib. With all my Heart.

Bon. Mr. *Martin*, Mr. *Martin*?

Enter Martin *combing a Perriwig, and ſinging.*

Gib. The Roads are conſumed deep, I'm as dirty as old *Brentford* at *Chriſtmas*——A good pretty Fellow that; who's Servant are you, Friend?

Arch. My Maſter's.

Gib. Really?

Arch. Really.

Gib. That's much.———The Fellow has been at the Bar by his Evaſions:————But, pray, Sir, what is your Maſter's Name?

Arch. Tall, all, dall; [*Sings and combs the Perriwig.*] This is the moſt obſtinate Curl———

Gib. I ask you his Name?

Arch. Name, Sir,———Tall, all, dall——— I never ask'd him his Name in my Life. Tall, all, dall.

Bon.

Bon. What think you now?

Gib. Plain, plain, he talks now as if he were before a Judge: But pray, Friend, which way does your Master travel?

Arch. A Horseback.

Gib. Very well again, an old Offender right——— But, I mean, does he go upwards or downwards?

Arch. Downwards, I fear, Sir: Tall, all.

Gib. I'm afraid my Fate will be a contrary way.

Bon. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. *Martin*, you're very arch——This Gentleman is only travelling towards *Chester*, and wou'd be glad of your Company, that's all———Come, Captain, you'll stay to Night, I suppose; I'll shew you a Chamber——Come, Captain.

Gib. Farewel Friend——— [*Exit.*

Arch. Captain, your Servant———Captain! a pretty Fellow; 'Sdeath, I wonder that the Officers of the Army don't conspire to beat all Scoundrels in Red but their own.

Enter Cherry.

Cher. Gone, and *Martin* here! I hope he did not listen; I wou'd have the Merit of the Discovery all my own, because I wou'd oblige him to love me. [*Aside.*] Mr. *Martin*, who was that Man with my Father?

Arch. Some Recruiting Serjeant, or whip'd out Trooper, I suppose.

Cher. All's safe, I find.

Arch. Come, my Dear, have you con'd over the Catechize I taught you last Night?

Cher. Come, question me.

Arch. What is Love?

Cher. Love is I know not what, it comes I know not how, and goes I know not when.

Arch. Very well, an apt Scholar. [*Chucks her under the Chin.*] Where does Love enter?

Cher. Into the Eyes.

Arch. And where go out?

Cher. I won't tell'e.

Arch. What are the Objects of that Passion?

Cher. Youth, Beauty and clean Linen.

Arch. The Reason?

Cher. The two first are fashionable in Nature, and the third at Court.

Arch. That's my Dear: What are the Signs and Tokens of that Passion?

Cher.

Cher. A ſtealing Look, a ſtammering Tongue, Words improbable, Deſigns impoſſible, and Actions impracticable.

Arch. That's my good Child, kiſs me.——What muſt a Lover do to obtain his Miſtreſs?

Cher. He muſt adore the Perſon that diſdains him, he muſt bribe the Chambermaid that betrays him, and court the Footman that laughs at him;——He muſt, he muſt——

Arch. Nay, Child, I muſt whip you if you don't mind your Leſſon; he muſt treat his——

Cher. O! ay, he muſt treat his Enemies with Reſpect, his Friends with Indifference, and all the World with Contempt; he muſt ſuffer much, and fear more; he muſt deſire much, and hope little; in ſhort, he muſt embrace his Ruin, and throw himſelf away.

Arch. Had ever Man ſo hopeful a Pupil as mine? Come, my Dear, why is Love call'd a Riddle?

Cher. Becauſe being blind, he leads thoſe that ſee, and tho' a Child, he governs a Man.

Arch. Mighty well!——And why is Love pictur'd blind?

Che, Becauſe the Painters out of their Weakneſs or Privilege of their Art choſe to hide thoſe Eyes that they cou'd not draw.

Arch. That's my dear little Scholar, kiſs me again.——And why ſhou'd Love, that's a Child, govern a Man?

Cher. Becauſe that a Child is the end of Love.

Arch. And ſo ends Love's Catechiſm.—— And now, my Dear, we'll go in and make my Maſter's Bed.

Cher. Hold, hold, Mr. *Martin,*——You have taken a great deal of Pains to inſtruct me, and what d'ye think I have learnt by it?

Arch. What?

Cher. That your Diſcourſe and your Habit are Contradictions, and it wou'd be Nonſenſe in me to believe you a Footman any longer.

Arch. 'Oons, what a Witch it is!

Cher. Depend upon this, Sir, nothing in this Garb ſhall ever tempt me; for tho' I was born to Servitude, I hate it——Own your Condition, ſwear you love me, and then——

Arch. And then we ſhall go make the Bed.

Cher. Yes.

Arch. You muſt know then, that I am born a Gentleman, my Education was liberal; but I went to *London* a younger Brother, fell into the Hands of Sharpers, who ſtript me of my

Money, my Friends disown'd me, and now my Necessity brings me to what you see.

Cher. Then take my Hand——— promise to marry me before you sleep, and I'll make you Master of two thousand Pounds.

Arch. How!

Cher. Two thousand Pound that I have this Minute in my own Custody; so throw off your Livery this Instant, and I'll go find a Parson.

Arch. What said you? a Parson!

Cher. What! Do you scruple?

Arch. Scruple! No, no, but——two thousand Pound, you say?

Cher. And better.

Arch. 'Sdeath, what shall I do?——But hearke, Child, what need you make me Master of your self and Money, when you may have the same Pleasure out of me, and still keep your Fortune in your Hands?

Cher. Then you won't marry me?

Arch. I would marry you, but———

Cher. O sweet Sir, I'm your humble Servant, you're fairly caught: wou'd you persuade me that any Gentleman who cou'd bear the Scandal of wearing a Livery, wou'd refuse two thousand Pound, let the Condition be what it wou'd——no, no, Sir,———but I hope you'll pardon the Freedom I have taken, since it was only to inform my self of the Respect that I ought to pay you.

Arch. Fairly bit, by *Jupiter*——hold, hold; and have you actually two thousand Pounds?

Cher. Sir, I have my Secrets as well as you———— when you please to be more open, I shall be more free, and be assur'd that I have Discoveries that will match yours, be what they will————In the mean while be satisfy'd that no Discovery I make shall ever hurt you, but beware of my Father.———

Arch. So————we're like to have as many Adventures in our Inn, as *Don Quixote* had in his ——— let me see——— two thousand Pounds! If the Wench wou'd promise to die when the Money were spent, I gad, one wou'd marry her; but the Fortune may go off in a Year or two, and the Wife may live————Lord knows how long! Then an Inn-Keeper's Daughter; ay, that's the Devil——there my Pride brings me off.

For whatſoe'r the Sages charge on Pride,
The Angels fall, and twenty Faults beſide,
On Earth, I'm ſure, 'mong us of mortal Calling,
Pride ſaves Man oft, and Woman too from falling. [Exit.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter Mrs. Sullen, Dorinda.

Mrs. *Sul.* HA, ha, ha, my dear Siſter, let me embrace thee, now we are Friends indeed; For I ſhall have a Secret of yours, as a Pledge for mine———now you'll be good for ſomething, I ſhall have you converſable in the Subjects of the Sex.

Dor. But do you think that I am ſo weak as to fall in Love with a Fellow at firſt ſight?

Mrs. *Sul.* Pſhaw! Now you ſpoil all, why ſhou'd not we be as free in our Friendſhips as the Men? I warrant you, the Gentleman has got to his Confident already, has avow'd his Paſſion, toaſted your Health, call'd you ten thouſand Angels; has run over your Lips, Eyes, Neck, Shape, Air, and every thing, in a Deſcription that warms their Mirth to a ſecond Enjoyment.

Dor. Your hand, Siſter, I a'n't well.

Mrs. *Sul.* So——ſhe's breeding already———come, Child, up with it——hem a little——ſo——now tell me, don't you like the Gentleman that we ſaw at Church juſt now?

Dor. The Man's well enough.

Mrs. *Sul.* Well enough! Is he not a Demi-God, a *Narciſſus*, a Star, the Man i'the Moon?

Dor. O Siſter, I'm extremely ill.

Mrs. *Sul.* Shall I ſend to your Mother, Child, for a little of her Cephalick Plaiſter to put to the Soles of your Feet? or ſhall I ſend to the Gentleman for ſomething for you?——— Come, unlace your Stays, unboſome your ſelf——the Man is perfectly a pretty Fellow, I ſaw him when he firſt came into Church.

Dor. I saw him too, Sister, and with an Air that shone, methought like Rays about his Person.

Mrs. *Sul.* Well said, up with it.

Dor. No forward Coquet Behaviour, no Airs to set him off, no study'd Looks nor artful Posture,——but Nature did it all——

Mrs. *Sul.* Better and better——one Touch more——come——

Dor. But then his Looks——did you observe his Eyes?

Mrs. *Sul.* Yes, yes, I did——his Eyes, well, what of his Eyes?

Dor. Sprightly, but not wandring; they seem'd to view, but never gaz'd on any thing but me——and then his Looks so humble were, and yet so noble, that they aim'd to tell me that he cou'd with Pride die at my Feet, tho' he scorn'd Slavery any where else.

Mrs. *Sul.* The Physick works purely——How d'ye find your self now, my Dear?

Dor. Hem! Much better, my Dear——O here comes our Mercury! [*Enter* Scrub.] Well, *Scrub*, what News of the Gentleman?

Scrub. Madam, I have brought you a Packet of News.

Dor. Open it quickly, come.

Scrub. In the first Place I enquir'd who the Gentleman was? They told me he was a Stranger. Secondly, I ask'd what the Gentleman was? They answer'd and said, That they never saw him before. Thirdly, I enquir'd what Countryman he was? They reply'd, 'twas more than they knew. Fourthly, I demanded whence he came? Their Answer was, they cou'd not tell. And Fifthly, I ask'd whither he went? And they reply'd, they knew nothing of the Matter,——and this is all I cou'd learn.

Mrs. *Sul.* But what do the People say? Can't they guess?

Scrub. Why some think he's a Spy, some guess he's a Mountebank, some say one thing, some another; but for my own part, I believe he's a Jesuit?

Dor. A Jesuit! Why a Jesuit?

Scrub. Because he keeps his Horses always ready saddled, and his Footman talks *French*.

Mrs. *Sul.* His Footman!

Scrub. Ay, he and the Count's Footman were gabbering *French* like two intriguing Ducks in a Mill-Pond, and I believe they talk'd of me, for they laugh'd consumedly.

Dor.

Dor. What sort of Livery has the Footman?

Scrub. Livery! Lord, Madam, I took him for a Captain, he's so bedizen'd with Lace, and then he has Tops to his Shoes, up to his mid Leg, a silver headed Cane dangling at his Nuckles——he carries his Hands in his Pockets just so——[*Walks in the French Air.*] and has a fine long Periwig ty'd up in a Bag————Lord, Madam, he's clear another sort of Man than I.

Mrs. *Sul.* That may easily be————but what shall we do now, Sister?

Dor. I have it——This Fellow has a world of Simplicity, and some Cunning, the first hides the latter by abundance, ——*Scrub.*

Scrub. Madam.

Dor. We have a great mind to know who this Gentleman is, only for our Satisfaction.

Scrub. Yes, Madam, it would be a Satisfaction, no doubt.

Dor. You must go and get acquainted with his Footman, and invite him hither to drink a Bottle of your Ale, because you're Butler to Day.

Scrub. Yes, Madam, I am Butler every *Sunday*.

Mrs. *Sul.* O brave! Sister, O my Conscience, you understand the Mathematicks already———'Tis the best Plot in the World; your Mother, you know, will be gone to Church, my Spouse will be got to the Ale-house with his Scoundrels, and the House will be our own——so we drop in by accident, and ask the Fellow some Questions our selves. In the Country, you know, any Sranger is Company, and we're glad to take up with the Butler in a Country Dance, and happy if he'll do us the Favour.

Scrub. Oh! Madam, you wrong me; I never refus'd your Ladyship the Favour in my Life.

Enter Gipsey.

Gip. Ladies, Dinner's upon Table.

Dor. Scrub. We'll excuse your Waiting————Go where we order'd you.

Scrub. I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Inn.*

Enter Aimwell *and* Archer.

Arch. Well, *Tom*, I find you're a Marksman.

Aim. A Marksman! who so blind cou'd be, as not discern a Swan among the Ravens.

Arch. Well, but heark'e, *Aimwell.*

Aim. Aimwell! call me *Oroondates*, *Ceſario*, *Amadis*, all that Romance can in a Lover paint, and then I'll anſwer. O *Archer*, I read her thouſands in her Looks, ſhe look'd like *Ceres* in her Harveſt, Corn, Wine and Oil, Milk and Honey, Gardens, Groves and purling Streams, play'd on her plenteous Face.

Arch. Her Face! her Pocket, you mean; the Corn, Wine and Oil, lies there. In ſhort, ſhe has Ten thouſand Pound, that's the Engliſh on't.

Aim. Her Eyes.———

Arch. Are Demi-Canons, to be ſure; ſo I won't ſtand their Battery. [*Going.*

Aim. Pray, excuſe me, my Paſſion muſt have vent.

Arch. Paſſion! what a plague, d'ye think theſe Romantick Airs will do our Buſineſs? Were my Temper as extravagant as yours, my Adventures have ſomething more Romantick by half.

Aim. Your Adventures!

Arch. Yes, the Nymph that with her twice Ten hundred Pounds.

With brazen Engine hot, and Quoif clear ſtarch'd,
Can fire the Gueſt in warming of the Bed———

There's a touch of Sublime *Milton* for you, and the Subject but an Inn-keeper's Daughter: I can play with a Girl as an Angler does with his Fiſh; he keeps it at the end of his Line, runs it up the Stream, and down the Stream, till at laſt, he brings it to hand, tickles the Trout, and ſo whips it into his Basket.

Enter Bonniface.

Bon. Mr. *Martin*, as the Saying is———yonder's an honeſt Fellow below, my Lady *Bountiful*'s Butler, who begs the Honour that you wou'd go home with him and ſee his Cellar.

Arch. Do my *Baiſemains* to the Gentleman, and tell him I will do my ſelf the Honour to wait on him immediately.

[*Exit* Bonniface.

Aim. What do I hear? ſoft *Orpheus* play, and fair *Toftida* Sing?

Arch. Pſhaw! damn your Raptures; I tell you, here's a Pump going to be put into the Veſſel, and the Ship will get into Harbour, my Life on't. You ſay, there's another Lady very handſome there.

Aim. Yes, faith.

Arch. I'm in love with her already.

Aim.

Aim. Can't you give me a Bill upon *Cherry* in the mean time.

Arch. No, no, Friend, all her Corn, Wine and Oil, is ingroſs'd to my Market.————And once more I warn you, to keep your Anchorage clear of mine; for if you fall foul on me, by this Light you ſhall go to the bottom.————What! make Prize of my little Frigat, while I am upon the Cruiſe for you. [*Exit.*

Enter Bonniface.

Aim. Well, well, I won't————————Landlord; have you any tolerable Company in the Houſe? I don't care for dining alone.

Bon. Yes, Sir, there's a Captain below, as the Saying is, that arriv'd about an Hour ago.

Aim. Gentlemen of his Coat are welcome every where; will you make him a Compliment from me, and tell him I ſhould be glad of his Company?

Bon. Who ſhall I tell him, Sir, wou'd?————

Aim. Ha! that Stroak was well thrown in————I'm only a Traveller, like himſelf, and wou'd be glad of his Company, that's all.

Bon. I obey your Commands, as the Saying is. [*Exit.*

Enter Archer.

Arch. 'Sdeath! I had forgot; what Title will you give your ſelf?

Aim. My Brother's, to be ſure; he wou'd never give me any thing elſe, ſo I'll make bold with his Honour this bout——you know the reſt of your Cue.

Arch. Ay, ay. [*Exit.*

Enter Gibbet.

Gib. Sir, I'm yours.

Aim. 'Tis more than I deſerve, Sir, for I don't know you.

Gib. I don't wonder at that, Sir, for you never ſaw me before, I hope. [*Aſide.*

Aim. And pray, Sir, how came I by the Honour of ſeeing you now?

Gib. Sir, I ſcorn to intrude upon any Gentleman——but my Landlord————

Aim. O, Sir, I ask your Pardon, you're the Captain he told me of.

Gib. At your Service, Sir.

Aim. What Regiment? may I be ſo bold?

Gib. A marching Regiment, Sir, an old Corps.

Aim. Very old, if your Coat be Regimental, [*Aſide.*] you have ſerv'd abroad, Sir.

Gib. Yes, Sir, in the Plantations, 'twas my Lot to be ſent into the worſt Service; I wou'd have quitted it indeed, but a Man of Honour, you know———Beſides, 'twas for the good of my Country that I ſhou'd be abroad———Any thing for the good of one's Country———I'm a *Roman* for that.

Aim. One of the firſt, I'll lay my Life [*Aſide.*] You found the *Weſt-Indies* very hot, Sir.

Gib. Ay, Sir, too hot for me.

Aim. Pray, Sir, ha'n't I ſeen your Face at *Will*'s Coffee-houſe?

Gib. Yes, Sir, and at *White*'s too.

Aim. And where is your Company now, Captain?

Gib. They a'n't come yet.

Aim. Why, d'ye expect 'em here?

Gib. They'll be here to Night, Sir.

Aim. Which way do they march?

Gib. A croſs the Country———The Devil's in't, if I ha'n't ſaid enough to encourage him to declare——but I'm afraid he's not right, I muſt tack about.

Aim. Is your Company to quarter in *Litchfield*?

Gib. In this Houſe, Sir.

Aim. What! all?

Gib. My Company's but thin, ha, ha, ha, we are but three, ha, ha, ha.

Aim. You're merry, Sir.

Gib. Ay, Sir, you muſt excuſe me, Sir, I underſtand the World, eſpecially the Art of Travelling: I don't care, Sir, for anſwering Queſtions directly upon the Road——for I generally ride with a Charge about me.

Aim. Three or four, I believe. [*Aſide.*

Gib. I am credibly inform'd that there are Highway-men upon this Quarter; not, Sir, that I cou'd ſuſpect a Gentleman of your Figure———But truly, Sir, I have got ſuch a way of Evaſion upon the Road, that I don't care for ſpeaking Truth to any Man.

Aim. Your Caution may be neceſſary———Then I preſume you're no Captain.

Gib. Not I, Sir, Captain is a good travelling Name, and ſo I take it; it ſtops a great many fooliſh Inquiries that are generally made about Gentlemen that travel; it gives a Man an Air of ſomething, and makes the Drawers obedient——And thus far I am a Captain, and no farther.

Aim.

Aim. And pray, Sir, what is your true Profeſſion ?

Gib. O, Sir, you muſt excuſe me———upon my Word, Sir, I don't think it ſafe to tell ye.

Aim. Ha, ha, ha, upon my word, I commend you.

Enter Bonniface.

Well, Mr. *Bonniface*, what's the News ?

Bon. There's another Gentleman below, as the Saying is, that hearing you were but two, wou'd be glad to make the third Man, if you wou'd give him leave.

Aim. What is he ?

Bon. A Clergyman, as the Saying is.

Aim. A Clergyman ! is he really a Clergyman ? or, is it only his travelling Name, as my Friend the Captain has it ?

Bon. O, Sir, he's a Prieſt, and Chaplain to the *French* Officers in Town.

Aim. Is he a Frenchman ?

Bon. Yes, Sir, born at *Bruſſels*.

Gib. A Frenchman, and a Prieſt ! I wo'n't be ſeen in his Company, Sir ; I have a Value for my Reputation, Sir.

Aim. Nay, but Captain, ſince we are by our ſelves——— Can he ſpeak *Engliſh*, Landlord ?

Bon. Very well, Sir ; you may know him, as the Saying is, to be a Foreigner by his Accent, and that's all.

Aim. Then he has been in *England* before ?

Bon. Never, Sir ; but he's a Maſter of Languages, as the Saying is ; he talks Latin, it does me good to hear him talk *Latin*.

Aim. Then you underſtand *Latin*, Mr. *Bonniface* ?

Bon. Not I, Sir, as the Saying is ; but he talks it ſo very faſt, that I'm ſure it muſt be good.

Aim. Pray, deſire him to walk up.

Bon. Here he is, as the Saying is.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Save you, Gentlemens, both.

Aim. A Frenchman ! Sir, your moſt humble Servant.

Foig. Och, dear Joy, I am your moſt faithful Shervant, and yours alſho.

Gib. Doctor, you talk very good *Engliſh*, but you have a mighty Twang of the Foreigner.

Foig. My *Engliſh* is very vell for the vords, but we Foreigners, you know, cannot bring our Tongues about the Pronunciation ſo ſoon.

Aim. A Foreigner ! a downright Teague, by this Light. [*Aſide*] Were you born in *France*, Doctor ?

Foig.

Foig. I was educated in *France*, but I was borned at *Bruſſels*; I am a Subject of the King of *Spain*, Joy.

Gib. What King of *Spain*, Sir? ſpeak.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, Joy, I cannot tell you as yet.

Aim. Nay, Captain, that was too hard upon the Doctor, he's a Stranger.

Foig. O let him alone, dear Joy, I am of a Nation that is not eaſily put out of Countenace.

Aim. Come, Gentlemen, I'll end the Diſpute.——Here, Landlord, is Dinner ready?

Bon. Upon the Table, as the Saying is.

Aim. Gentlemen——pray——that Door——

Foig. No, no fait, the Captain muſt lead.

Aim. No, Doctor, the Church is our Guide.

Gib. Ay, ay, ſo it is.—— [Exit *foremoſt*, *they follow.*

SCENE *changes to a Gallery in Lady* Bountiful's *Houſe.*

Enter Archer *and* Scrub *ſinging, and hugging one another*; Scrub *with a Tankard in his Hand*, Gipſey *liſtning at a diſtance.*

Scrub. Tall, all, dall——Come, my dear Boy——let's have that Song once more.

Arch. No, no, we ſhall diſturb the Family: —— But will you be ſure to keep the Secret?

Scrub. Pho! upon my Honour, as I'm a Gentleman.

Arch. 'Tis enough.——You muſt know then, that my Maſter is the Lord Viſcount *Aimwell*; he fought a Duel t'other Day in *London*, wounded his Man ſo dangerouſly, that he thinks fit to withdraw till he hears whether the Gentleman's Wounds be mortal or not: He never was in this part of *England* before, ſo he choſe to retire to this Place, that's all.

Gip. And that's enough for me. [*Exit.*

Scrub. And where were you when your Maſter fought?

Arch. We never know of our Maſter's Quarrels.

Scrub. No! if our Maſters in the Country here receive a Challenge, the firſt thing they do, is to tell their Wives; the Wife tells the Servants, the Servants alarm the Tenants, and in half an Hour, you ſhall have the whole County in Arms.

Arch. To hinder two Men from doing what they have no mind for——But if you ſhould chance to talk now of my Buſineſs?

Scrub. Talk! ay, Sir, had I not learn'd the knack of holding

ing my Tongue, I had never liv'd so long in a great Family.

Arch. Ay, ay, to be sure, there are Secrets in all Families.

Scrub. Secrets, ay ;——but I'll say no more.——Come, sit down, we'll make an end of our Tankard: Here———.

Arch. With all my Heart ; who knows but you and I may come to be better acquainted, eh———Here's your Ladies Healths ; you have three, I think, and to be sure there must be Secrets among 'em.

Scrub. Secrets! Ay, Friend; I wish I had a Friend.———

Arch. Am not I your Friend? Come, you and I will be sworn Brothers.

Scrub. Shall we?

Arch. From this Minute,——Give me a Kiss——And now Brother *Scrub*.———

Scrub. And now, Brother *Martin*, I will tell you a Secret that will make your Hair stand an end:——You must know, that I am consumedly in Love.

Arch. That's a terrible Secret, that's the truth on't.

Scrub. That Jade, *Gipsey*, that was with us just now in the Cellar, is the arranteſt Whore that ever wore a Petticoat ; and I'm dying for Love of her.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha——Are you in Love with her Person, or her Vertue, Brother *Scrub*?

Scrub. I should like Vertue best, because it is more durable than Beauty: for Vertue holds good with some Women long, and many a Day after they have lost it.

Arch. In the Country, I grant ye, where no Woman's Vertue is lost, till a Bastard be found.

Scrub. Ay, cou'd I bring her to a Bastard, I shou'd have her all to my self ; but I dare not put it upon that Lay, for fear of being sent for a Soldier.———Pray, Brother, how do you Gentlemen in *London* like that same Pressing Act?

Arch. Very ill, Brother *Scrub*;——'Tis the worst that ever was made for us:———Formerly I remember the good Days, when we cou'd dun our Masters for our Wages, and if they refused to pay us, we cou'd have a Warrant to carry 'em before a Justice: but now if we talk of eating, they have a Warrant for us, and carry us before three Justices.

Scrub. And to be sure we go, if we talk of eating ; for the Justices wo'n't give their own Servants a bad Example. Now this is my Misfortune———I dare not speak in the House, while that Jade, *Gipsey*, dings about like a Fury———Once I had the better end of the Staff.

Arch.

Arch. And how comes the Change now?

Scrub. Why, the Mother of all this Miſchief is a Prieſt.

Arch. A Prieſt!

Scrub. Ay, a damn'd Son of a Whore of *Babylon*, that came over hither to ſay Grace to the *French* Officers, and eat up our Proviſions———There's not a Day goes over his Head without a Dinner or Supper in this Houſe.

Arch. How came he ſo familiar in the Family?

Scrub. Becauſe he ſpeaks *Engliſh* as if he had liv'd here all his Life, and tells Lies as if he had been a Traveller from his Cradle.

Arch. And this Prieſt, I'm afraid, has converted the Affections of your *Gipſey*.

Scrub. Converted! ay, and perverted, my dear Friend——For, I'm afraid, he has made her a Whore and a Papiſt.——But this is not all; there's the *French* Count and Mrs. *Sullen*, they're in the Confederacy, and for ſome private Ends of their own to be ſure.

Arch. A very hopeful Family yours, Brother *Scrub*; I ſuppoſe the Maiden Lady has her Lover too.

Scrub. Not that I know———She's the beſt on 'em, that's the Truth on't: But they take care to prevent my Curioſity, by giving me ſo much Buſineſs, that I'm a perfect Slave.——What d've think is my Place in this Family?

Arch. Butler, I ſuppoſe.

Scrub. Ah, Lord help you———I'll tell you———Of a *Monday* I drive the Coach, of a *Tueſday* I drive the Plough, on *Wedneſday* I follow the Hounds, a *Thurſday* I dun the Tenants, on *Friday* I go to Market, on *Saturday* I draw Warrants, and a *Sunday* I draw Beer.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha! if Variety be a Pleaſure in Life, you have enough on't, my dear Brother———But what Ladies are thoſe?

Arch. Ours, ours; that upon the right Hand is Mrs. *Sullen*, and the other is Mrs. *Dorinda*———Don't mind 'em, ſit ſtill, Man——

Enter Mrs. Sullen *and* Dorinda.

Mrs. *Sul.* I have heard my Brother talk of my Lord *Aimwell*, but they ſay that his Brother is the finer Gentleman.

Dor. That's impoſſible, Siſter.

Mrs. *Sul.* He's vaſtly rich, and very cloſe, they ſay.

Dor. No matter for that; if I can creep into his Heart, I'll open his Breaſt, I warrant him: I have heard ſay, that Peo-

ple

ple may be gueſs'd at by the Behaviour of their Servants; I cou'd wiſh we might talk to that Fellow.

Mrs. *Sul.* So do I; for, I think, he's a very pretty Fellow: Come this way, I'll throw out a Lure for him preſently.

[*They walk a turn towards the oppoſite ſide of the Stage,* Mrs. Sullen *drops her Glove,* Archer *runs, takes it up, and gives it to her.*]

Arch. Corn, Wine and Oil indeed——But, I think, the Wife has the greateſt Plenty of Fleſh and Blood; ſhe ſhould be my Choice——Ay, ay, ſay you ſo——Madam——Your Ladyſhip's Glove.

Mrs. *Sul.* O Sir, I thank you——What a handſome Bow the Fellow has?

Dor. Bow! Why I have known ſeveral Footmen come down from *London* ſet up here for Dancing-Maſters, and carry off the beſt Fortunes in the Country.

Arch. [*Aſide.*] That Project, for ought I know, had been better than ours, Brother *Scrub*——Why don't you introduce me?

Scrub. Ladies, this is the ſtrange Gentleman's Servant that you ſee at Church to Day; I underſtood he came from *London*, and ſo I invited him to the Cellar, that he might ſhow me the neweſt Flouriſh in whetting my Knives.

Dor. And I hope you have made much of him?

Arch. O yes, Madam, but the Strength of your Ladyſhip's Liquor is a little too potent for the Conſtitution of your humble Servant.

Mrs. *Sul.* What then you don't uſually drink Ale?

Arch. No, Madam, my conſtant Drink is Tea, or a little Wine and Water; 'tis preſcrib'd me by the Phyſician for a Remedy againſt the Spleen.

Scrub. O la! O la!——A Footman have the Spleen——

Mrs. *Sul.* I thought that Diſtemper had been only proper to People of Quality.

Arch. Madam, like all other Faſhions it wears out, and ſo deſcends to their Servants; tho' in a great many of us, I believe, it proceeds from ſome melancholy Particles in the Blood, occaſion'd by the Stagnation of Wages.

Dor. How affectedly the Fellow talks——How long, pray, have you ſerv'd your preſent Maſter?

Arch. Not long; my Life has been moſtly ſpent in the Service of the Ladies.

Mrs. *Sul.* And pray, which Service do you like beſt?

Arch.

Arch. Madam, the Ladies pay beſt; the Honour of ſerving them is ſufficient Wages; there is a Charm in their Looks that delivers a Pleaſure with their Commands, and gives our Duty the Wings of Inclination.

Mrs. *Sul.* That Flight was above the Pitch of a Livery; and Sir, wou'd not you be ſatisfy'd to ſerve a Lady again?

Arch. As a Groom of a Chamber, Madam, but not as a Footman.

Mrs. *Sul.* I ſuppoſe you ſerv'd as Footman before.

Arch. For that Reaſon I wou'd not ſerve in that Poſt again; for my Memory is too weak for the Load of Meſſages that the Ladies lay upon their Servants in *London*: My Lady *Howd'ye*, the laſt Miſtreſs I ſerv'd, call'd me up one Morning, and told me, *Martin*, go to my Lady *Allnight* with my humble Service; tell her I was to wait on her Ladyſhip Yeſterday, and left word with Mrs. *Rebecca*, that the Preliminaries of the Affair ſhe knows of, are ſtopt till we know the Concurrence of the Perſon that I know of, for which there are Circumſtances wanting which we ſhall accomodate at the old Place; but that in the mean time there is a Perſon about her Ladyſhip, that from ſeveral Hints and Surmiſes, was acceſſary at a certain time to the Diſappointments that naturally attend things, that to her Knowledge are of more Importance———

Mrs. *Sul.* } Ha, ha, ha, where are you going, Sir?
Dor. }

Arch. Why, I ha'n't half done——— The whole Howd'ye was about half an Hour long; ſo I happen'd to miſplace two Syllables, and was turn'd off, and render'd incapable.———

Dor. The pleaſanteſt Fellow, Siſter, I ever ſaw.———But, Friend, if your Maſter be marry'd,———I preſume you ſtill ſerve a Lady.

Arch. No, Madam, I take care never to come into a marry'd Family; the Commands of the Maſter and Miſtreſs are always too contrary, that 'tis impoſſible to pleaſe both.

Dor. There's a main Point gain'd.——My Lord is not marry'd, I find. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Sul.* But I wonder, Friend, that in ſo many good Services, you had not a better Proviſion made for you.

Arch. I don't know how, Madam.——I had a Lieutenancy offer'd me three or four times; but that is not Bread, Madam——I live much better as I do.

Scrub. Madam, he ſings rarely———I was thought to do pretty well here in the Country till he came; but alack a day, I'm nothing to my Brother *Martin*.

Dor.

Dor. Does he? Pray, Sir, will you oblige us with a Song?

Arch. Are you for Paſſion or Humour?

Scrub. O le! He has the pureſt Ballad about a Trifle———

Mrs. *Sul.* A Trifle! Pray, Sir, let's have it.

Arch. I'm aſham'd to offer you a Trifle, Madam: But ſince you command me.———

[*Sings to the Tune of Sir* Simon *the King.*

A Trifling Song you ſhall hear,
Begun with a Trifle and ended, &c.

Mrs. *Sul.* Very well, Sir, we're oblig'd to you———Something for a pair of Gloves. [*Offering him Money.*

Arch. I humbly beg leave to be excuſed: My Maſter, Madam, pays me; nor dare I take Money from any other Hand, without injuring his Honour, and diſobeying his Commands. [*Exit.*

Dor. This is ſurprizing: Did you ever ſee ſo pretty a well-bred Fellow?

Mrs. *Sul.* The Devil take him for wearing that Livery.

Dor. I fancy, Siſter, he may be ſome Gentleman, a Friend of my Lord's, that his Lordſhip has pitch'd upon for his Courage, Fidelity, and Diſcretion, to bear him Company in this Dreſs, and who ten to one was his Second.

Mrs. *Sul.* It is ſo, it muſt be ſo, and it ſhall be ſo———For I like him.

Dor. What! better than the Count?

Mrs. *Sul.* The Count happen'd to be the moſt agreeable Man upon the Place; and ſo I choſe him to ſerve me in my Deſign upon my Husband.——But I ſhou'd like this Fellow better in a Deſign upon my ſelf.

Dor. But now, Siſter, for an Interview with this Lord and this Gentleman; how ſhall we bring that about?

Mrs. *Sul.* Patience! You Country Ladies give no Quarter, if once you be enter'd——Wou'd you prevent their Deſires, and give the Fellows no wiſhing time.——Look'e, *Dorinda*, if my Lord *Aimwell* loves you or deſerves you, he'll find a way to ſee you, and there we muſt leave it.———My Buſineſs comes now upon the Tapis———Have you prepar'd your Brother?

Dor. Yes, yes.

Mrs. *Sul.* And how did he reliſh it?

Dor. He ſaid little, mumbled ſomething to himſelf, promis'd to be guided by me: But here he comes.———

Enter

Enter Sullen.

Sul. What ſinging was that I heard juſt now?

Mrs. *Sul.* The ſinging in your Head, my Dear, you complain'd of it all Day.

Sul. You're impertinent.

Mrs. *Sul.* I was ever ſo, ſince I became one Fleſh with you.

Sul. One Fleſh! Rather two Carcaſſes join'd unnaturally together.

Mrs. *Sul.* Or rather a living Soul coupled to a dead Body.

Dor. So, this is fine Encouragement for me!

Sul. Yes, my Wife ſhews you what you muſt do.

Mrs. *Sul.* And my Husband ſhews you what you muſt ſuffer.

Sul. 'Sdeath, why can't you be ſilent?

Mrs. *Sul.* 'Sdeath, why can't you talk?

Sul. Do you talk to any purpoſe?

Mrs. *Sul.* Do you think to any purpoſe?

Sul. Siſter, heark'e; [*Whiſpers.*] I ſha'n't be home till it be late. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Sul.* What did he whiſper to ye?

Dor. That he wou'd go round the Back-way, come into the Coſet, and liſten as I directed him————But let me beg you once more, dear Siſter, to drop this Project; for, as I told you before, inſtead of awaking him to Kindneſs, you may provoke him to Rage; and then who knows how far his Brutality may carry him?

Mrs. *Sul.* I'm provided to receive him, I warrant you: But here comes the Count, vaniſh. [*Exit* Dorinda.

Enter Count Bellair.

Don't you wonder, *Monſieur le Count*, that I was not at Church this Afternoon?

Count. I more wonder, Madam, that you go dere at all, or how you dare to lift thoſe Eyes to Heaven that are guilty of ſo much killing.

Mrs. *Sul.* If Heaven, Sir, has given to my Eyes with the Power of killing the Vertue of making a Cure, I hope the one may atone for the other.

Count. O largely, Madam, wou'd your Ladyſhip be as ready to apply the Remedy, as to give the Wound—— Conſider, Madam, I am doubly a Priſoner; firſt to the Arms of your General, then to your more conquering Eyes; my firſt Chains

Chains are eaſie, there a Ranſom may redeem me, but from your Fetters I never ſhall get free.

Mrs. *Sul.* Alas, Sir! Why ſhou'd you complain to me of your Captivity, who am in Chains my ſelf? You know, Sir, that I am bound, nay, muſt be tied up in that particular that might give you eaſe: I am like you, a Priſoner of War,—— of War indeed——I have given my Parole of Honour; wou'd you break yours to gain your Liberty?

Count. Moſt certainly I wou'd, were I a Priſoner among the *Turks*, dis is your Caſe, you're a Slave, Madam, Slave to the worſt of *Turks*; a Husband.

Mrs. *Sul.* There lies my Foible, I confeſs; no Fortifications, no Courage, Conduct, nor Vigilancy, can pretend to defend a Place, where the Cruelty of the Governour forces the Garriſon to Mutiny.

Count. And where de Beſieger is reſolv'd to die before de Place——Here will I fix; [*Kneels.*] With Tears, Vows and Prayers aſſault your Heart, and never riſe till you ſurrender; or if I muſt ſtorm——Love and St. *Michael*——And ſo I begin the Attack————

Mrs. *Sul.* Stand off,——Sure he hears me not————And I cou'd almoſt wiſh——he did not——The Fellow makes Love very prettily. [*Aſide.*] But, Sir, why ſhou'd you put ſuch a Value upon my Perſon, when you ſee it deſpis'd by one that knows it ſo much better.

Count. He knows it not, tho' he poſſeſſes it; if he but knew the Value of the Jewel he is Maſter of, he wou'd always wear it next his Heart, and ſleep with it in his Arms.

Mrs. *Sul.* But ſince he throws me unregarded from him.

Count. And one that knows your Value well, comes by, and takes you up, is it not Juſtice? [*Goes to lay hold of her.*

Enter Sullen *with his Sword drawn.*

Sul. Hold, Villain, hold.

Mrs. *Sul.* [*Preſenting a Piſtol.*] Do you hold?

Sul. What! Murther your Husband, to defend your Bully?

Mrs. *Sul.* Bully! For ſhame, Mr. *Sullen*, Bullies wear long Swords, the Gentleman has none; he's a Priſoner, you know. I was aware of your Outrage, and prepar'd this to receive your Violence; and, if occaſion were, to preſerve my ſelf againſt the Force of this other Gentleman.

Count. O Madam, your Eyes be bettre Fire Arms than your Piſtol, they nevre miſs.

Sul. What! court my Wife to my Face!

Mrs. *Sul.* Pray, Mr. *Sullen*, put up, ſuſpend your Fury for a Minute.

Sul. To give time to invent an Excuſe.

Mrs. *Sul.* I need none.

Sul. No, for I heard every Syllable of your Diſcourſe.

Count. Ay! And begar, I tink de Dialogue was vera pretty.

Mrs. *Sul.* Then, I ſuppoſe, Sir, you heard ſomething of your own Barbarity?

Sul. Barbarity! Oons what does the Woman call Barbarity? Do I ever meddle with you?

Mrs. *Sul.* No.

Sul. As for you, Sir, I ſhall take another time.

Count. Ah, begar, and ſo muſt I.

Sul. Look'e, Madam, don't think that my Anger proceeds from any Concern I have for your Honour, but for my own; and if you can contrive any way of being a Whore without making me a Cuckold do it and welcome.

Mrs. *Sul.* Sir, I thank you kindly, you wou'd allow me the Sin but rob me of the Pleaſure——No, no, I'm reſolv'd never to venture upon the Crime without the Satisfaction of ſeeing you puniſh'd for't.

Sul. Then will you grant me this, my Dear? Let any Body elſe do you the Favour but that *Frenchman*, for I mortally hate his whole Generation. [*Exit.*

Count. Ah, Sir, that be ungrateful, for begar, I love ſome of yours; Madam—— [*Approaching her.*

Mrs. *Sul.* No, Sir.——

Count. No, Sir!——— Garzoon, Madam, I am not your Husband.

Mrs. *Sul.* 'Tis time to undeceive you, Sir,———I believ'd your Addreſſes to me were no more than an Amuſement, and I hope you will think the ſame of my Complaiſance; and to convince you that you ought, you muſt know, that I brought you hither only to make you inſtrumental in ſetting me right with my Husband, for he was planted to liſten by my Appointment.

Count. By your Appointment?

Mrs. *Sul.* Certainly.

Count. And ſo, Madam, while I was telling twenty Stories to part you from your Husband, begar, I was bringing you together all the while.

Mrs. *Sul.* I ask your Pardon, Sir, but I hope this will give you a Taſte of the Vertue of the *Engliſh* Ladies.

Count.

Count. Begar, Madam, your Vertue be vera great, but Garzoon, your Honeſte be vera little.

Enter Dorinda.

Mrs. *Sul.* Nay, now you're angry, Sir.

Count. Angry! Fair *Dorinda* [*Sings* Dorinda *the Opera Tune, and addreſſes to* Dorinda.] Madam, when your Ladyſhip wants a Fool, ſend for me, Fair *Dorinda*, *Revenge*, &c. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Sul.* There goes the true Humour of his Nation, Reſentment with good Manners, and the Height of Anger in a Song.——Well, Siſter, you muſt be Judge, for you have heard the Trial.

Dor. And I bring in my Brother guilty.

Mrs. *Sul.* But I muſt bear the Puniſhment——'Tis hard, Siſter.

Dor. I own it——but you muſt have Patience.

Mrs. *Sul* Patience! The Cant of Cuſtom——Providence ſends no Evil without a Remedy——ſhou'd I lie groaning under a Yoak I can ſhake off, I were acceſſary to my Ruin, and my Patience were no better than ſelf-Murther.

Dor. But how can you ſhake off the Yoke——Your Diviſions don't come within the Reach of the Law, for a Divorce.

Mrs. *Sul.* Law! What Law can ſearch into the remote Abyſs of Nature, what Evidence can prove the unaccountable Diſaffections of Wedlock——Can a Jury ſum up the endleſs Averſions that are rooted in our Souls, or can a Bench give Judgment upon Antipathies?

Dor. They never pretended, Siſter, they never meddle, but in caſe of Uncleanneſs.

Mrs. *Sul.* Uncleanneſs! O Siſter! Caſual Violation is a tranſient Injury, and may poſſibly be repair'd, but can radical Hatreds be ever reconcil'd.——No, no, Siſter, Nature is the firſt Law-giver, and when ſhe has ſet Tempers oppoſite, not all the golden Links of Wedlock, nor Iron Manacles of Law can keep 'em faſt.

Wedlock we own ordain'd by Heaven's Decree,
But ſuch as Heaven ordain'd it firſt to be,
Concurring Tempers in the Man and Wife
As mutual Helps to draw the Load of Life.
View all the Works of Providence above,
The Stars with Harmony and Concord move;

View all the Works of Providence below,
The Fire, the Water, Earth and Air we know,
All in one Plant agree to make it grow.
Muſt Man, the chiefeſt Work of Art Divine,
Be doom'd in endleſs Diſcord to repine.
No, we ſhould injure Heaven by that ſurmiſe,
Omnipotence is juſt, were Man but wiſe.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter Mrs. Sullen.

Mrs. *Sul.* WERE I born an humble *Turk*, where Women have no Soul nor Property, there I muſt ſit contented———But in *England*, a Country whoſe Women are its Glory, muſt Women be abus'd? where Women rule, muſt Women be enſlav'd? Nay, cheated into Slavery? mock'd by a Promiſe of comfortable Society into a Wilderneſs of Solitude?———I dare not keep the Thought about me——O! here comes ſomething to divert me———

Enter a Country Woman.

Wom. I come, an't pleaſe your Ladyſhip; you're my Lady *Bountiful*, a'n't ye?

Mrs. *Sul.* Well, good Woman, go on.

Wom. I come ſeventeen long Mail to have a Cure for my Husband's ſore Leg.

Mrs. *Sul.* Your Husband! What, Woman, cure your Huſband!

Wom. Ay, poor Man, for his ſore Leg won't let him ſtir from home.

Mrs. *Sul.* There, I confeſs, you have given me a Reaſon. Well, good Woman, I'll tell you what you muſt do——You muſt lay your Husband's Leg upon a Table, and with a Chopping-Knife you muſt lay it open as broad as you can, then you muſt take out the Bone, and beat the Fleſh ſoundly with

with a Rolling-pin, then take Salt, Pepper, Cloves, Mace and Ginger, ſome Sweet-Herbs, and ſeaſon it very well, then roll it up like Brawn, and put it into the Oven for two Hours.

Wom. Heaven reward your Ladyſhip———I have two little Babies too that are pitious bad with the Graips, a'n't pleaſe ye.

Mrs. *Sul.* Put a little Pepper and Salt in their Bellies, good Woman. [*Enter Lady* Bountiful.] I beg your Ladyſhip's Pardon for taking your Buſineſs out of your Hands, I have been a tampering here a little with one of your Patients.

L. *Boun.* Come, good Woman, don't mind this mad Creature; I am the Perſon that you want, I ſuppoſe———What wou'd you have, Woman?

Mrs. *Sul.* She wants ſomething for her Husband's ſore Leg.

L. *Boun.* What's the matter with his Leg, Goody?

Wom. It come firſt, as one might ſay, with a ſort of Dizzineſs in his Foot, then he had a kind of Lazineſs in his Joints, and then his Leg broke out, and then it ſwell'd, and then it clos'd again, and then it broke out again, and then it feſter'd, and then it grew better, and then it grew worſe again.

Mrs. *Sul.* Ha, ha, ha.

L. *Boun.* How can you be merry with the Misfortunes of other People?

Mrs. *Sul.* Becauſe my own make me ſad, Madam.

L. *Boun.* The worſt Reaſon in the World, Daughter; your own Misfortunes ſhould teach you to pity others.

Mrs. *Sul.* But the Woman's Misfortunes and mine are nothing alike; her Husband is ſick, and mine, alas! is in Health.

L. *Boun.* What! wou'd you wiſh your Husband ſick?

Mrs. *Sul.* Not of a ſore Leg of all things.

L. *Boun.* Well, good Woman, go to the Pantry, get your Belly-ful of Victuals, then I'll give you a Receipt of Diet-drink for your Husband———But d'ye hear, Goody, you muſt not let your Husband move too much.

Wom. No, no, Madam, the poor Man's inclinable enough to lie ſtill. [*Exit.*

L. *Boun.* Well, Daughter *Sullen*, tho' you laugh, I have done Miracles about the Country here with my Receipts.

Mrs. *Sul.* Miracles indeed, if they have cur'd any body; but I believe, Madam, the Patient's Faith goes farther toward the Miracle than your Preſcription.

L. *Boun.* Fancy helps in ſome caſes; but there's your Huſband, who has as little Fancy as any body, I brought him from Death's Door.

Mrs. *Sul.* I ſuppoſe, Madam, you made him drink plentifully of Aſs's Milk.

Enter Dorinda, *runs to Mrs.* Sullen.

Dor. News, dear Siſter, News, News.

Enter Archer *running.*

Arch. Where, where is my Lady *Bountiful*?———Pray, which is the old Lady of you three?

L. *Boun.* I am.

Arch. O, Madam, the Fame of your Ladyſhip's Charity, Goodneſs, Benevolence, Skill and Ability, have drawn me hither to implore your Ladyſhip's Help in behalf of my unfortunate Maſter, who is this Moment breathing his laſt.

L. *Boun.* Your Maſter! where is he?

Arch. At your Gate, Madam, drawn by the Appearance of your handſome Houſe to view it nearer, and walking up the Avenue within five Paces of the Court-Yard, he was taken ill of a ſudden with a ſort of I know not what, but down he fell, and there he lies.

L. *Boun.* Here, *Scrub*, *Gipſey*, all run, get my eaſie Chair down Stairs, put the Gentleman in it, and bring him in quickly, quickly.

Arch. Heaven will reward your Ladyſhip for this charitable Act.

L. *Boun.* Is your Maſter us'd to theſe Fits?

Arch. O yes, Madam, frequently——— I have known him have five or ſix of a Night.

L. *Boun.* What's his Name?

Arch. Lord, Madam, he's a dying; a Minute's Care or Neglect may ſave or deſtroy his Life.

L. *Boun.* Ah, poor Gentleman; come, Friend, ſhew me the way; I'll ſee him brought in my ſelf. [*Exit with* Archer.

Dor. O, Siſter, my Heart flutters about ſtrangely, I can hardly forbear running to his Aſſiſtance.

Mrs. *Sul.* And I'll lay my Life, he deſerves your Aſſiſtance more than he wants it: Did not I tell you that my Lord wou'd find a way to come at you? Love's his Diſtemper, and you muſt be the Phyſician; put on all your Charms, ſummon all your Fire into your Eyes, plant the whole Artillery of your Looks againſt his Breaſt, and down with him.

Dor. O, Siſter, I'm but a young Gunner, I ſhall be afraid to ſhoot, for fear the Piece ſhou'd recoil, and hurt my ſelf.

Mrs. *Sul.* Never fear, you ſhall ſee me ſhoot before you, if you will.

Dor.

Dor. No, no, dear Sister, you have miss'd your Mark so unfortunately, that I sha'n't care for being instructed by you.

Enter Aimwell *in a Chair, carry'd by* Archer *and* Scrub, *Lady* Bountiful, Gipsey. Aimwell *counterfeiting a Swoon.*

L. *Boun.* Here, here, let's see the Hartshorn Drops——*Gipsey*, a Glass of fair Water, his Fit's very strong.——Bless me, how his Hands are clinch'd.

Arch. For shame, Ladies, what d'ye do? why don't you help us?——Pray, Madam, [*To* Dorinda.] take his Hand, and open it, if you can, whilst I hold his Head.

[Dorinda *takes his Hand.*

Dor. Poor Gentleman———Oh———he has got my Hand within his, and squeezes it unmercifully———

L. *Boun.* 'Tis the Violence of his Convulsion, Child.

Arch. O, Madam, he's perfectly possess'd in these Cases——he'll bite you if you don't have a care.

Dor. Oh, my Hand, my Hand.

L. *Boun.* What's the matter with the foolish Girl? I have got this Hand open you see with a great deal of ease.

Arch. Ay, but, Madam, your Daughter's Hand is somewhat warmer than your Ladyship's, and the Heat of it draws the Force of the Spirits that way.

Mrs. *Sul.* I find, Friend, you're very learned in these sorts of Fits.

Arch. 'Tis no wonder, Madam, for I'm often troubled with them my self; I find my self extremely ill at this Minute.

[*Looking hard at Mrs.* Sullen.

Mrs. *Sul.* [*Aside.*] I fancy I cou'd find a way to cure you.

L. *Boun.* His Fit holds him very long.

Arch. Longer than usual, Madam,——Pray, young Lady, open his Breast, and give him Air.

L. *Boun.* Where did his Illness take him first, pray?

Arch. To Day at Church, Madam.

L. *Boun.* In what manner was he taken?

Arch. Very strangely, my Lady. He was of a sudden touch'd with something in his Eyes, which, at the first, he only felt, but cou'd not tell whether 'twas Pain or Pleasure.

L. *Boun.* Wind, nothing but Wind.

Arch. By soft Degrees it grew and mounted to his Brain, there his Fancy caught it; there form'd it so beautiful, and dress'd it up in such gay, pleasing Colours, that his transported Appetite seiz'd the fair Idea, and straight convey'd it to his Heart. That hospitable Seat of Life sent all its sanguine

Spirits forth to meet, and open'd all its fluicy Gates to take the Stranger in.

L. *Boun.* Your Master shou'd never go without a Bottle to smell to——Oh!——he recovers——the Lavender Water——some Feathers to burn under his Nose——Hungary-Water to rub his Temples——O, he comes to himself. Hem a little, Sir, hem————*Gipsey*, bring the Cordial-Water.

[Aimwell *seems to awake in amaze.*

Dor. How d'ye, Sir?

Aim. Where am I? [*Rising.*

Sure I have pass'd the Gulph of silent Death,
And now I land on the *Elisian* Shore————
Behold the Goddess of those happy Plains,
Fair *Proserpine*——let me adore thy bright Divinity.

[*Kneels to* Dorinda, *and kisses her Hand.*

Mrs. *Sul.* So, so, so, I knew where the Fit wou'd end.

Aim. Eurydice perhaps————

How cou'd thy *Orpheus* keep his Word,
And not look back upon thee;
No Treasure but thy self cou'd sure have brib'd him
To look one Minute off thee.

L. *Boun.* Delirious, poor Gentleman.

Arch. Very Delirious, Madam, very Delirious.

Aim. Martin's Voice, I think.

Arch. Yes, my Lord——How do's your Lordship?

L. *Boun.* Lord! did you mind that, Girls?

Aim. Where am I?

Arch. In very good Hands, Sir————You were taken just now with one of your old Fits, under the Trees, just by this good Lady's House; her Ladyship had you taken in, and has miraculously brought you to your self, as you see————

Aim. I am so confounded with Shame, Madam, that I can now only beg Pardon————And refer my Acknowledgments for your Ladyship's Care, till an Opportunity offers of making some amends————I dare be no longer troublesome———— *Martin*, give two Guineas to the Servants [*Going.*

Dor. Sir, you may catch cold by going so soon into the Air; you don't look, Sir, as if you were perfectly recover'd.

[*Here* Archer *talks to Lady* Bountiful *in dumb shew.*

Aim. That I shall never be, Madam; my present Illness is so rooted, that I must expect to carry it to my Grave.

Mrs. *Sul.* Don't despair, Sir; I have known several in your Distemper shake it off, with a Fornight's Physick.

L. *Boun.* Come, Sir, your Servant has been telling me, that you're apt to relapſe, if you go into the Air —— Your good Manners ſha'n't get the better of ours —— You ſhall ſit down again, Sir: —— Come, Sir, we don't mind Ceremonies in the Country —— Here, Sir, my Service t'ye —— You ſhall taſte my Water; 'tis a Cordial I can aſſure you, and of my own making ——— Drink it off, Sir: [Aimwell *drinks.*] And how d'ye find your ſelf now, Sir?

Aim. Somewhat better ——— tho' very faint ſtill.

L. *Boun.* Ay, ay, People are always faint after theſe Fits. ——— Come, Girls, you ſhall ſhew the Gentleman the Houſe; 'tis but an old Family-Building, Sir; but you had better walk about, and cool by degrees, than venture immediately into the Air. —— You'll find ſome tolerable Pictures. —— *Dorinda*, ſhew the Gentleman the way. [*Exit.*] I muſt go to the poor Woman below.

Dor. This way, Sir.

Aim. Ladies, ſhall I beg leave for my Servant to wait on you, for he underſtands Pictures very well.

Mrs. *Sull.* Sir, we underſtand Originals, as well as he do's Pictures, ſo he may come along.

[*Ex.* Dor. *Mrs.* Sull. Aim. Arch. Aim. *leads* Dor.

Enter Foigard *and* Scrub, *meeting.*

Foig. Save you, Maſter *Scrub.*

Scrub. Sir, I wo'n't be ſav'd your way —— I hate a Prieſt, I abhor the *French*, and I defie the Devil ——— Sir, I'm a bold *Briton*, and will ſpill the laſt drop of my Blood to keep out Popery and Slavery.

Foig. Maſter *Scrub*, you wou'd put me down in Politicks, and ſo I wou'd be ſpeaking with Mrs. *Gipſey.*

Scrub. Good Mr. Prieſt, you can't ſpeak with her; ſhe's ſick, Sir; ſhe's gone abroad, Sir; ſhe's —— dead two Months ago, Sir.

Enter Gipſey.

Gip. How now, Impudence! How dare you talk ſo ſaucily to the Doctor? Pray, Sir, don't take it ill; for the Common-people of *England* are not ſo civil to Strangers, as ——

Scrub. You lye, you lye; —— 'tis the Common People that are civileſt to Strangers.

Gip. Sir, I have a good mind to —— Get you out, I ſay.

Scrub. I wo'n't.

Gip. You wo'n't, Sauce-box —— Pray, Doctor, what is the Captain's Name that came to your Inn laſt Night?

Scrub. The Captain! ah, the Devil, there ſhe hampers me again;

again;—— the Captain has me on one ſide, and the Prieſt on t'other:—— So between the Gown and the Sword, I have a fine time on't.——— But, *Cedunt Arma togæ.* [*Going.*

Gip. What, Sirrah, wo'n't you march?

Scrub. No, my Dear, I wo'n't march—— but I'll walk:——. And I'll make bold to liſten a little too.

[*Goes behind the Side-Scene, and liſtens.*

Gip. Indeed, Doctor, the Count has been barbarouſly treated, that's the truth on't.

Foig. Ah, Mrs. *Gipſey*, upon my Shoul, now, *Gra*, his Complainings would mollifie the Marrow in your Bones, and move the Bowels of your Commiſeration; he veeps, and he dances, and he fiſtles, and he ſwears, and he laughs, and he ſtamps, and he ſings: In concluſion, Joy, he's afflicted, *a la Francois*, and a Stranger wou'd not know whider to cry, or to laugh with him.

Gip. What wou'd you have me do, Doctor?

Foig. Noting, Joy, but only hide the Count in Mrs. *Sullen*'s Cloſet, when it is dark.

Gip. Nothing! Is that nothing? It wou'd be both a Sin and a Shame, Doctor.

Foig. Here is twenty *Lewidores*, Joy, for your Shame; and I will give you an Abſolution for the Shin.

Gip. But wo'n't that Money look like a Bribe?

Foig. Dat is according as you ſhall tauk it.——— If you receive the Money before-hand, 'twill be *Logicè*, a Bribe; but if you ſtay till afterwards, 'twill be only a Gratification.

Gip. Well, Doctor, I'll take it *Logicè*. ——— But what muſt I do with my Conſcience, Sir?

Foig. Leave dat vid me, Joy; I am your Prieſt, *Gra*; and your Conſcience is under my Hands.

Gip. But ſhou'd I put the Count into the Cloſet———

Foig. Vell, is dere any Shin for a Man's being in a Cloſhet? one may go to Prayers in a Cloſhet.

Gip. But if the Lady ſhou'd come into her Chamber, and go to Bed?

Foig. Vel, and is dere any Shin in going to Bed, Joy?

Gip. Ay, but if the Parties ſhou'd meet, Doctor?

Foig. Vel den —— the Parties muſt be reſponſable. ——— Do you be gone after putting the Count in the Cloſet; and leave the Shins wid themſelves——I will come with the Count, to inſtruct you in your Chamber.

Gip. Well, Doctor, your Religion is ſo pure——Methinks I'm ſo eaſie after an Abſolution, and can ſin afreſh with ſo much Security, that I'm reſolv'd to die a Martyr to't.———

Here's

Here's the Key of the Garden-door; come in the back-way, when 'tis late—— I'll be ready to receive you; but don't ſo much as whiſper, only take hold of my Hand; I'll lead you, and do you lead the Count, and follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. What Witchcraft now have theſe two Imps of the Devil been a hatching here? —— There's twenty *Lewidores*; I heard that, and ſaw the Purſe: But I muſt give room to my Betters.

Enter Aimwell *leading* Dorinda, *and making Love in dumb Shew*——— *Mrs.* Sull. *and* Archer.

Mrs. *Sull.* Pray, Sir, [*To* Archer.] how d'ye like that Piece?

Arch. O, 'tis *Leda*——— You find, Madam, how *Jupiter* comes diſguis'd to make Love———

Mrs. *Sull.* But what think you there of *Alexander*'s Battles?

Arch. We want only a *Le Brun*, Madam, to draw greater Battles, and a greater General of our own.——— The *Danube*, Madam, wou'd make a greater Figure in a Picture than the *Granicus*; and we have our *Ramelies* to match their *Arbela*.

Mrs. *Sull.* Pray, Sir, what Head is that in the Corner there?

Arch. O, Madam, 'tis poor *Ovid* in his Exile.

Mrs. *Sull.* What was he baniſh'd for?

Arch. His ambitious Love, Madam. [*Bowing.*] His Misfortune touches me.

Mrs. *Sull.* Was he ſucceſsful in his Amours?

Arch. There he has left us in the dark.—— He was too much a Gentleman to tell.

Mrs. *Sull.* If he were ſecret, I pity him?

Arch. And if he were ſucceſsful, I envy him.

Mrs. *Sull.* How d'ye like that *Venus* over the Chimney?

Arch. Venus! I proteſt, Madam, I took it for your Picture; but now I look again, 'tis not handſome enough.

Mrs. *Sull.* Oh, what a Charm is Flattery! if you wou'd ſee my Picture, there it is, over that Cabinet—— How d'ye like it?

Arch. I muſt admire any thing, Madam, that has the leaſt Reſemblance of you——— But, methinks, Madam——— [*He looks at the Picture and Mrs.* Sullen *three or four times, by turns.*] Pray, Madam, who drew it?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Sull.* A famous Hand, Sir.

[*Here* Aimwell *and* Dorinda *go off.*

Arch. A famous Hand, Madam: —— Your Eyes, indeed, are featur'd there; but where's the ſparkling Moiſture, ſhining Fluid, in which they ſwim? The Picture, indeed, has your Dimples; but where's the Swarm of killing *Cupids* that ſhou'd ambuſh there? The Lips too are figur'd out; but where's the Carnation-Dew, the pouting Ripeneſs that tempts the Taſte in the Original?

Mrs. *Sull.* Had it been my Lot to have match'd with ſuch a Man! [*Aſide.*

Arch. Your Breaſts too, preſumptuous Man! what! paint Heaven! *Apropo*, Madam, in the very next Picture is *Salmoneus*, that was ſtruck dead with Lightning, for offering to imitate *Jove*'s Thunder; I hope you ſerv'd the Painter ſo, Madam?

Mrs. *Sull.* Had my Eyes the Power of Thunder, they ſhou'd employ their Lightning better.

Arch. There's the fineſt Bed in that Room, Madam; I ſuppoſe 'tis your Ladyſhip's Bed-Chamber?

Mrs. *Sull.* And what then, Sir?

Arch. I think the Quilt is the richeſt that ever I ſaw —— I can't, at this diſtance, Madam, diſtinguiſh the Figures of the Embroidery: Will you give me leave, Madam?

Mrs. *Sull.* The Devil take his Impudence —— Sure, if I gave him an opportunity, he durſt not offer it —— I have a great mind to try. ——[*Going.*] *Returns.*] 'Sdeath, what am I doing? —— And alone too! —— Siſter, Siſter. [*Runs out.*

Arch. I'll follow her cloſe ——

For where a French-man *durſt attempt to ſtorm,*
A Briton, *ſure, may well the Work perform.* [*Going.*

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. Martin, Brother *Martin.*

Arch. O Brother *Scrub*, I beg your Pardon, I was not a going: Here's a Guinea my Maſter order'd you.

Scrub. A Guinea; hi, hi, hi, a Guinea! eh —— by this Light it is a Guinea; but I ſuppoſe you expect One and twenty Shillings in change.

Arch. Not at all; I have another for *Gipſey.*

Scrub. A Guinea for her! Faggot and Fire for the Witch. —— Sir, give me that Guinea, and I'll diſcover a Plot.

Arch. A Plot.

Scrub.

Scrub. Ay, Sir, a Plot, a horrid Plot——— Firſt, it muſt be a Plot, becauſe there's a Woman in't: Secondly, it muſt be a Plot, becauſe there's a Prieſt in't: Thirdly, it muſt be a Plot, becauſe there's *French* Gold in't: And Fourthly, it muſt be a Plot, becauſe I don't know what to make on't.

Arch. Nor any body elſe, I'm afraid, Brother *Scrub.*

Scrub. Truly, I'm afraid ſo too; for where there's a Prieſt and a Woman, there's always a Myſtery and a Riddle.——— This, I know, that here has been the Doctor with a Temptation in one hand, and an Abſolution in the other, and *Gipſey* has ſold her ſelf to the Devil; I ſaw the Price paid down, my Eyes ſhall take their Oath on't.

Arch. And is all this Buſtle about *Gipſey*?

Scrub. That's not all; I cou'd hear but a Word here and there; but I remember they mention'd a Count, a Cloſet, a Back-door, and a Key.

Arch. The Count! Did you hear nothing of Mrs. *Sullen*?

Scrub. I did hear ſome Word that ſounded that way: but whether it was *Sullen* or *Dorinda*, I cou'd not diſtinguiſh.

Arch. You have told this Matter to no body, Brother?

Scrub. Told! No, Sir, I thank you for that; I'm reſolv'd never to ſpeak one Word *pro* nor *con*, till we have a Peace.

Arch. You're i'th' right, Brother *Scrub*; here's a Treaty afoot between the Count and the Lady.——— The Prieſt and the Chamber-maid are the Plenipotentiaries——— It ſhall go hard, but I find a way to be included in the Treaty.——— Where's the Doctor, now?

Scrub. He and *Gipſey* are this moment devouring my Lady's Marmalade in the Cloſet.

Aim. [*From without.*] *Martin, Martin!*

Arch. I come, Sir, I come.

Scrub. But you forgot the other Guinea, Brother *Martin.*

Arch. Here, I give it with all my Heart.

Scrub. And I take it with all my Soul. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

I'cod, I'll ſpoil your Plotting, Mrs. *Gipſey*; and if you ſhou'd ſet the Captain upon me, theſe two Guinea's will buy me off. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Sullen *and* Dorinda, *meeting.*

Mrs. *Sull.* Well, Siſter.

Dor. And well, Siſter.

Mrs. *Sull.* What's become of my Lord?

Dor. What's become of his Servant?

Mrs. *Sull.* Servant! He's a prettier Fellow, and a finer Gentleman by fifty degrees than his Maſter.

Dor.

Dor. O' my Conſcience, I fancy you cou'd beg that Fellow at the Gallows-foot.

Mr. *Sull*, O' my Conſcience I cou'd, provided I cou'd put a Friend of yours in his room?

Dor. You deſir'd me, Siſter, to leave you, when you tranſgreſs'd the Bounds of Honour.

Mrs. *Sul.* Thou dear cenſorious Country Girl —— What doſt mean? You can't think of the Man without the Bedfellow, I find.

Dor. I don't find any thing unnatural in that Thought; while the Mind is converſant with Fleſh and Blood, it muſt conform to the Humours of the Company.

Mrs. *Sull.* How a little Love and good Company improves a Woman! Why, Child, you begin to live ——— you never ſpoke before.

Dor. Becauſe I was never ſpoke to. ——— My Lord has told me, that I have more Wit and Beauty than any of my Sex; and truly I begin to think the Man is ſincere.

Mrs. *Sull.* You're in the right, *Dorinda*; Pride is the Life of a Woman, and Flattery is our daily Bread; and ſhe's a Fool that won't believe a Man there, as much as ſhe that believes him in any think elſe ——— But I'll lay you a Guinea, that I had finer things ſaid to me than you had.

Dor. Done —— What did your Fellow ſay to ye?

Mrs. *Sull.* My Fellow took the Picture of *Venus* for mine.

Dor. But my Lover took me for *Venus* her ſelf.

Mrs. *Sull.* Common Cant! Had my Spark call'd me a *Venus* directly, I ſhould have believ'd him a Footman in good earneſt.

Dor. But my Lover was upon his Knees to me.

Mrs. *Sull.* And mine was upon his Tiptoes to me.

Dor. Mine vow'd to die for me.

Mrs. *Sull.* Mine ſwore to die with me.

Dor. Mine ſpoke the ſofteſt moving things.

Mrs. *Sull.* Mine had moving things too.

Dor. Mine kiſs'd my Hand ten thouſand times.

Mrs. *Sull.* Mine has all that Pleaſure to come.

Dor. Mine offer'd Marriage.

Mrs. *Sull.* O Laird! D'ye call that a moving thing?

Dor. The ſharpeſt Arrow in his Quiver, my dear Siſter: —— Why, my ten thouſand Pounds may lie brooding here this ſeven Years, and hatch nothing at laſt but ſome ill-natur'd Clown like yours: ——— Whereas, if I marry my Lord *Aimwell*, there will be Title, Place and Precedence, the Park, the Play, and the Drawing-Room, Splendor, Equi-

page,

page, Noiſe, and Flambeaux. —— Hey, my Lady *Aimwell*'s Servants there —— Lights, Lights to the Stairs —— My Lady *Aimwell*'s Coach, put forward —— Stand by; make room for her Ladyſhip ——— Are not theſe moving? —— What! Melancholy of a ſudden?

Mrs. *Sull.* Happy, happy Siſter! Your Angel has been watchful for your Happineſs, whilſt mine has ſlept regardleſs of his Charge —— Long ſmiling Years of circling Joys for you, but not one Hour for me! [*Weeps.*

Dor. Come, my Dear, we'll talk of ſomething elſe.

Mrs. *Sull.* O *Dorinda*, I own my ſelf a Woman, full of my Sex, a gentle, generous Soul, —— eaſy and yielding to ſoft Deſires; a ſpacious Heart, where Love and all his Train might lodge. And muſt the fair Apartment of my Breaſt be made a Stable for a Brute to lie in?

Dor. Meaning your Husband, I ſuppoſe.

Mrs. *Sull.* Husband! No, —— Even Husband is too ſoft a Name for him ——— But come, I expect my Brother here to Night or to Morrow; he was abroad when my Father marry'd me; perhaps he'll find a way to make me eaſy.

Dor. Will you promiſe not to make your ſelf eaſy in the mean time with my Lord's Friend?

Mrs. *Sull.* You miſtake me, Siſter ——— It happens with us, as among the Men, the greateſt Talkers are the greateſt Cowards; and there's a Reaſon for it; thoſe Spirits evaporate in Prattle, which might do more Miſchief if they took another Courſe —— Tho', to confeſs the Truth, I do love that Fellow; —— And if I met him dreſt as he ſhou'd be, and I undreſt as I ſhou'd be —— Look'e, Siſter, I have no ſupernatural Gifts; —— I can't ſwear I cou'd reſiſt the Temptation, —— tho' I can ſafely promiſe to avoid it; and that's as much as the beſt of us can do. [*Exit Mrs.* Sullen *and* Dorinda.

Enter Aimwell *and* Archer *laughing.*

Arch. And the awkard Kindneſs of the good Motherly Old Gentlewoman ———

Aim. And the coming Eaſineſs of the young one ——— 'Sdeath, 'tis pity to deceive her.

Arch. Nay, if you adhere to thoſe Principles, ſtop where you are.

Aim. I can't ſtop; for I love her to Diſtraction.

Arch. 'Sdeath, if you love her a Hair's breadth beyond Diſcretion, you muſt go no farther.

Aim. Well, well, any thing to deliver us from ſauntering away our idle Evenings at *White*'s, *Tom*'s, or *Will*'s, and be ſtinted

ſtinted to bear looking at our old Acquaintance, the Cards; becauſe our impotent Pockets can't afford us a Guinea for the mercenary Drabs.

Arch. Or be obliged to ſome Purſe-proud Coxcomb for a ſcandalous Bottle, where we muſt not pretend to our ſhare of the Diſcourſe, becauſe we can't pay our Club o'th' Reckoning: —— Dam it, I had rather ſpunge upon *Morris*, and ſup upon a Diſh of Bohee ſcor'd behind the Door.

Aim. And there expoſe our want of Senſe by talking Criticiſms, as we ſhould our want of Money by railing at the Government.

Arch. Or be oblig'd to ſneak into the Side-box, and between both Houſes ſteal two Acts of a Play; and becauſe we han't Money to ſee the other three, we come away diſcontented, and damn the whole five.

Aim. And ten thouſand ſuch raſcally Tricks —— had we out-liv'd our Fortunes among our Acquaintance. ——— But now ———

Arch. Ay, now is the Time to prevent all this —— Strike while the Iron is hot ——— This Prieſt is the luckieſt part of our Adventure; ——— He ſhall marry you, and pimp for me.

Aim. But I ſhou'd not like a Woman that can be ſo fond of a *Frenchman*.

Arch. Alas, Sir, Neceſſity has no Law; the Lady may be in Diſtreſs; perhaps ſhe has a confounded Husband, and her Revenge may carry her farther than her Love. ——— I gad, I have ſo good an Opinion of her, and of my ſelf, that I begin to fancy ſtrange things; and we muſt ſay this for the Honour of our Women, and indeed of our ſelves, that they do ſtick to their Men, as they do to their *Magna Charta*. ——— If the Plot lies as I ſuſpect, —— I muſt put on the Gentleman. —— But here comes the Doctor: —— I ſhall be ready.

[*Exit.*

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Sauve you, noble Friend.

Aim. O Sir, your Servant: Pray, Doctor, may I crave your Name?

Foig. Fat Naam is upon me? My Name is *Foigard*, Joy.

Aim. Foigard! A very good Name for a Clergyman: Pray, Doctor *Foigard*, were you ever in *Ireland*?

Foig. Ireland! No, Joy: ——— Fat ſort of Plaace is dat ſaam *Ireland*? Dey ſay de People are catch'd dere when dey are young.

Aim.

Aim. And some of 'em when they're old;---as for Example. [*Takes* Foigard *by the Shoulder.* Sir, I arrest you as a Traytor against the Government; you're a Subject of *England*, and this Morning shew'd me a Commission, by which you serv'd as Chaplain in the *French* Army: This is Death by our Law, and your Reverence must hang for't.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, noble Friend, dis is strange News you tell me, Fader *Foigard* a Subject of *England!* de Son of a *Burgomaster* of *Brussels* a Subject of *England!* Ubooboo——

Aim. The Son of a Bog-trotter in *Ireland*; Sir, your Tongue will condemn you before any Bench in the Kingdom.

Foig. And is my Tongue all your Evidensh, Joy?

Aim. That's enough.

Foig. No, no, Joy, for I vil never spake *English* no more.

Aim. Sir, I have other Evidence————Here, *Martin*, you know this Fellow.

Enter Archer.

Arch. [*In a Brogue.*] Saave you, my dear Cussen, how does your Health?

Foig. Ah! Upon my Shoul dere is my Countryman, and his Brogue will hang mine. [*Aside.*] *Mynheer*, *Ick wet neat watt hey zacht*, *Ick Universtion ewe neat*, *sacramant.*

Aim. Altering your Language won't do, Sir, this Fellow knows your Person, and will swear to your Face.

Foig. Faash! Fey, is dere a Brogue upon my Faash too?

Arch. Upon my Soulvation dere ish Joy————But Cussen *Mackshane* vil you not put a Remembrance upon me.

Foig. Mackshane! By St. *Paatrick*, dat ish Naame shure enough. [*Aside.*

Aim. I fancy, *Archer*, you have it.

Foig. The Devil hang you, Joy.————By fat Acquaintance are you my Cussen?

Arch. O, de Devil hang your shelf, Joy; you know we were little Boys togeder upon de School, and your Foster-Moder's Son was marry'd upon my Nurse's Chister, Joy, and so we are *Irish* Cussens.

Foig. De Devil taake de Relation! Vel, Joy, and fat School was it?

Arch. I tinks it vas——Aay,——'twas *Tipperary.*

Foig. No, no, Joy; it was *Kilkenny.*

Aim. That's enough for us——Self-Confession---Come, Sir, we must deliver you into the Hands of the next Magistrate.

Arch. He sends you to Gaol, you're try'd next Assizes, and away you go swing into Purgatory.

Foig. And is it ſo wid you, Cuſſen?

Arch. It vil be ſho wid you, Cuſſen, if you don't immediately confeſs the Secret between you and Mrs. *Gipſey*——— Look'e, Sir, the Gallows or the Secret, take your Choice.

Foig. The Gallows! Upon my Shoul I hate that ſhame Gallow, for it is a Diſeaſh dat is fatal to our Family———Vel, den, dere is nothing, Shentlemens, but Mrs. *Sullen* wou'd ſpaak wid the Count in her Chamber at Midnight, and dere is no Haarm, Joy, for I am to conduct the Count to the Plaſh, my ſhelf.

Arch. As I gueſs'd———Have you communicated the Matter to the Count?

Foig. I have not ſheen him ſince.

Arch. Right agen; why then, Doctor,——you ſhall conduct me to the Lady inſtead of the Count.

Foig. Fat my Cuſſen to the Lady! Upon my Shoul, gra, dat is too much upon the Brogue.

Arch. Come, come, Doctor; conſider we have got a Rope about your Neck, and if you offer to ſqueak, we'll ſtop your Wind-pipe, moſt certainly; we ſhall have another Jobb for you in a Day or two, I hope.

Aim. Here's Company coming this way, let's into my Chamber, and there concert our Affair farther.

Arch. Come, my dear Cuſſen, come along. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bonniface, Honſlow, *and* Bagſhot *at one Door*, Gibbet *at the oppoſite.*

Gib. Well, Gentlemen, 'tis a fine Night for our Enterprize.

Hounſ. Dark as Hell.

Bag. And blows like the Devil; our Landlord here has ſhow'd us the Window where we muſt break in, and tells us the Plate ſtands in the Wainſcot Cupboard in the Parlour.

Bon. Ay, ay, Mr. *Bagſhot*, as the Saying is, Knives and Forks, and Cups, and Cans, and Tumblers, and Tankards ———There's one Tankard, as the Saying is, that's near upon as big as me, it was a Preſent to the Squire from his Godmother, and ſmells of Nutmeg and Toaſt, like an *Eaſt-India* Ship.

Hounſ. Then you ſay we muſt divide at the Stair-head?

Bon. Yes, Mr. *Hounſlow*, as the Saying is——At one end of that Gallery lies my Lady *Bountiful* and her Daughter, and at the other, Mrs. *Sullen*——As for the Squire———

Gib.

Gib. He's safe enough, I have fairly enter'd him, and he's more than half Seas over already————But such a Parcel of Scoundrels are got about him now, that, I gad, I was asham'd to be seen in their Company.

Bon. 'Tis now Twelve, as the Saying is——Gentlemen, you must set out at One.

Gib. Hounslow, do you and *Bagshot* see our Arms fix'd, and I'll come to you presently.

Hounsl. and *Bag.* We will. [*Exeunt.*

Gib. Well, my dear *Bonny*, you assure me that *Scrub* is a Coward.

Bon. A Chicken, as the Saying is——You'll have no Creature to deal with but the Ladies.

Gib. And I can assure you, Friend, there's a great deal of Address and good Manners in robbing a Lady; I am the most a Gentleman that way that ever travell'd the Road——But, my dear *Bonny*, this Prize will be a Galleon, a *Vigo* Business. ——I warrant you we shall bring off three or four thousand Pound.

Bon. In Plate, Jewels and Money, as the Saying is, you may.

Gib. Why then, *Tyburn*, I defie thee; I'll get up to Town, sell off my Horse and Arms, buy my self some pretty Employment in the Household, and be as snug and as honest as any Courtier of 'em all.

Bon. And what think you then of my Daughter *Cherry* for a Wife?

Gib. Look'e, my dear *Bonny*---Cherry *is the Goddess I adore*, as the Song goes; but it is a Maxim, that Man and Wife shou'd never have it in their Power to hang one another; for if they shou'd, the Lord have mercy on 'em both.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE *continues. Knocking without.*

Enter Bonniface.

Bon. COming, coming——A Coach and ſix foaming Horſes at this time o' Night! Some great Man, as the Saying is, for he ſcorns to travel with other People.

Enter Sir Charles Freeman.

Sir *Ch.* What, Fellow! A publick Houſe, and a Bed when other People ſleep?

Bon. Sir, I a'n't a Bed, as the Saying is.

Sir *Ch.* Is Mr. *Sullen*'s Family a Bed, think'e?

Bon. All but the Squire himſelf, Sir, as the Saying is, he's in the Houſe.

Sir *Ch.* What Company has he?

Bon. Why, Sir, there's the Conſtable, Mr. *Gage* the Exciſeman, the Hunch-back'd Barber, and two or three other Gentlemen.

Sir *Ch.* I find my Siſter's Letters gave me the true Picture of her Spouſe.

Enter Sullen *drunk.*

Bon. Sir, here's the Squire.

Sul. The Puppies left me aſleep——Sir.

Sir *Ch.* Well, Sir.

Sul. Sir, I am an unfortunate Man——I have three thouſand Pound a Year, and I can't get a Man to drink a Cup of Ale with me.

Sir *Ch.* That's very hard.

Sul. Ay, Sir——And unleſs you have pity upon me, and ſmoke one Pipe with me, I muſt e'en go home to my Wife, and I had rather go to the Devil by half.

Sir *Ch.* But I preſume, Sir, you wo'n't ſee your Wife to Night, ſhe'll be gone to Bed——you don't uſe to lie with your Wife in that Pickle?

Sul. What! not lie with my Wife! Why, Sir, do you take me for an Atheiſt or a Rake?

Sir *Ch.* If you hate her, Sir, I think you had better lie from her.

Sul.

Sul. I think so too, Friend——But I'm a Justice of Peace, and must do nothing against the Law.

Sir *Ch.* Law! as I take it, Mr. Justice, no body observes Law for Law's sake, only for the good of those for whom it was made.

Sul. But if the Law orders me to send you to Gaol, you must lie there, my Friend.

Sir *Ch.* Not unless I commit a Crime to deserve it.

Sul. A Crime! Oons, a'n't I marry'd?

Sir *Ch.* Nay, Sir, if you call Marriage a Crime, you must disown it for a Law.

Sul. Eh!——I must be acquainted with you, Sir——But, Sir, I shou'd be very glad to know the truth of this Matter.

Sir *Ch.* Truth, Sir, is a profound Sea, and few there be that dare wade deep enough to find out the bottom on't. Besides, Sir, I'm afraid the Line of your Understanding mayn't be long enough.

Sul. Look'e, Sir, I have nothing to say to your Sea of Truth, but if a good Parcel of Land can entitle a Man to a little Truth, I have as much as any He in the Country.

Bon. I never heard your Worship, as the Saying is, talk so much before.

Sul. Because I never met with a Man that I lik'd before——

Bon. Pray, Sir, as the Saying is, let me ask you one Question; Are not Man and Wife one Flesh?

Sir *Ch.* You and your Wife, Mr. Guts, may be one Flesh, because ye are nothing else——But Rational Creatures have Minds that must be united.

Sul. Minds!

Sir *Ch.* Ay, Minds, Sir; don't you think that the Mind takes place of the Body?

Sul. In some People.

Sir *Ch.* Then the Interest of the Master must be consulted before that of his Servant.

Sul. Sir, you shall dine with me to morrow——Oons, I always thought that we were naturally one.

Sir *Ch.* Sir, I know that my two Hands are naturally one, because they love one another, kiss one another, help one another in all the Actions of Life; but I cou'd not say so much if they were always at Cuffs.

Sul. Then 'tis plain that we are two.

Sir *Ch.* Why don't you part with her, Sir?

Sul. Will you take her, Sir?

Sir *Ch.* With all my Heart.

Sul. You shall have her to morrow Morning, and a Venison-Pasty into the Bargain.

Sir *Ch.* You'll let me have her Fortune too?

Sul. Fortune! why, Sir, I have no Quarrel at her Fortune ——I only hate the Woman, Sir, and none but the Woman shall go.

Sir *Ch.* But her Fortune, Sir——

Sul. Can you play at Whisk, Sir?

Sir *Ch.* No, truly, Sir.

Sul. Nor at All-fours?

Sir *Ch.* Neither.

Sul. Oons! where was this Man bred? [*Aside.*] Burn me, Sir, I can't go home, 'tis but Two a Clock.

Sir *Ch.* For half an Hour, Sir, if you please——But you must consider 'tis late.

Sul. Late! that's the Reason I can't go to Bed——Come, Sir—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cherry, *runs acrosſ the Stage, and knocks at* Aimwell's *Chamber-door. Enter* Aimwell *in his Night-cap and Gown.*

Aim. What's the matter? You tremble, Child, you're frighted!

Cher. No wonder, Sir——But in short, Sir, this very Minute a Gang of Rogues are gone to rob my Lady *Bountiful*'s House

Aim. How!

Cher. I dogg'd 'em to the very Door, and left 'em breaking in.

Aim. Have you alarm'd any body else with the News?

Cher. No, no, Sir, I wanted to have discover'd the whole Plot, and twenty other things, to your Man *Martin*; but I have search'd the whole House, and can't find him: where is he?

Aim. No matter, Child; will you guide me immediately to the House?

Cher. With all my Heart, Sir; my Lady *Bountiful* is my Godmother, and I love Mrs. *Dorinda* so well——

Aim. Dorinda! The Name inspires me, the Glory and the Danger shall be all my own——Come, my Life, let me but get my Sword. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Bed-chamber in Lady* Bountiful's *House.*

Enter Mrs. Sul. Dor. *undreſs'd, a Table and Lights.*

Dor. 'Tis very late, Siſter, no News of your Spouſe yet?

Mrs. *Sul.* No, I'm condemn'd to be alone till towards four, and then perhaps I may be executed with his Company.

Dor. Well, my Dear, I'll leave you to your Reſt; you'll go directly to Bed, I ſuppoſe.

Mrs. *Sul.* I don't know what to do; hey-hoe!

Dor. That's a deſiring Sigh, Siſter.

Mrs. *Sul.* This is a languiſhing Hour, Siſter.

Dor. And might prove a Critical Minute, if the pretty Fellow were here.

Mrs. *Sul.* Here! what in my Bed-chamber, at two a Clock o'th' Morning, I undreſs'd, the Family aſleep, my hated Huſband abroad, and my lovely Fellow at my Feet———O gad, Siſter!

Dor. Thoughts are free, Siſter, and them I allow you——So, my Dear, good Night. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Sul.* A good Reſt to my dear *Dorinda*———Thoughts free! are they ſo? Why then ſuppoſe him here, dreſs'd like a youthful gay and burning Bridegroom, [*Here* Archer *ſteals out of the Cloſet.*] with Tongue enchanting, Eyes bewitching, Knees imploring. [*Turns a little o' one ſide, and ſees* Archer *in the Poſture ſhe deſcribes.*] Ah! [*Shrieks, and runs to the other ſide of the Stage.*] Have my Thoughts rais'd a Spirit? ——— What are you, Sir, a Man or a Devil?

Arch. A Man, a Man, Madam. [*Riſing.*

Mrs. *Sul.* How ſhall I be ſure of it?

Arch. Madam, I'll give you Demonſtration this Minute. [*Takes her Hand.*

Mrs. *Sul.* What, Sir! do you intend to be rude?

Arch. Yes, Madam, if you pleaſe.

Mrs. *Sul.* In the Name of Wonder, whence came ye?

Arch. From the Skies, Madam——I'm a *Jupiter* in Love, and you ſhall be my *Alcmena.*

Mrs. *Sul.* How came you in?

Arch. I flew in at the Window, Madam; your Couſin *Cupid* lent me his Wings, and your Siſter *Venus* open'd the Caſement.

Mrs. *Sul.* I'm ſtruck dumb with Admiration.

Arch. And I with Wonder. [*Looks paſſionately at her.*

Mrs. *Sul.* What will become of me?

Arch. How beautiful she looks!---The teeming jolly Spring smiles in her blooming Face, and when she was conceiv'd, her Mother smelt to Roses, look'd on Lillies———

Lillies unfold their white, their fragrant Charms,
When the warm Sun thus darts into their Arms. [*Runs to her.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Ah! [*Shrieks.*]

Arch. Oons, Madam, what do you mean? You'll raise the House.

Mrs. *Sul.* Sir, I'll wake the Dead before I bear this.——— What! approach me with the Freedoms of a Keeper! I'm glad on't, your Impudence has cur'd me.

Arch. If this be Impudence, [*Kneels.*] I leave to your partial self; no panting Pilgrim, after a tedious, painful Voyage, e'er bow'd before his Saint with more Devotion.

Mrs. *Sul.* Now, now, I'm ruin'd if he kneels! [*Aside.*] Rise thou prostrate Ingineer, not all thy undermining Skill shall reach my Heart———Rise, and know I am a Woman without my Sex; I can love to all the tenderness of Wishes, Sighs and Tears———But go no farther——Still to convince you that I'm more than Woman, I can speak my Frailty, confess my Weakness even for you——But——

Arch. For me! [*Going to lay hold on her.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Hold, Sir, build not upon that——for my most mortal Hatred follows, if you disobey what I command you now---leave me this Minute----If he denies I'm lost. [*Aside.*

Arch. Then you'll promise———

Mrs. *Sul.* Any thing another time.

Arch. When shall I come?

Mrs. *Sul.* To morrow, when you will.

Arch. Your Lips must seal the Promise.

Mrs. *Sul.* Pshaw!

Arch. They must, they must, [*Kisses her.*] Raptures and Paradise! And why not now, my Angel? The Time, the Place, Silence and Secrecy, all conspire——And the now conscious Stars have pre-ordain'd this Moment for my Happiness.

[*Takes her in his Arms.*

Mrs. *Sul.* You will not, cannot sure.

Arch. If the Sun rides fast, and disappoints not Mortals of to morrow's dawn, this Night shall crown my Joys.

Mrs. *Sul.* My Sex's Pride assist me.

Arch. My Sex's Strength help me.

Mrs. *Sul.* You shall kill me first.

Arch. I'll die with you. [*Carrying her off.*

Mrs. *Sull.* Thieves, Thieves, Murther——

Enter Scrub *in his Breeches, and one Shoe.*

Scrub. Thieves, Thieves, Murther, Popery.

Arch. Ha! the very timorous Stag will kill in Rutting-time. [*Draws, and offers to ſtab* Scrub.

Scrub. [*Kneeling.*] O pray, Sir, ſpare all I have, and take my Life.

Mrs. *Sull.* [*Holding* Archer's *Hand.*] What does the Fellow mean?

Scrub. O, Madam, down upon your Knees, your Marrow-bones—— he's one of 'em.

Arch. Of whom?

Scrub. One of the Rogues—— I beg your Pardon, one of the honeſt Gentlemen that juſt now are broke into the Houſe.

Arch. How!

Mrs. *Sull.* I hope you did not come to rob me?

Arch. Indeed I did, Madam, but I wou'd have taken nothing but what you might ha' ſpar'd; but your crying Thieves, has wak'd this dreaming Fool, and ſo he takes 'em for granted.

Scrub. Granted! 'tis granted, Sir; take all we have.

Mrs. *Sull.* The Fellow looks as if he were broke out of *Bedlam.*

Scrub. Oons, Madam, they're broke into the Houſe with Fire and Sword; I ſaw them, heard them, they'll be here this minute.

Arch. What, Thieves!

Scrub. Under Favour, Sir, I think ſo.

Mrs. *Sull.* What ſhall we do, Sir?

Arch. Madam, I wiſh your Ladyſhip a good Night.

Mrs. *Sull.* Will you leave me?

Arch. Leave you! Lord, Madam, did not you command me to be gone juſt now, upon pain of your immortal Hatred.

Mrs. *Sull.* Nay, but pray, Sir—— [*Takes hold of him.*

Arch. Ha, ha, ha, now comes my turn to be raviſh'd—— You ſee now, Madam, you muſt uſe Men one way or other; but take this by the way, good Madam, that none but a Fool will give you the benefit of his Courage, unleſs you'll take his Love along with it—— How are they arm'd, Friend?

Scrub. With Sword and Piſtol, Sir.

Arch. Huſh!—— I ſee a dark Lantern coming thro' the Gallery—— Madam, be aſſur'd I will protect you, or loſe my Life.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Sull.* Your Life! no, Sir, they can rob me of nothing that I value half so much; therefore now, Sir, let me intreat you to be gone.

Arch. No, Madam, I'll consult my own Safety, for the sake of yours; I'll work by Stratagem: Have you Courage enough to stand the appearance of 'em?

Mrs. *Sull.* Yes, yes, since I hav'd 'scap'd your Hands, I can face any thing.

Arch. Come hither, Brother *Scrub*; Don't you know me?

Scrub. Eh! my dear Brother, let me kiss thee.

[*Kisses* Archer.

Arch. This Way—— Here——

[Archer *and* Scrub *hide behind the Bed.*

Enter Gibbet, *with a dark Lantern in one Hand, and a Pistol in t'other.*

Gib. Ay, ay, this is the Chamber, and the Lady alone.

Mrs. *Sull.* Who are you, Sir? What wou'd you have? D'ye come to rob me?

Gib. Rob you! alack-a-day, Madam, I'm only a Younger Brother, Madam; and so, Madam, if you make a Noise, I'll shoot you through the Head: But don't be afraid, Madam, [*Laying his Lantern and Pistol upon the Table.*] These Rings, Madam; don't be concern'd, Madam; I have a profound Respect for you, Madam; your Keys, Madam; don't be frighted, Madam, I'm the most of a Gentleman: [*Searching her Pockets.*] This Necklace, Madam; I never was rude to any Lady;—— I have a Veneration ——— for this Necklace ——— [*Here* Archer *having come round, and seiz'd the Pistols, takes* Gibbet *by the Collar, trips up his Heels, and claps the Pistol to his Breast.*

Arch. Hold, profane Villain, and take the Reward of thy Sacrilege.

Gib. Oh! Pray, Sir, don't kill me; I an't prepar'd.

Arch. How many is there of 'em, *Scrub*?

Scrub. Five and forty, Sir.

Arch. Then I must kill the Villain, to have him out of the way.

Gib. Hold, hold, Sir; we are but three, upon my Honour.

Arch. Scrub, will you undertake to secure him?

Scrub. Not I, Sir; kill him, kill him.

Arch. Run to *Gipsey*'s Chamber, there you'll find the Doctor; bring him hither presently. [*Exit* Scrub, *running.* Come, Rogue, if you have a short Prayer, say it.

Gib.

Gib. Sir, I have no Prayer at all; the Government has provided a Chaplain to ſay Prayers for us on theſe Occaſions.

Mrs. *Sull.* Pray, Sir, don't kill him: —— You fright me as much as him.

Arch. The Dog ſhall die, Madam, for being the occaſion of my Diſappointment. —— Sirrah, this Moment is your laſt.

Gib. Sir, I'll give you Two hundred Pounds to ſpare my Life.

Arch. Have you no more, Raſcal?

Gib. Yes, Sir, I can command Four hundred; but I muſt reſerve Two of 'em to ſave my Life at the Seſſions.

Enter Scrub *and* Foigard.

Arch. Here, Doctor; I ſuppoſe *Scrub* and you, between you, may manage him: —— Lay hold of him, Doctor.

[Foigard *lays hold of* Gibbet.

Gib. What! turn'd over to the Prieſt already. —— Look'e, Doctor, you come before your time; I a'n't condemn'd yet, I thank ye.

Foig. Come, my Dear Joy, I vil ſecure your Body and your Shoul too; I vil make you a good Catholick, and give you an Abſolution.

Gib. Abſolution! Can you procure me a Pardon, Doctor?

Foig. No, Joy. ——

Gib. Then you and your Abſolution may go to the Devil.

Arch. Convey him into the Cellar, there bind him: —— Take the Piſtol, and if he offers to reſiſt, ſhoot him thro' the Head, —— and come back to us with all the ſpeed you can.

Scrub. Ay, ay; come, Doctor, do you hold him faſt, and I'll guard him.

Mrs. *Sull.* But how came the Doctor?

Arch. In ſhort, Madam —— [*Shrieking without.*] 'Sdeath! the Rogues are at work with the other Ladies: —— I'm vex'd I parted with the Piſtol; but I muſt fly to their Aſſiſtance. —— Will you ſtay here, Madam, or venture your ſelf with me?

Mrs. *Sull.* Oh, with you, dear Sir, with you.

[*Takes him by the Arm, and* Exeunt.

SCENE *changes to another Apartment in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter Hounſlow *dragging in Lady* Bountiful, *and* Bagſhot *halling in* Dorinda; *the Rogues with Swords drawn.*

Houn. Come, come, your Jewels, Miſtreſs.

Bag. Your Keys, your Keys, old Gentlewoman.

Enter

Enter Aimwell and Cherry.

Aim. Turn this way, Villains; I durſt engage an Army in ſuch a Cauſe. [*He engages 'em both.*

Dor. O, Madam, had I but a Sword to help the brave Man?

L. *Boun.* There's three or four hanging up in the Hall; but they won't draw. I'll go fetch one however. [*Exit.*

Enter Archer *and Mrs.* Sullen.

Arch. Hold, hold, my Lord; every Man his Bird, pray. [*They engage Man to Man; the Rogues are thrown, and diſarm'd.*

Cher. What! the Rogues taken! then they'll impeach my Father! I muſt give him timely Notice. [*Runs out.*

Arch. Shall we kill the Rogues?

Aim. No, no; we'll bind them.

Arch. Ay, ay; here, Madam, lend me your Garter. [*To Mrs.* Sullen, *who ſtands by him.*

Mrs. *Sull.* The Devil's in this Fellow; he fights, loves and banters, all in a breath:—— Here's a Cord that the Rogues brought with 'em, I ſuppoſe.

Arch. Right, right, the Rogue's Deſtiny, a Rope to hang himſelf—— Come, my Lord—— this is but a ſcandalous ſort of an Office, [*Binding the Rogues together.*] if our Adventures ſhould end in this ſort of Hangman-work; but I hope there is ſomething in proſpect, that ——— [*Enter* Scrub.] Well, *Scrub*, have you ſecur'd your *Tartar*?

Scrub. Yes, Sir, I left the Prieſt and him diſputing about Religion.

Aim. And pray carry theſe Gentlemen to reap the Benefit of the Controverſy. [*Delivers the Priſoners to* Scrub, *who leads 'em out.*

Mrs. *Sull.* Pray, Siſter, how came my Lord here?

Dor. And pray, how came the Gentleman here?

Mrs. *Sull.* I'll tell you the greateſt piece of Villainy—— [*They talk in dumb Shew.*

Aim. I fancy, *Archer*, you have been more ſucceſsful in your Adventures than the Houſe-breakers.

Arch. No matter for my Adventure, yours is the principal.——Preſs her this minute to marry you,—— now while ſhe's hurry'd between the Palpitation of her Fear, and the Joy of her Deliverance, now while the Tide of her Spirits are at High-flood;—— throw your ſelf at her Feet, ſpeak ſome *Romantick* Nonſence or other;——— addreſs her, like *Alexander*, in the height of his Victory, confound her Senſes, bear down her

her Reaſon, and away with her: —— The Prieſt is now in the Cellar, and dare not refuſe to do the Work.

Enter Lady Bountiful.

Aim. But how ſhall I get off without being obſerv'd?

Arch. You a Lover! and not find a way to get off ——— Let me ſee.

Aim. You bleed, *Archer*.

Arch. 'Sdeath, I'm glad on't; this Wound will do the Buſineſs: —— I'll amuſe the old Lady and Mrs. *Sullen* about dreſſing my Wound, while you carry off *Dorinda*.

L. *Boun.* Gentlemen, cou'd we underſtand how you wou'd be gratified for the Services ———

Arch. Come, come, my Lady, this is no time for Compliments; I'm wounded, Madam.

L. *Boun.* and Mrs. *Sull.* How! Wounded!

Dor. I hope, Sir, you have receiv'd no hurt?

Aim. None but what you may cure ———

[*Makes Love in dumb Shew.*

L. *Boun.* Let me ſee your Arm, Sir —— I muſt have ſome Powder-ſugar to ſtop the Blood ——— O me! an ugly Gaſh, upon my word, Sir, you muſt go into Bed.

Arch. Ay, my Lady, a Bed wou'd do very well —— Madam [*To Mrs.* Sullen.] Will you do me the Favour to conduct me to a Chamber?

L. *Boun.* Do, do, Daughter, —— while I get the Lint, and the Probe, and the Plaiſter ready.

[*Runs out one way*, Aimwell *carries off* Dorinda *another.*

Arch. Come, Madam, why don't you obey your Mother's Commands?

Mrs. *Sull.* How can you, after what is paſt, have the Confidence to ask me?

Arch. And if you go to that, how can you, after what is paſt, have the Confidence to deny me? ——— Was not this Blood ſhed in your Defence, and my Life expos'd for your Protection? ——— Look'e, Madam, I'm none of your *Romantick* Fools, that fight Giants and Monſters for nothing; my Valour is downright *Swiſs*; I'm a Soldier of Fortune, and muſt be paid.

Mrs. *Sull.* 'Tis ungenerous in you, Sir, to upbraid me with your Services.

Arch. 'Tis ungenerous in you, Madam, not to reward 'em.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Sull.* How! At the Expence of my Honour.

Arch. Honour! Can Honour consist with Ingratitude? If you wou'd deal like a Woman of Honour, do like a Man of Honour: D'ye think I wou'd deny you in such a Case?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my Lady order'd me to tell you, that your Brother is below at the Gate.

Mrs. *Sull.* My Brother! Heavens be prais'd: —— Sir, he shall thank you for your Services; he has it in his Power.

Arch. Who is your Brother, Madam?

Mrs. *Sull.* Sir *Ch. Freeman:* —— You'll excuse me, Sir; I must go and receive him,

Arch. Sir *Charles Freeman!* 'Sdeath and Hell! —— My old Acquaintance. Now, unless *Aimwell* has made good use of his Time, all our fair Machine goes souze into the Sea, like the *Edistone.* [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Gallery in the same House.*

Enter Aimwell *and* Dorinda.

Dor. Well, well, my Lord, you have conquer'd; your late generous Action will, I hope, plead for my easie yielding; tho' I must own, your Lordship had a Friend in the Fort before.

Aim. The Sweets of *Hybla* dwell upon her Tongue —— Here, Doctor ——

Enter Foigard *with a Book.*

Foig. Are you prepar'd boat?

Dor. I'm ready: But first, my Lord, one Word —— I have a frightful Example of a hasty Marriage in my own Family; when I reflect upon't, it shocks me. Pray, my Lord, consider a little. ——

Aim. Consider! Do you doubt my Honour or my Love?

Dor. Neither: I do believe you equally Just as Brave —— And were your whole Sex drawn out for me to chuse, I shou'd not cast a Look upon the Multitude if you were absent —— But, my Lord, I'm a Woman; Colours, Concealments may hide a thousand Faults in me —— Therefore know me better first; I hardly dare affirm I knew my self in any thing except my Love.

Aim. Such Goodness who could injure! I find my self unequal to the Task of Villain; she has gain'd my Soul, and made

made it honeſt like her own——— I cannot, cannot hurt her. [*Aſide.*] Doctor, retire. [*Exit* Foigard. Madam, behold your Lover and your Proſelyte, and judge of my Paſſion by my Converſion——— I'm all a Lye, nor dare I give a Fiction to your Arms; I'm all Counterfeit, except my Paſſion.

Dor. Forbid it, Heaven! A Counterfeit!

Aim. I am no Lord, but a poor needy Man, come with a mean, a ſcandalous Deſign to prey upon your Fortune;——— But the Beauties of your Mind and Perſon have ſo wone me from my ſelf, that, like a truſty Servant, I prefer the Intereſt of my Miſtreſs to my own.

Dor. Sure, I have had the Dream of ſome poor Mariner, a ſleepy Image of a welcome Port, and wake involv'd in Storms.——Pray, Sir, who are you?

Aim. Brother to the Man whoſe Title I uſurp'd, but Stranger to his Honour or his Fortune.

Dor. Matchleſs Honeſty!——— Once I was proud, Sir, of your Wealth and Title, but now am prouder that you want it: Now I can ſhew, my Aim was juſtly levell'd, and had no Aim but Love. Doctor, come in.

Enter Foigard *at one Door*, Gipſey *at another, who whiſpers* Dorinda.

Your Pardon, Sir; we ſhan't want you now, Sir? You muſt excuſe me——— I'll wait on you preſently. [*Exit with* Gipſey.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, now, dis is fooliſh. [*Exit.*

Aim. Gone! And bid the Prieſt depart——— It has an ominous Look.

Enter Archer.

Arch. Courage, *Tom.*——— Shall I wiſh you Joy?

Aim. No.

Arch. Oons, Man, what ha' you been doing?

Aim. O *Archer*, my Honeſty, I fear, has ruin'd me.

Arch. How!

Aim. I have diſcover'd my ſelf.

Arch. Diſcover'd! And without my Conſent? What! Have I embark'd my ſmall Remains in the ſame bottom with yours, and you diſpoſe of all without my Partnerſhip?

Aim. O *Archer*, I own my Fault.

Arch. After Conviction——— 'Tis then too late for Pardon:——— You may remember, Mr. *Aimwell*, that you propos'd this Folly

Folly —— As you begun, so end it —— Henceforth I'll hunt my Fortune single —— So farewell.

Aim. Stay, my dear *Archer*, but a Minute.

Arch. Stay! What to be despis'd, expos'd, and laugh'd at! —— No, I wou'd sooner change Conditions with the worst of the Rogues we just now bound, than bear one scornful Smile from the proud Knight that once I treated as my Equal.

Aim. What Knight?

Arch. Sir *Charles Freeman*, Brother to the Lady that I had almost —— But no matter for that, 'tis a curs'd Night's Work, and so I leave you to make the best on't.

Aim. Freeman! —— One Word, *Archer*. Still I have Hopes; methought she receiv'd my Confession with Pleasure.

Arch. 'Sdeath, who doubts it?

Aim. She consented after to the Match; and still I dare believe she will be just ——

Arch. To her self, I warrant her, as you shou'd have been.

Aim. By all my Hopes she comes, and smiling comes.

Enter Dorinda *mighty gay.*

Dor. Come, my dear Lord, —— I fly with Impatience to your Arms —— The Minutes of my Absence was a tedious Year. Where's this tedious Priest?

Enter Foigard.

Arch. Oons, a brave Girl.

Dor. I suppose, my Lord, this Gentleman is privy to our Affairs?

Arch. Yes, yes, Madam, I'm to be your Father.

Dor. Come, Priest, do your Office.

Arch. Make haste, make haste; couple 'em any way. [*Takes* Aimwell's *Hand.*] Come, Madam, I'm to give you——

Dor. My Mind's alter'd; I won't.

Arch. Eh——

Aim. I'm confounded.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, and sho is my shelf.

Arch. What's the matter now, Madam?

Dor. Look'e, Sir, one generous Action deserves another—— This Gentleman's Honour oblig'd him to hide nothing from me; my Justice engages me to conceal nothing from him: In short, Sir, you are the Person that you thought you counterfeited; you are the true Lord Viscount *Aimwell*, and I wish

wiſh your Lordſhip Joy. Now, Prieſt, you may be gone; if my Lord is now pleas'd with the Match, I let his Lordſhip marry me in the Face of the World.

Aim. Arch. What does ſhe mean?

Dor. Here's a Witneſs for my Truth.

Enter Sir Charles *and Mrs.* Sullen.

Sir *Ch.* My dear Lord *Aimwell*, I wiſh you Joy.

Aim. Of what?

Sir *Ch.* Of your Honour and Eſtate: Your Brother died the Day before I left *London*; and all your Friends have writ after you to *Bruſſels*; among the reſt I did my ſelf the Honour.

Arch. Hark'e Sir Knight, don't you banter now?

Sir *Ch.* 'Tis Truth, upon my Honour.

Aim. Thanks to the pregnant Stars that form'd this Accident.

Arch. Thanks to the Womb of Time that brought it forth; away with it.

Aim. Thanks to my Guardian Angel that led me to the Prize——— [*Taking* Dorinda's *Hand.*

Arch. And double Thanks to the noble Sir *Charles Freeman*. My Lord, I wiſh you Joy. My Lady, I wiſh you Joy.——I gad, Sir *Freeman*, you're the honeſteſt Fellow living.——'Sdeath, I'm grown ſtrange airy upon this Matter——My Lord, how d'ye?—— A word, my Lord, Don't you remember ſomething of a previous Agreement, that entitles me to the Moyety of this Lady's Fortune, which, I think, will amount to five thouſand Pound?

Aim. Not a Penny, *Archer*: You wou'd ha' cut my Throat juſt now, becauſe I wou'd not deceive this Lady.

Arch. Ay, and I'll cut your Throat again, if you ſhou'd deceive her now.

Aim. That's what I expected; and to end the Diſpute, the Lady's Fortune is Ten thouſand Pound, we'll divide Stakes; take the Ten thouſand Pound, or the Lady.

Dor. How! Is your Lordſhip ſo indifferent?

Arch. No, no, no, Madam, his Lordſhip knows very well, that I'll take the Money; I leave you to his Lordſhip, and ſo we're both provided for.

Enter Count Bellair.

Count. Meſdames & Meſſieurs. I am your Servant trice humble: I hear you be rob here.

Aim. The Ladies have been in some Danger, Sir.

Count. And begar, our Inn be rob too.

Aim. Our Inn! By whom?

Count. By de Landlord, begar——Garzoon he has rob himself, and run away.

Arch. Rob'd himself!

Count. Ay, begar, and me too of a hundre Pound.

Arch. A hundred Pound!

Count. Yes, that I ow'd him.

Aim. Our Money's gone, *Frank.*

Arch. Rot the Money, my Wench is gone——*Scavez vous quelque chose de Madamoiselle* Cherry.

Enter a Fellow with a strong Box and a Letter.

Fell. Is there one *Martin* here?

Arch. Ay, ay——who wants him?

Fell. I have a Box here and Letter for him.

Arch. [*Taking the Box.*] Ha, ha, ha, what's here? *Legerdemain!* By this Light, my Lord, our Money again; but this unfolds the Riddle. [*Opening the Letter, reads.*] Hum, hum, hum——O, 'tis for the publick Good, and must be communicated to the Company.

Mr. Martin.

MY Father being afraid of an Impeachment by the Rogues that are taken to Night, is gone off; but if you can procure him a Pardon, he'll make great Discoveries that may be useful to the Country: Cou'd I have met you instead of your Master to Night, I wou'd have deliver'd my self into your Hands, with a Sum that much exceeds that in your strong Box, which I have sent you, with an Assurance to my dear Martin, *that I shall ever be his most faithful Friend till Death,*

Cherry Bonniface.

There's a Billet-doux for you——As for the Father, I think he ought to be encouraged, and for the Daughter——Pray, my Lord, persuade your Bride to take her into her Service instead of *Gipsey.*

Aim. I can assure you, Madam, your Deliverance was owing to her Discovery.

Dor. Your Command, my Lord, will do without the Obligation. I'll take care of her.

Sir

Sir *Ch.* This good Company meets opportunely in favour of a Deſign I have in behalf of my unfortunate Siſter, I intend to part her from her Husband —— Gentlemen, will you aſſiſt me?

Arch. Aſſiſt you! 'Sdeath, who wou'd not?

Count. Aſſiſt! Garzoon, we all aſſiſt.

Enter Sullen.

Sull. What's all this? —— They tell me, Spouſe, that you had like to have been robb'd.

Mrs. *Sull.* Truly, Spouſe, I was pretty near it —— Had not theſe two Gentlemen interpos'd.

Sull. How came theſe Gentlemen here?

Mrs. *Sull.* That's his way of returning Thanks, you muſt know.

Count. Garzoon, the Queſtion be apropo, for all dat.

Sir *Ch.* You promis'd laſt Night, Sir, that you would deliver your Lady to me this Morning.

Sull. Humph.

Arch. Humph! What do you mean by Humph? —— Sir, you ſhall deliver her: —— In ſhort, Sir, we have ſav'd you and your Family; and if you are not civil, we'll unbind the Rogues, join with 'em, and ſet fire to your Houſe —— What do's the Man mean? Not part with his Wife!

Count. Ay, Garzoon, de Man no underſtan Common Juſtice.

Mrs. *Sull.* Hold, Gentlemen, all things here muſt move by Conſent; Compulſion would ſpoil us: Let my Dear and I talk the Matter over, and you ſhall judge it between us.

Sull. Let me know firſt who are to be our Judges: —— Pray, Sir, who are you?

Sir *Ch.* I am Sir *Charles Freeman*, come to take away your Wife.

Sull. And you, good Sir?

Aim. Charles Viſcount *Aimwell*, come to take away your Siſter.

Sull. And you, pray Sir?

Arch. Francis Archer Eſq; come ——

Sull. To take away my Mother, I hope —— Gentlemen, you're heartily welcome; I never met with three more obliging People ſince I was born —— And now, my Dear, if you pleaſe, you ſhall have the firſt Word.

Arch. And the laſt, for Five Pound.

Mrs. *Sull.* Spouſe.

Sull. Rib.

Mrs. *Sull.* How long have we been marry'd?

Sull. By the Almanack, fourteen Months;—— but by my Account, fourteen Years.

Mrs. *Sull.* 'Tis thereabout by my Reckoning.

Count. Garzoon, their Account will agree.

Mrs. *Sull.* Pray, Spouſe, what did you marry for?

Sull. To get an Heir to my Eſtate.

Sir *Ch.* And have you ſucceeded?

Sull. No.

Arch. The Condition fails of his ſide.—— Pray, Madam, what did you marry for?

Mrs. *Sull.* To ſupport the Weakneſs of my Sex by the Strength of his, and to enjoy the Pleaſures of an agreeable Society.

Sir *Ch.* Are your Expectations anſwer'd?

Mrs. *Sull.* No.

Count. A clear Caſe, a clear Caſe.

Sir *Ch.* What are the Bars to your mutual Contentment?

Mrs. *Sull.* In the firſt place, I can't drink Ale with him.

Sull. Nor can I drink Tea with her.

Mrs. *Sull.* I can't Hunt with you.

Sull. Nor can I Dance with you.

Mrs. *Sull.* I hate Cocking and Racing.

Sull. And I abhor Ombre and Piquet.

Mrs. *Sull.* Your Silence is intolerable.

Sull. Your Prating is worſe.

Mrs. *Sull.* Have we not been a perpetual Offence to each other?—— A gnawing Vulture at the Heart?

Sull. A frightful Goblin to the Sight.

Mrs. *Sull.* A Porcupine to the Feeling.

Sull. Perpetual Wormwood to the Taſte.

Mrs. *Sull.* Is there on Earth a thing we cou'd agree in?

Sull. Yes—— to part.

Mrs. *Sull.* With all my Heart.

Sull. Your Hand.

Mrs. *Sull.* Here.

Sull. Theſe Hands join'd us, theſe ſhall part us—— Away——

Mrs. *Sull.* North.

Sull. South.

Mrs. *Sull.* Eaſt.

Sull. Weſt—— far as the Poles aſunder.

Count. Begar, the Ceremony be very pretty.

Sir *Ch.* Now, Mr. *Sullen*, there wants only my Siſter's Fortune tomake us eaſy.

Sull. Sir *Charles*, you love your Sister, and I love her Fortune; every one to his Fancy.

Arch. Then you won't refund?

Sull. Not a Stiver.

Arch. Then I find, Madam, you must e'en go to your Prison again.

Count. What is the Portion?

Sir *Ch.* Ten thousand Pound, Sir.

Count. Garzoon, I'll pay it, and she shall go Home wid me.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha; *French* all over. —— Do you know, Sir, what Ten thousand Pound *English* is?

Count. No, begar, not justement.

Arch. Why, Sir, 'tis a Hundred thousand Livres.

Count. A Hundre tousand Livres! ——— A Garzoon, me canno' do't; your Beauties and their Fortunes are both too much for me.

Arch. Then I will ——— This Night's Adventure has prov'd strangely lucky to us all ——— For Captain *Gibbet*, in his Walk, has made bold, Mr. *Sullen*, with your Study and Escritore, and has taken out all the Writings of your Estate, all the Articles of Marriage with your Lady, Bills, Bonds, Leases, Receipts to an infinite Value; I took 'em from him, and I deliver them to Sir *Charles*.

[*Gives him a Parcel of Papers and Parchments.*

Sull. How, my Writings! my Head akes consumedly. —— Well, Gentlemen, you shall have her Fortune, but I can't talk. If you have a mind, Sir *Charles*, to be merry, and celebrate my Sister's Wedding and my Divorce; you may command my House; —— but my Head akes consumedly: ——. *Scrub*, bring me a Dram.

Arch. Madam, [*To Mr.* Sull.] there's a Country-Dance to the Trifle that I sung to Day; your Hand, and we'll lead it up.

Here a Dance.

Arch. 'Twou'd be hard to guess which of these Parties is the better pleas'd, the Couple join'd, or the Couple parted; the one rejoycing in hopes of an untasted Happiness, and the other in their Deliverance from an experienc'd Misery.

Both happy in their sev'ral States, we find;
Those parted by Consent, and those conjoin'd.
Consent, if mutual, saves the Lawyer's Fee;
Consent is Law enough to set you free.

The End of the Fifth ACT.

AN

AN EPILOGUE,

Design'd to be spoke in the *Beaux Stratagem*.

IF to our Play your Judgment can't be kind,
Let its expiring Author Pity find:
Survey his mournful Case with melting Eyes,
Nor let the Bard be damn'd before he dies.
Forbear, you Fair, on his last Scene to frown,
But his true Exit *with a Plaudit crown;*
Then shall the dying Poet cease to fear
The dreadful Knell, while your Applause he hears.
At Leuctra *so the Conq'ring* Theban *dy'd,*
Claim'd his Friends Praises, but their Tears deny'd:
Pleas'd in the Pangs of Death he greatly thought
Conquest with Loss of Life but cheaply bought.
The Difference this, the Greek *was one won'd fight,*
As brave, tho' not so gay as Serjeant Kite;
Ye Sons of Will's, *what's that to those who write*
To Thebes *alone the* Grecian *ow'd his Bays,*
You may the Bard above the Heroe raise,
Since yours is greater than Athenian *Praise.*

FINIS.

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In sterquilinio pullus gallinaceus
Dum quærit escam, Margaritam reperit:
Faces indigno quanto res, inquit, Loco:
Oh! si quis pretii cupidus ridisset tui!
Sed huic prodesse, non mihi quicquam Potes.

Phedrus.

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